

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

[These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story.

The writer, a young woman, who had lost her husband in a railroad accident, went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jerrine. Turning her hand to the nearest work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she accepted employment as housekeeper for a well-to-do Scotch cattleman, Mr. Stewart, who had taken up a quarter-section in Wyoming. The letters written through several years to a former employer in Denver tell the rest of her story.

We may add that the letters are printed as written, except for occasional omissions and the alteration of one or two names. — THE EDITORS.]

BURNT FORK, WYOMING,
April 18, 1909.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Are you thinking I am lost, like the Babes in the Wood? Well, I am not and I'm sure the robins would have the time of their lives getting leaves to cover me out here. I am 'way up close to the Forest Reserve of Utah, within half a mile of the line, sixty miles from the railroad. I was twenty-four hours on the train and two days on the stage, and oh, those two days! The snow was just beginning to melt and the mud was about the worst I ever heard of.

The first stage we tackled was just about as rickety as it could very well be and I had to sit with the driver, who was a Mormon and so handsome that I was not a bit offended when he insisted on making love all the way, especially after he told me that he was a widow-Mormon. But, of course, as I had no chaperone I looked very fierce (not that that was very difficult with the wind and mud as allies) and told him my actual opinion of Mormons in general and particular.

Meantime my new employer, Mr. Stewart, sat upon a stack of baggage and was dreadfully concerned about something he calls his 'Tookie,' but I am unable to tell you what that is. The road, being so muddy, was full of ruts and the stage acted as if it had the hiccoughs and made us all talk as though we were affected in the same way. Once Mr. Stewart asked me if I did not think it a 'duir gey trip.' I told him he could call it gay if he wanted to but it did n't seem very hilarious to me. Every time the stage struck a rock or a rut Mr. Stewart would 'hoot,' until I began to wish we would come to a hollow tree or a hole in the ground so he could go in with the rest of the owls.

At last we 'arriv' and everything is just lovely for me. I have a very, very comfortable situation and Mr. Stewart is absolutely no trouble, for as soon as he has his meals he retires to his room and plays on his bagpipe, only he calls it his 'bugpeep.' It is 'The Campbells are Coming,' without variations, at intervals all day long and from seven till eleven at night. Some-

times I wish they would make haste and get here.

There is a saddle horse especially for me and a little shotgun with which I am to kill sage chickens. We are between two trout streams, so you can think of me as being happy when the snow is through melting and the water gets clear. We have the finest flock of Plymouth Rocks and get so many nice eggs. It sure seems fine to have all the cream I want after my town experiences. Jerrine is making good use of all the good things we are having. She rides the pony to water every day.

I have not filed on my land yet because the snow is fifteen feet deep on it and I think I would rather see what I am getting, so will wait until summer. They have just three seasons here, Winter and July and August. We are to plant our garden the last of May. When it is so I can get around I will see about land and find out all I can and tell you.

I think this letter is about to reach thirty-secondly, so I will send you my sincerest love and quit tiring you. Please write me when you have time.

Sincerely yours,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, Wyo., May 24.

DEAR, DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

. . . Well, I have filed on my land and am now a bloated land-owner. I waited a long time to even *see* land in the reserve, and the snow is yet too deep, so I thought that as they have but three months of summer and spring together and as I wanted the land for a ranch anyway, perhaps I had better stay in the valley. So I have filed adjoining Mr. Stewart and I am well pleased. I have a grove of twelve swamp pines on my place, and I am going to build my house there. I thought it would be very romantic to live on the peaks amid the whispering pines, but I reckon it would be powerfully uncom-

fortable also and I guess my twelve can whisper enough for me; and a dandy thing is, I have all the nice snow-water I want, a small stream runs right through the centre of my land and I am quite near wood.

A neighbor and his daughter were going to Green River, the county seat, and said I might go along, so I did, as I could file there as well as at the land office; and oh, that trip! I had more fun to the square inch than Mark Twain or Samantha Allen ever provoked. It took us a whole week to go and come. We camped out, of course, for in the whole sixty miles there was but one house, and going in that direction there is not a tree to be seen, nothing but sage, sand and sheep. About noon the first day out we came near a sheep-wagon, and stalking along ahead of us was a lanky fellow, a herder, going home for dinner. Suddenly it seemed to me I should starve if I had to wait until we got where we had planned to stop for dinner, so I called out to the man, 'Little Bo-Peep, have you anything to eat? If you have, we'd like to find it.' And he answered, 'As soon as I am able it shall be on the table, if you'll but trouble to get behind it.' Shades of Shakespeare! Songs of David, the Shepherd Poet! What do you think of us? Well, we got behind it, and a more delicious 'it' I never tasted. Such coffee! And out of such a pot! I promised Bo-Peep that I would send him a crook with pink ribbons on it, but I suspect he thinks I am a crook without the ribbons.

The sagebrush is so short in some places that it is not large enough to make a fire, so we had to drive until quite late before we camped that night. After driving all day over what seemed a level desert of sand, we came about sun-down to a beautiful cañon down which we had to drive for a couple of miles before we could cross. In the cañon the shadows had already fallen,

but when we looked up we could see the last shafts of sunlight on the tops of the great bare buttes. Suddenly a great wolf started from somewhere and galloped along the edge of the cañon, outlined black and clear by the setting sun. His curiosity overcame him at last, so he sat down and waited to see what manner of beast we were. I reckon he was disappointed for he howled most dismally. I thought of Jack London's *The Wolf*.

After we quitted the cañon I saw the most beautiful sight. It seemed as if we were driving through a golden haze. The violet shadows were creeping up between the hills, while away back of us the snow-capped peaks were catching the sun's last rays. On every side of us stretched the poor, hopeless desert, the sage, grim and determined to live in spite of starvation, and the great, bare, desolate buttes. The beautiful colors turned to amber and rose, and then to the general tone, dull gray. Then we stopped to camp, and such a scurrying around to gather brush for the fire and to get supper! Everything tasted so good! Jerrine ate like a man. Then we raised the wagon tongue and spread the wagon sheet over it and made a bedroom for us women. We made our beds on the warm, soft sand and went to bed.

It was too beautiful a night to sleep, so I put my head out to look and to think. I saw the moon come up and hang for a while over the mountain as if it were discouraged with the prospect, and the big white stars flirted shamelessly with the hills. I saw a coyote come trotting along and I felt sorry for him, having to hunt food in so barren a place, but when presently I heard the whirr of wings I felt sorry for the sage chickens he had disturbed. At length a cloud came up and I went to sleep, and next morning was covered several inches with snow. It did n't hurt us a bit,

but while I was struggling with stubborn corsets and shoes I communed with myself, after the manner of prodigals, and said: 'How much better that I were down in Denver, even at Mrs. Coney's, digging with a skewer into the corners seeking dirt which *might* be there, yea even eating codfish, than that I should perish on this desert — of imagination.' So I turned the current of my imagination and fancied that I was at home before the fireplace, and that the back log was about to roll down. My fancy was in such good working trim that before I knew it I kicked the wagon wheel, and I certainly got as warm as the most 'sot' Scientist that ever read Mrs. Eddy could possibly wish.

After two more such days I 'arrived.' When I went up to the office where I was to file, the door was open and the most taciturn old man sat before a desk. I hesitated at the door, but he never let on. I coughed, yet no sign but a deeper scowl. I stepped in and modestly kicked over a chair. He whirled around like I had shot him. 'Well?' he interrogated. I said, 'I am powerful glad of it. I was afraid you were sick, you looked in such pain.' He looked at me a minute, then grinned and said he thought I was a book-agent. Fancy me, a fat, comfortable widow, trying to sell books!

Well, I filed and came home. If you will believe me, the Scot was glad to see me and did n't herald the Campbells for two hours after I got home. I'll tell you, it is mighty seldom any one is so much appreciated.

No, we have no rural delivery. It is two miles to the office, but I go whenever I like. It is really the jolliest kind of fun to gallop down. We are sixty miles from the railroad, but when we want anything we send by the mail carrier for it, only there is nothing to get.

I know this is an inexcusably long

letter, but it is snowing so hard and you know how I am to talk. I am sure Jerrine will enjoy the cards and we will be glad to get them. Many things that are a comfort to us out here came from dear Mrs. ——. Baby has the rabbit you gave her last Easter a year ago. In Denver I was afraid my baby would grow up devoid of imagination. Like all the kindergartners, she depended upon others to amuse her. I was very sorry about it, for my castles in Spain have been real homes to me. But there is no fear. She has a block of wood she found in the blacksmith shop which she calls her 'dear baby.' A spoke out of a wagon wheel is 'little Margaret,' and a barrel stave is 'bad little Johnny.'

Well, I must quit writing before you vote me a nuisance. With lots of love to you,

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., Sept. 11.

DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

This has been for me the busiest, happiest summer I can remember. I have worked very hard but it has been work that I really enjoy. Help of any kind is very hard to get here, and Mr. Stewart had been too confident of getting men, so that haying caught him with too few men to put up the hay. He had no man to run the mower and he could n't run both the mower and the stacker, so you can fancy what a place he was in.

I don't know that I ever told you, but my parents died within a year of each other and left six of us to shift for ourselves. Our people offered to take one here and there among them until we should all have a place, but we refused to be raised on the halves and so arranged to stay at Grandmother's and keep together. Well, we had no money to hire men to do our work so had to learn to do it ourselves. Consequently

I learned to do many things which girls more fortunately situated don't even know have to be done. Among the things I learned to do was the way to run a mowing machine. It cost me many bitter tears because I got sunburned, and my hands were hard, rough, and stained with machine oil, and I used to wonder how any Prince Charming could overlook all that in any girl he came to. For all I had ever read of the Prince had to do with his 'reverently kissing her lily-white hand,' or doing some other fool trick with a hand as white as a snowflake. Well, when my Prince showed up he did n't lose much time in letting me know that 'Barkis was willing,' and I wrapped my hands in my old checked apron and took him up before he could catch his breath. Then there was no more mowing, and I almost forgot that I knew how until Mr. Stewart got into such a panic. If he put a man to mow, it kept them all idle at the stacker, and he just could n't get enough men. I was afraid to tell him I could mow for fear he would forbid me to do so. But one morning, when he was chasing a last hope of help, I went down to the barn, took out the horses and went to mowing. I had enough cut before he got back to show him I knew how, and as he came back man-less he was delighted as well as surprised. I was glad because I really like to mow, and besides that, I am adding feathers to my cap in a surprising way. When you see me again you will think I am wearing a feather duster, but it is only that I have been said to have almost as much sense as a 'mon,' and that is an honor I never inspired to, even in my wildest dreams.

I have done most of my cooking at night, have milked seven cows every day, and have done all the hay-cutting, so you see I have been working. But I have found time to put up

thirty pints of jelly and the same amount of jam for myself. I used wild fruits, gooseberries, currants, raspberries and cherries. I have almost two gallons of the cherry butter, and I think it is delicious. I wish I could get some of it to you, I am sure you would like it.

We began haying July 5 and finished September 8. After working so hard and so steadily I decided on a day off, so yesterday I saddled the pony, took a few things I needed, and Jerrine and I fared forth. Baby can ride behind quite well. We got away by sun-up and a glorious day we had. We followed a stream higher up into the mountains and the air was so keen and clear at first, we had on our coats. There was a tang of sage and of pine in the air, and our horse was midside deep in rabbit-brush, a shrub just covered with flowers that look and smell like goldenrod. The blue distance promised many alluring adventures, so we went along singing and simply gulping in Summer. Occasionally a bunch of sage chickens would fly up out of the sage-brush, or a jack-rabbit would leap out. Once we saw a bunch of antelope gallop over a hill, but we were out just to be out, and game didn't tempt us. I started, though, to have just as good a time as possible, so I had a fish-hook in my knapsack.

Presently, about noon, we came to a little dell where the grass was as soft and as green as a lawn. The creek kept right up against the hills on one side and there were groves of quaking asp and cotton-woods that made shade, and service-bushes and birches that shut off the ugly hills on the other side. We dismounted and prepared to noon. We caught a few grasshoppers and I cut a birch pole for a rod. The trout are so beautiful now, their sides are so silvery, with dashes of old rose and orange, their speckles are so black,

while their backs look as if they had been sprinkled with gold-dust. They bite so well that it doesn't require any especial skill or tackle to catch plenty for a meal in a few minutes.

In a little while I went back to where I had left my pony browsing, with eight beauties. We made a fire first, then I dressed my trout while it was burning down to a nice bed of coals. I had brought a frying pan and a bottle of lard, salt, and buttered bread. We gathered a few service-berries, our trout were soon browned, and with water, clear, and as cold as ice, we had a feast. The quaking aspens are beginning to turn yellow, but no leaves have fallen. Their shadows dimpled and twinkled over the grass like happy children. The sound of the dashing, roaring water kept inviting me to cast for trout, but I didn't want to carry them so far, so we rested until the sun was getting low and then started for home, with the song of the locusts in our ears warning us that the melancholy days are almost here. We would come up over the top of a hill into the glory of a beautiful sunset with its gorgeous colors, then down into the little valley already purpling with mysterious twilight. So on, until, just at dark, we rode into our corral and a mighty tired, sleepy little girl was powerfully glad to get home.

After I had mailed my other letter I was afraid that you would think me plumb bold about the little Bo-Peep, and was a heap sorrier than you can think. If you only knew the hardships these poor men endure. They go two together and sometimes it is months before they see another soul, and rarely ever a woman. I would n't act so free in town, but these men see people so seldom that they are awkward and embarrassed. I like to put them at ease, and it is to be done only by being kind of hail-fellow-well-met with

them. So far not one has ever misunderstood me and I have been treated with every courtesy and kindness, so I am powerfully glad you understand. They really enjoy doing these little things like fixing our dinner, and if my poor company can add to any one's pleasure I am too glad.

Sincerely yours,

ELINORE RUPERT.

Mr. Stewart is going to put up my house for me in pay for my extra work.

I am ashamed of my long letters to you, but I am such a murderer of language that I have to use it all to tell anything.

Please don't entirely forget me. Your letters mean so much to me and I will try to answer more promptly.

BURNT FORK, WYO., Sept. 28.

DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

Your second card just reached me and I am plumb glad because, although I answered your other, I was wishing I could write you for I have had the most charming adventure.

It is the custom here, for as many women as care to, to go in a party over into Utah to Ashland (which is over a hundred miles away) after fruit. They usually go in September, and it takes a week to make the trip. They take wagons and camp out and of course have a good time, but the greater part of the way there is n't even the semblance of a road and it is merely a semblance anywhere. They came over to invite me to join them. I was of two minds — I wanted to go but it seemed a little risky and a big chance for discomfort, since we would have to cross the Uinta Mountains, and a snow-storm likely any time. But I did n't like to refuse outright so we left it to Mr. Stewart. His 'Ye're nae gang' sounded powerful final, so the ladies departed in awed silence and I assumed a martyr-like air and acted like a very

much abused woman, although he did only what I wanted him to do. At last, in sheer desperation he told me the 'bairn canna stand the treep,' and that was why he was so determined. I knew why, of course, but I continued to look abused lest he gets it into his head that he can boss me. After he had been reduced to the proper plane of humility and had explained and begged my pardon and had told me to consult only my own pleasure about going and coming and using his horses, only not to 'expose' the bairn, why, I forgave him and we were friends once more.

Next day all the men left for the round-up, to be gone a week. I knew I never could stand myself a whole week. In a little while the ladies came past on their way to Ashland. They were all laughing and were so happy that I really began to wish I was one of the number, but they went their way and I kept wanting to go somewhere. I got reckless and determined to do something real bad. So I went down to the barn and saddled Robin Adair, placed a pack on 'Jeems McGregor,' then Jerrine and I left for a camping-out expedition.

It was nine o'clock when we started and we rode hard until about four, when I turned Robin loose, saddle and all, for I knew he would go home and some one would see him and put him into the pasture. We had gotten to where we could n't ride anyway, so I put Jerrine on the pack and led 'Jeems' for about two hours longer, then, as I had come to a good place to camp, we stopped.

While we had at least two good hours of daylight, it gets so cold here in the evening that fire is very necessary. We had been climbing higher into the mountains all day and had reached a level table-land where the grass was luxuriant and there was plenty of wood and water. I unpacked 'Jeems' and

staked him out, built a roaring fire, and made our bed in an angle of a sheer wall of rock where we would be protected against the wind. Then I put some potatoes into the embers as Baby and I are both fond of roasted potatoes. I started to a little spring to get water for my coffee when I saw a couple of jack-rabbits playing, so I went back for my little shot-gun. I shot one of the rabbits, so I felt very like Leatherstocking because I had killed but one when I might have gotten two. It was fat and young, and it was but the work of a moment to dress it and hang it up on a tree. Then I fried some slices of bacon, made myself a cup of coffee, and Jerrine and I sat on the ground and ate. Everything smelled and tasted so good! This air is so tonic that one gets delightfully hungry. Afterward we watered and re-staked 'Jeems,' I rolled some logs onto the fire, and then we sat and enjoyed the prospect.

The moon was so new that its light was very dim, but the stars were bright. Presently a long, quivering wail arose and was answered from a dozen hills. It seemed just the sound one ought to hear in such a place. When the howls ceased for a moment we could hear the subdued roar of the creek and the crooning of the wind in the pines. So we rather enjoyed the coyote chorus and were not afraid, because they don't attack people. Presently we crept under our Navajos and, being tired, were soon asleep.

I was awakened by a pebble striking my cheek. Something prowling on the bluff above us had dislodged it and it struck me. By my Waterbury it was four o'clock, so I arose and spitted my rabbit. The logs had left a big bed of coals, but some ends were still burning and had burned in such a manner that the heat would go both under and over my rabbit. So I put plenty of bacon grease over him and hung him up to

roast. Then I went back to bed. I did n't want to start early because the air is too keen for comfort early in the morning.

The sun was just gilding the hilltops when we arose. Everything, even the barrenness, was beautiful. We have had frosts and the quaking aspens were a trembling field of gold as far up the stream as we could see. We were 'way up above them and could look far across the valley. We could see the silvery gold of the willows, the russet and bronze of the currants, and patches of cheerful green showed where the pines were. The splendor was relieved by a background of sober gray-green hills, but even on them gay streaks and patches of yellow showed where rabbit-brush grew. We washed our faces at the spring, — the grasses that grew around the edge and dipped into the water were loaded with ice, — our rabbit was done to a turn, so I made some delicious coffee, Jerrine got herself a can of water, and we breakfasted. Shortly afterwards we started again. We did n't know where we were going but we were on our way.

That day was more toilsome than the last but a very happy one. The meadow larks kept singing like they were glad to see us. But we were still climbing and soon got beyond the larks and sage chickens and up into the timber where there is lots of grouse. We stopped to noon by a little lake where I got two small squirrels and a string of trout. We had some trout for dinner and salted the rest with the squirrels in an empty can for future use. I was anxious to get a grouse and kept close watch but was never quick enough. Our progress was now slower and more difficult because in places we could scarcely get through the forest. Fallen trees were everywhere and we had to avoid the branches, which was powerful hard to do. Besides it was quite

dusky among the trees long before night, but it was all so grand and awe-inspiring. Occasionally there was an opening through which we could see the snowy peaks, seemingly just beyond us, toward which we were headed. But when you get among such grandeur you get to feel how little you are and how foolish is human endeavor, except that which reunites us with the mighty force called God. I was plumb uncomfortable, because all my own efforts have always been just to make the best of everything and to take things as they come.

At last we came to an open side of the mountain where the trees were scattered. We were facing south and east and the mountain we were on sheered away in a dangerous slant. Beyond us still greater wooded mountains blocked the way, and in the cañon between night had already fallen. I began to get scary. I could only think of bears and catamounts, so, as it was five o'clock, we decided to camp. The trees were immense. The lower branches came clear to the ground and grew so dense that any tree afforded a splendid shelter from the weather, but I was nervous and wanted one that would protect us against any possible attack. At last we found one growing in a crevice of what seemed to be a sheer wall of rock. Nothing could reach us on two sides and in front two large trees had fallen so that I could make a log-heap which would give us warmth and make us safe. So with rising spirits I unpacked and prepared for the night. I soon had a roaring fire up against the logs and, cutting away a few branches, let the heat into as snug a bedroom as any one could wish. The pine needles made as soft a carpet as the wealthiest could afford. Springs abound in the mountains, so water was plenty. I staked 'Jeems' quite near so that the fire-light would frighten away any

wild thing that tried to harm him. Grass was very plentiful, so when he was made comfy I made our bed and fried our trout. The branches had torn off the bag in which I had my bread, so it was lost in the forest, but who needs bread when they have good, mealy potatoes? In a short time we were eating like Lent was just over. We lost all the glory of the sunset except what we got by reflection, being on the side of the mountain we were, with the dense woods between. Big sullen clouds kept drifting over and a wind got lost on the trees that kept them rocking and groaning in a horrid way. But we were just as cozy as we could be and rest was as good as anything.

I wish you could once sleep on the kind of bed we enjoyed that night. It was both soft and firm, with the clean, spicy smell of the pine. The heat from our big fire came in and we were warm as toast. It was so good to stretch out and rest. I kept thinking how superior I was since I dared to take such an outing when so many poor women down in Denver were bent on making their twenty cents per hour in order that they could spare a quarter to go to the 'show.' I went to sleep with a powerfully self-satisfied feeling, but I awoke to realize that pride goeth before a fall.

I could hardly remember where I was when I awoke, and I could almost hear the silence. Not a tree moaned, not a branch seemed to stir. I arose and my head came in violent contact with a snag that was not there when I went to bed. I thought either I must have grown taller or the tree shorter during the night. As soon as I peered out, the mystery was explained.

Such a snowstorm I never saw! The snow had pressed the branches down lower, hence my bumped head. Our fire was burning merrily and the heat kept the snow from in front. I scrambled

out and poked up the fire, then, as it was only five o'clock, I went back to bed. And then I began to think how many kinds of idiot I was. Here I was thirty or forty miles from home, in the mountains where no one goes in the winter and where I knew the snow got to be ten or fifteen feet deep. But I could never see the good of moping, so I got up and got breakfast while Baby put her shoes on. We had our squirrels and more baked potatoes and I had delicious black coffee.

After I had eaten I felt more hopeful. I knew Mr. Stewart would hunt for me if he knew I was lost. It was true, he would n't know which way to start, but I determined to rig up 'Jeems' and turn him loose, for I knew he would go home and that he would leave a trail so that I could be found. I hated to do so for I knew I should always have to be powerfully humble afterwards. Anyway it was still snowing, great, heavy flakes, they looked as large as dollars. I didn't want to start 'Jeems' until the snow stopped because I wanted him to leave a clear trail. I had sixteen loads for my gun and I reasoned that I could likely kill enough food to last twice that many days by being careful what I shot at. It just kept snowing, so at last I decided to take a little hunt and provide for the day. I left Jerrine happy with the towel rolled into a baby, and went along the brow of the mountain for almost a mile, but the snow fell so thickly that I could n't see far. Then I happened to look down into the cañon that lay east of us and saw smoke. I looked toward it a long time but could make out nothing but smoke, but presently I heard a dog bark and I knew I was near a camp of some kind. I resolved to join them, so went back to break my own camp.

At last everything was ready and Jerrine and I both mounted. Of all the

times! If you think there is much comfort, or even security, in riding a pack-horse in a snowstorm over mountains where there is no road, you are plumb wrong. Every once in a while a tree would unload its snow down our backs. 'Jeems' kept stumbling and threatening to break our necks. At last we got down the mountain side where new danger confronted us, — we might lose sight of the smoke or ride into a bog. But at last, after what seemed hours, we came into a 'clearing' with a small log-house and, what is rare in Wyoming, a fireplace. Three or four hounds set up their deep baying and I knew by the chimney and the hounds that it was the home of a Southerner. A little old man came bustling out, chewing his tobacco so fast, and almost frantic about his suspenders which it seemed he could n't get adjusted.

As I rode up he said, 'Whither, friend?' I said 'Hither.' Then he asked, 'Air you spying around for one of them dinged game wardens arter that deer I killed yesteddy?' I told him I had never even seen a game warden and that I did n't know he had killed a deer. 'Wall,' he said, 'air you spying around arter that gold mine I diskivered over on the west side of Baldy?' But after a while I convinced him that I was no more nor less than a foolish woman lost in the snow. Then he said, 'Light, stranger, and look at your saddle.' So I 'lit' and looked, and then I asked him what part of the South he was from. He answered, 'Yell County, by gum! The best place in the United States, or in the world, either.' That was my introduction to Zebulon Pike Parker.

Only two 'Johnny Reb's' could have enjoyed each other's company as Zebulon Pike and myself did. He was so small and so old, but so cheerful and so sprightly, and a real Southerner! He had a big, open fireplace with back-

logs and andirons. How I enjoyed it all! How we feasted on some of the deer killed 'yisteddy,' and real corn-pone baked in a skillet down on the hearth. He was so full of happy recollections and had a few that were not so happy! He is, in some way, a kinsman of Pike of Pike's Peak fame, and he came west 'jist arter the wah' on some expedition and 'jist stayed.' He told me about his home life back in Yell County, and I feel that I know all the 'young uns.'

There was George Henry, his only brother; and there were Pheobe and 'Mothie,' whose real name is Martha; and poor little Mary Ann, whose death was described so feelingly that no one could keep back the tears. Lastly there was little Mandy, the baby and his favorite, but who, I am afraid, was a selfish little beast since she had to have her prunellas when all the rest of the 'young uns' had to wear shoes that old Uncle Buck made out of raw-hide. But then 'her eyes were blue as morning glories and her hair was jist like corn silk, so yaller and fluffy.' Bless his simple, honest heart! His own eyes are blue and kind, and his poor, thin little shoulders are so round that they almost meet in front. How he loved to talk of his boyhood days! I can almost see his Father and George Henry as they marched away to the 'wah' together, and the poor little Mother's despair as she waited day after day for some word that never came.

Poor little Mary Ann was drowned in the bayou where she was trying to get water-lilies. She had wanted a white dress all her life and so, when she was dead, they took down the white cross-bar curtains and Mother made the little shroud by the light of a tallow dip. But being made by hand it took all the next day too, so that they buried her by moonlight down back of the orchard under the big elm

where the children had always had their swing. And they lined and covered her grave with big, fragrant water-lilies. As they lowered the poor little home-made coffin into the grave the mocking birds began to sing and they sang all that dewy, moonlight night. Then little Mandy's wedding to Judge Carter's son Jim was described. She wore a 'cream-colored poplin with a red rose throwed up in it,' and the lace that was on Grandma's wedding dress. There were bowers of sweet Southern roses and honeysuckle and wisteria. Don't you know she was a dainty bride?

At last it came out that he had not heard from home since he left it. 'Don't you ever write?' I asked. 'No, I am not an eddicated man, although I started to school. Yes'm, I started along of the rest, but they told me it was a Yankee teacher and I was 'fraid, so when I got most to the schoolhouse I hid in the bushes with my spelling book, so that is all the learning I ever got. But my mother was an eddicated woman, yes'm, she could both read and write. I have the Bible she give me yit. Yes'm, you jist wait and I'll show you.' After some rummaging in a box he came back with a small leather-bound Bible with print so small it was hard to read. After turning to the record of births and deaths he handed it to me, his wrinkled old face shining with pride as he said, 'There, my mother wrote that with her own hand.' I took the book and after a little deciphered that 'Zebulon Pike Parker was born Feb. 10, 1830,' written in the stiff, difficult style of long ago and written with poke-berry ink. He said his Mother used to read about some 'old feller that was jist covered with biles,' so I read Job to him, and he was full of surprise they did n't 'git some cherry bark and some sasparilly and bile it good and gin it to him.'

He had a side room to his cabin, which was his bed-room, so that night he spread down a buffalo robe and two bearskins before the fire for Jerrine and me. After making sure there were no moths in them, I spread blankets over them and put a sleepy, happy little girl to bed, for he had insisted on making molasses candy for her because they happened to be born on the same day of the month. And then he played the fiddle until almost one o'clock. He played all the simple, sweet, old-time pieces, in rather a squeaky, jerky way, I am afraid, but the music suited the time and the place.

Next morning he called me early and when I went out I saw such a beautiful sunrise, well worth the effort of coming to see. I had thought his cabin in a cañon, but the snow had deceived me, for a few steps from the door the mountains seemed to drop down suddenly for several hundred feet and the first of the snow peaks seemed to lie right at our feet. Around its base is a great swamp, in which the swamp pines grow very thickly and from which a vapor was rising that got about half-way up the snow peak all around. Fancy to yourself a big jewel-box of dark green velvet lined with silver chiffon, the snow peak lying like an immense opal in its centre and over all the amber light of a new day. That is what it looked most like.

Well, we next went to the corral where I was surprised to find about thirty head of sheep. Some of them looked like they should have been sold ten years before. 'Don't you ever sell any of your sheep?' I asked. 'No'm. There was a feller come here once and wanted to buy some of my wethers, but I would n't sell any because I did n't need any money.' Then he went from animal to animal, caressing each and talking to them, calling them each by

name. He milked his one cow, fed his two little mules, and then we went back to the house to cook breakfast. We had delicious venison steak, smoking hot, and hoe-cakes and the 'bestest' coffee, and honey.

After breakfast we set out for home. Our pack transferred to one of the little mules, we rode 'Jeems,' and Mr. Parker rode the other mule. He took us another way down cañon after cañon so that we were able to ride all the time and could make better speed. We came down out of the snow and camped within twelve miles of home in an old, deserted ranch house. We had grouse and sage chicken for supper. I was so anxious to get home that I could hardly sleep, but at last I did and was only awakened by the odor of coffee, and barely had time to wash before Zebulon Pike called breakfast. Afterwards we fixed 'Jeems's' pack so that I could still ride, for Zebulon Pike was very anxious to get back to his 'critters.'

Poor, lonely, child-like little man! He tried to tell me how glad he had been to entertain me. 'Why,' he said, 'I was plumb glad to see you and right sorry to have you go. Why, I would jist as soon talk to you as to a nigger. Yes'm, I would. It has been almost as good as talking to old Aunt Dilsey.' If a Yankee had said the same to me I would have demanded instant apology, but I know how the Southern heart longs for the dear, kindly old 'niggers,' so I came on homeward, thankful for the first time, that I can't talk correctly.

I got home at twelve and found, to my joy, that none of the men had returned, so I am safe from their superiority for a while, at least.

With many apologies for this outrageous letter, I am

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE RUPERT.

(*To be continued.*)

MONOPOLY OF LABOR

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

I

ECONOMIC problems startle us by rising out of familiar conditions into portentous shapes, and finding us at once disturbed and unprepared. Our economic development seems to have gone on more rapidly than our economic education; more rapidly than our capacity to analyze conditions, indicate causes, and prescribe remedies. Then too our impatient and highly individualistic democracy rushes quickly to conclusions without much caution and deliberation. Change is in the air; action is quick, and thought is slow. Discontent acts first and thinks afterwards. Perhaps, however, that is the usual law of progress in a democracy.

In matters touching the working-man, organization has been regarded as the necessary means to progress, and there is little doubt that intelligent organization is the only instrument through which important ends can be accomplished. It is a serious mistake, however, to use organization as a means to create 'class consciousness,' to form antagonisms where there should be none. In the industrial world, all are laborers, from the shoveler to the manager; labor is not only physical effort: some of the most exhausting work in the world is mental, and not manual. A high-salaried expert is as much a member of the laboring class as a manual laborer. Very little reflection therefore is needed to realize that patronizing talk about 'the laboring classes' is extremely shallow.

Without doubt the real cleavage is between the rich and the poor. It is the inability of the rich to understand the poor—and the inability of the poor to understand the rich—that is the root of all industrial conflict. We need, therefore, to appeal for more sympathy and mutual understanding. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Those who bear the burden and the heat of the day deserve the consideration due to the vital forces underlying our great economic prosperity and our future progress. Those of us who have often seen the day when it was uncertain where the next meal would come from know what 'the struggle for existence' means; the sense of isolation in the face of the great powerful forces of the successful world; to be poor and yet to wander through miles of streets filled with opulent homes; to see absolutely no bridge crossing the seemingly impassable gap from ignorance and poverty to intelligence and wealth; to begin to feel as if one were in an inferior class whose interests were all arrayed in hostility against those who possess the comforts and luxuries of life; and then to develop somewhat of the bitterness of those who have not against those who have. It is difficult to see all sides of a case when one is 'down and out'; it is human to think that the lack of success is not in ourselves but in others, not in the want of common sense, industry, sobriety, and skill, but in the greed and mercilessness of those who care only for the value of the service rendered.

To-day, in this country of new opportunity, we know there are legions who have started with nothing and yet who have with honor accumulated a competence. That has been done. Yet everywhere about us there are those who have not succeeded; who feel dumb, hopeless, discouraged — but who do not like to accept the inevitable life-long conditions of depressing, grinding poverty. Therefore, when we attempt to discuss the ways by which the laborer may escape from his poverty (or even the ways by which the man who already has something may improve his condition) we must be willing to take into account all sides of the question, to be sympathetic with failure, but to be as just as the surgeon who cuts out the cause of the disease.

II

In the most commonplace things of everyday life we find the stuff on which to test our reasoning about life, our theories as to success and failure, our plans to improve the conditions of existence. To-day, the ugly thing which hits us in the face wherever we turn is the high cost of living. The way we handle that problem is a fair test of ourselves, of our insight, our experience, our breadth of view, our capacity for fairness and impartial examination, and our freedom from prejudice and emotion.

Viewed from the position of those who have a very limited income — and those are the ones who most concern us; for the well-to-do can generally look out for themselves — the steady rise in the prices of nearly every article of daily consumption is a very serious thing. It is like the contracting walls of a prison closing in on its victims. Either the walls must stop contracting, or the inmates must be able to get out. Which is it likely to be?

The first indisputable fact we find in the struggle of the poorer classes to better their condition is that, while money wages have risen, prices have risen correspondingly; that the higher wages purchase very little, if any, more, than they did before. Consequently, no sooner has an increase of wages been obtained by the hardest kind of effort and struggle than the demand for another wage increase becomes as necessary as it ever did before; because increasing prices have again cut into the margin of subsistence. What are we going to do about it? If wages were to increase from \$2.00 to \$200 per day, and prices to increase one hundred times, wherein should we be better off?

III

The economists of the labor unions — we say ‘economists,’ for whether trained or not, they are in fact applying their minds to one of the most difficult of all economic problems, namely, the causes determining wages — have very emphatically announced one particular solution of this question of wages and cost of living. They have declared with all the reasoning they possess, enforced by the power of their unions, that the solution of this vital question for them is to be found in the ‘Monopoly of Labor.’ They have taken a leaf out of the past history of industry; and from that have assumed their principle of economics to be the fixing of the prices of labor by control over the supply. And why not? Have not the great combinations in many staple articles of general consumption attempted to fix, or even succeeded in fixing prices, by a control over the supply? Is not sauce for the goose also sauce for the gander? If the employers resort to the theory of monopoly, why should not the laborers?

The unions have a definite objective:

to increase wages (not merely money wages, but real wages); that is, to get more reward for the same effort, per hour, or per day; or to get the same wages for a less number of hours; and to better the sanitary and hazardous conditions of work.

Such being the workingman's objective, and 'monopoly of labor' being the means adopted to secure that end, we must calmly inquire as to whether or not it will work. Indeed it is more to the interest of the laborer than anyone else to have tested the practicability of this method — which is in fact the generally accepted method of workingmen's organizations. In the long run nothing can succeed which is untrue. If a doctrine is futile, sooner or later it must be abandoned, even by a labor union.

In the first place this country has declared itself against monopoly, or practices in restraint of competition. As against producers, the Sherman Anti-Trust law has been invoked in a way to draw the attention of every one. Quite independently of the merits of the act, it is now on the statute books. In any democratic society the law must have no favorites: it cannot be applied to the poor and not to the rich; nor can it be applied to one combination and not to another. All must be equal before the law. Labor leaders seem to understand that their theory of monopoly is exposed to the penalties of the Anti-Trust law. It is to be assumed that this statement has been established by the Danbury Hatters' case. Indeed in the closing hours of the last Congress (February, 1913) vain attempts were made to except labor unions from the act which forbids monopoly; and in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of the extra session of Congress (1913), finally signed by President Wilson, the same question arose. Without doubt the American

people have determined to prevent monopoly wherever the federal law can reach it. How, then, can a doctrine of the monopoly of labor continue to exist in the face of definite statutory prohibition? Any law which would except labor unions from the provisions of the act would be unconstitutional, and could not stand. There is evidently no escape in this direction.

It is childish to assume that raising such a question indicates any hostility to labor unions. Quite the contrary: one would be an enemy of labor who would suggest a road up which it should laboriously climb for years only to find out at the end that the way was absolutely closed to passage. It is high time to inquire who are the true friends of labor: those who are exploiting the economic ignorance of laborers for selfish or political purposes, or those who would like to help them to a means of permanent improvement and independence?

IV

If, then, monopoly of labor is contrary to the law, what is the remedy? Is the law wrong, and should it be repealed? Shall we grant unregulated monopoly to big combinations of capital as well as to big combinations of labor? Both must be equal before the law. Is the law economically unjustified? A word or two may not be amiss in a brief analysis of monopoly as applied to labor.

Monopoly means the control of the supply in a given market. Monopoly is like the wall about an enclosure with no gate in it open to the public. Monopoly excludes competition. Competition is like a gate through the wall by which the public have free access. Competition is the free entrance of goods or of any of the factors of production (such as labor, capital, man-

agerial ability) into any market. There is nothing complex about it. A monopoly of labor is a control of the supply of any kind of labor at any point of demand. Free competition of labor is the ability of any man to enter the market for employment on equal terms with any other man.

Monopoly assumes different forms. A 'strict monopoly' exists if some authority has control of the whole supply in the market. We very seldom find a 'strict monopoly.' The wall must be so high and so tight that none can enter over or through it; those inside have no competition. But only by the control of the whole supply can the price to the buyer be finally fixed. If the wall be low, or broken in spots, more or less entrance is afforded to others; and so more or less control over price is wanting. In the case of labor it is very rare to find any such control over supply as gives a complete monopoly, for the reason that unions do not include all men of a certain trade, or those who may enter the occupation by a short period of training, or the supply which may come from another part of the country, or from foreign countries. It is stated in general that unionized labor comprises less than ten per cent of the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States. Without question, therefore, it may be assumed that unions do not have a 'strict monopoly,' and cannot control the rates of wages, where more or less competition exists. This general conclusion jumps with the well-known fact that strikes are usually accompanied by violence exerted to prevent competitors from taking the places of the strikers. In fact, the inability to control the supply and gain the practical effects of monopoly is the very reason why in some cases terrorizing methods and dynamite have been resorted to. A

'closed shop' is itself evidence of the inability of a union to control the supply of its labor and so fix prices.

The existence of monopoly may be ascribed either to artificial or natural causes. An 'artificial monopoly' is a control of supply due to exceptional privileges, such as special legislation, patent or copyright laws; or to undue influence, duress, unfair discriminations, unjust treatment, and the like. That is, the kind of monopoly which has excited universal disapprobation is the one founded on unjust suppression of competition, and forcible ways of driving out competitors. Recent trust decisions have been based on that claim. Whatever objections exist to monopoly have peculiar urgency against these forms of 'artificial monopoly'; although it must be remembered that certain kinds even of 'artificial monopoly' may be justified on the ground of some desirability to the State, such as a business artificially created by a patent, or a copyright. But, as a whole, a monopoly due to special privilege, or to unfair or forcible suppression of competition, cannot for a moment hope for support from a fair-minded people like ours. Such a monopoly is to-day illegal; and the law seems to be good legislation. Since a control of labor by unions is an 'artificial monopoly,' not based on any natural causes (such as skill, intellect, and so forth), it has come under the penalties of the law whenever it has attempted to baffle competition of labor.

Finally, there is 'natural monopoly,' due to superiority of a personal or physical character.¹ Under purely competitive conditions, where all have an equal opportunity, the superior

¹ Being here concerned with persons, we need not discuss monopoly due to possession of natural resources, such as anthracite coal-beds and the like.

person will surpass his inferiors in the industrial world; he will labor, or do business, more efficiently and cheaply and drive out the inferior rival. A 'natural monopoly' is based on the admitted inequality of mankind; it is the inevitable expression of superiority in the field of open competition. For instance, although there was open competition in the law, Daniel Webster occupied almost a monopoly position because he had few rivals. Likewise, a winner of an international marathon race is such by virtue of a natural monopoly. So, too, there may be a class of laborers who have won a monopoly position, because of the possession of exceptional skill and personal worthiness. This is the only kind of a monopoly which is legal, and whose position is likely to be permanent.

If there is free competition, the superior man will always outstrip the inferior; he will do the lion's share of business because of a monopoly due to natural ability. Hence, whenever conditions are equal for all, we must expect to find monopoly — natural, not artificial. This is the law of nature. In fact, the labor world is full of monopolistic conditions: there are non-competing strata of workmen superimposed one above the other, — from the unskilled hod-man to the skilled engineer of the Panama Canal, — between whom there is no competition for the same kind of employment. Natural monopoly is everywhere; skill gives monopoly and freedom from the competition of those who lack skill. So also brains give monopoly. In fact monopoly is unescapable, — so long as men are born unequal in body and mind. When President Wilson, in his Chicago address, said there must be 'no features of monopoly,' he undoubtedly meant no features of unjust 'artificial monopoly'; for natural monopoly exists everywhere.

V

Since, then, the fundamental economic principle on which labor unions are based is the monopoly of the supply of labor; since a strict monopoly, and control of wages by a control over the whole supply is practically impossible; since monopoly of labor and exclusion of any man from a free chance to compete is already contrary to the laws of the land, some doubt has been cast on the wisdom and efficacy of the principle of monopoly of labor as a means of improving the conditions of life for workingmen. It now remains to examine whether from a purely economic point of view, higher wages, forced by the principle of monopoly as applied by labor unions, will really add to their consuming power and bring about the ends they have in mind.

If a shoemaker had to pay more for leather, he would undoubtedly charge more for his shoes, *ceteris paribus*. If an increased tax were levied on imported sugar, or coffee, the price would be raised accordingly and the burden of the tax passed on to the consumer. In short, it is an economic commonplace (for goods freely reproducible) that an increase of any of the items entering into a producer's expenses of production will cause an increase in the price paid by the public for that producer's goods. When the wages of the miners in the anthracite coal mines were increased, the price of coal per ton to the consumer was correspondingly raised. The public, not the employers, paid the higher wages.

Wages are evidently an important constituent in the expenses of producing most staple articles. An increase of wages paid for the *same time and same skill* of laborers will raise the prices of the goods they are working on just as surely as will an increase of taxes or of the cost of mate-

rials. Reduce taxes, and by so much the expenses of production and prices to the public will fall,—or ought to fall. Reduce the tariff,—taxes on clothing, etcetera,—and by so much prices and cost of living should be reduced.

Now, as a matter of cold fact, how has the workingman fared with this method of raising wages in recent years? In the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries, leaving out salaried employees, in the ten years from 1897–1907 (according to the index number of the Bureau of Labor) wages had risen from 99.2 to 122.4, or 23 per cent, while retail prices for food had increased from 96.3 to 120.6 or 25.5 per cent. That is, the purchasing power of wages fell 2.5 per cent during that period of unusual expansion of business. In short, the whole effect of the wages increase had been nullified by the rise in the prices of food usually consumed in the family budget.

After all the bad blood stirred up in some twenty years the unions have accomplished practically nothing toward raising their power of consumption. Obviously something is very far wrong with the principle on which they are operating. They have climbed this hard uphill road for decades only to find no passage through at the end. Economically, the principle of monopoly of labor does not work in favor of the laborer. Why? It is very important that, in their own interest, they should know the reason why.

VI

From the purely economic point of view the reason is simple. An increase of wages paid for the *same productive effort* increases the expenses of production and the price of the product; an increase in prices of articles consumed

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by the laborer reduces the real wages of the laborer as much as, if not more than, the increase in money wages. He is just where he was before, without any gain for his pains. In an industry producing an article of general use (supposing entirely free competition), an increase of expenses of production due to an increase of money wages paid for the same effort will be followed by a compensating increase of prices to the consumer; and the laborer is a consumer. Of course, if competition is not free, and monopolistic conditions of production exist, prices might go still higher. This increase of price, mark you, is not under the control of the labor unions. Even if they could control wages, they could not control the prices of the articles they consume. If the laborer, standing in a rising tide of water, succeeds in raising the platform under him by a foot, and if the water then rises about his head by another foot, he is just as near drowning as before.

There is no question whatever in my mind that the rise of prices of almost all articles of general consumption during the last decade or two has been due, as much as to any one thing else, to the rise in money wages paid for the same, or even less, labor effort. Moreover, the effect is cumulative. In the expenses of producing raw materials such as coal, ore, wool, and the like, into whose processes labor enters more largely than machinery, the general rise of wages raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made. In 1905 the total value of manufactured products in the United States was \$14,802 millions, of which wages made up 18 per cent, and materials 60 per cent. Thus the costs of wages and materials together unite in pushing up the prices of goods.

Take the prices of food and agricul-

tural produce, for example. We have been seeing a silent, irresistible revolution going on in American agriculture. The movement from the farm to the city has been marked in all countries, and has made labor scarce and high-priced on the farm. The great rise in the price of farm lands has increased the investment needed for growing food products. Men will stay on the farm only when they receive as high wages as they can get in the city, and when they receive as high a return on the capital invested. If farmers charged up to expenses of production the interest, at 5 per cent, on the price of land, buildings, and improvements, and added reasonable wages for the labor of themselves and the members of the family, such as they might get in the city, it would be found in most cases that even the present high prices of vegetables, eggs, and butter would not cover the expenses of production. They go on practically without systematic book-keeping, not counting their labor and glad to earn a living.

Wealth gained in agriculture in the last few decades has not come from growing crops, in the main, but from the enormous rise in the value of land. When labor is accounted for in agriculture as fully as in manufactures, agricultural products are sure to hold a higher price relatively to manufactured goods, because machinery can be used in the latter to reduce somewhat the tendency of the labor-cost to rise. Increase in farm-wages, and hence in the expenses of production, is increasing the prices of all farm products.

The true bearing of the labor situation cannot be mistaken. The unions are enforcing the theory of monopoly of labor as a means of raising their wages and improving their condition. They may raise their wages, but they do not raise their condition. The mo-

nopoly created is an 'artificial' one, maintained by violence or by unfair restriction of competition, which is clearly illegal; the increase of wages thus obtained, without an increase in the efficiency of production, inevitably carries with it an increase in the expenses of production, and of prices, which automatically reduces the purchasing power of the higher wages to the old level. There is no hope for this principle either in law or economics. It does not work in the interests of labor.

There are two sets of forces in action, independent of each other. On the one hand, wages are to be raised; on the other, prices are to be raised. These two sets of forces are not under common control. The one nullifies the other. Now, what is the remedy? Nothing under heaven but the bringing of the two into some coöperation for the gain of both. It is of no advantage to the producer to raise prices *per se*, since with proportionally higher expenses of production, he would make practically no greater profits by the higher prices than he did before. It is of no advantage to the laborer to raise wages *per se*, since with higher money wages he can buy no more than he did before. The result, being no gain either to the producer or to the laborer, yet creates an impossible situation for the general consuming public by the steady rise in the cost of living.

The monopoly-of-labor principle has not much more to its credit than antagonisms. The case against it legally, economically, and morally is overwhelming. And yet in the recent contest over the immigration bill in Congress the labor unions wished to apply the literacy tests to immigrants in order to prevent an increase in the supply of labor. Economically speaking, this is Darkest Africa.

VII

The remedy can be found only in the coöperation of both laborers and producers, to the end that real wages may be raised without the increase of prices by the producer. This is not impossible; but it means a complete reversal, from the principle of the 'artificial monopoly' of the labor unions, to the principle of the 'natural monopoly' of labor. This is the solution in a nutshell. What does that mean? 'Natural monopoly,' as regards labor, is based on superiority due to skill and personal worth working under conditions of entirely free and unrestricted competition. Under competitive conditions the more productive labor will obtain the higher wages; and labor that is more productive does not, when it receives higher wages, increase the expenses of production, or cause higher prices. The laborer who works in coöperation with the efforts of the producer to increase production, say from 80 to 100 units, with the same outlay, can have his wages increased 20 per cent, and yet leave 5 per cent of new gain to the producer, — without any increase of prices. In short, higher money wages may go — and frequently have so gone in the history of industry — with a fall of prices. Thus laborers would gain doubly, not only by the higher money wages, but by the greater purchasing power of those wages. This is a very different outcome from that due to the 'artificial monopoly' of labor. Moreover, it is democratic, legal, moral, and economically sound.

But, says the objector, the laborer who is unsophisticated enough to follow this advice will not obtain from grasping individual employers the higher wages due to increased efficiency. Then organize and get it. Organization of labor is of vital importance. There is no objection to the

union as a form of organization; but there is objection to the wrong use of the union. The principle of 'artificial monopoly' of labor may be all wrong, but the principle of organizing labor in a union may be all right. A heavy walking stick may be wrongly used in knocking down and robbing victims; but it may be well used in protecting the owner from foot-pads. If admission to a union were based on efficiency tests, and its members held a natural monopoly due to superior skill, those outside the union could not compete with them; and there would be no more need for the 'closed shop,' or for dynamite.

VIII

The hysterical agitation for a minimum wage (to-day urged chiefly for women) has in it no conception of a relation between wages and producing power. It is unsound for several reasons which touch the very interests of the laborers themselves.

It introduces a new and unjustifiable basis of wages — that wages shall be paid on the basis of what it costs the recipient to live. If it is urged, for instance, that a woman cannot live on \$5.00 a week, but can live on \$8.00 and hence her minimum wage should be \$8.00, the whole case has not been considered. If we accept — what we should not accept — the principle that wages should be related to the cost of living, and if it is accepted that the woman could live on \$8.00 a week, on what grounds should she ever receive more than \$8.00 a week? On what grounds could any one get \$18.00 a week? At present \$18.00 is paid on the ground that it is earned, that is, on the basis of a relation between wages and producing power. No other basis can stand for a moment in the actual work of industry. Men go into business to

gain profit; if, in their opinion, the employee is not worth \$8.00 a week, she will not be retained, no matter what it costs to live. If she is worth to the business \$18.00 that will be the wage. No law can force any one to remain in a business that does not pay.

The theory of a minimum wage based on the cost of living is flatly inconsistent with the facts of daily life and preparation for any occupation. At what age or point is a beginner, or apprentice, to receive the full legal wage? Is no boy, or apprentice, to be allowed to receive a partial reward till he is a full-fledged adult workman? How about the woman, who, in the economic rôle of domestic labor, knits stockings in odd hours in order to add a little to the family income — shall she receive nothing if not the full legal wage? Shall the boy, or even a young lawyer just entering an office, be forbidden to receive the small stipend of the preparatory period?

Suppose it were required by law to pay shop-girls \$8.00 a week instead of \$5.00, on the ground that the insufficient \$5.00 leads to vice; then, since no ordinary business would pay \$8.00 unless it were earned, those who did not earn \$8.00 would inevitably be dropped from employment without even the help of \$5.00 to save them. If \$5.00 is no protection from vice, how much less is no wages at all? This proposal of a minimum wage is directly opposed in practice to the very self-interest of the girls themselves.

It is crass to try to remedy wages which are admittedly too low by fixing a legal minimum wage, which can never be enforced unless private business establishments are to be regarded as state institutions. In a state factory, wages may possibly be determined by law, but not in open competitive business conditions, where the supply of labor has as much influence

on wages as the demand. If the supply of women wage-earners converges on only certain kinds of work, wages will be lowered by the very large supply of the workers. There is no exit by this door of legal enactment as to the amount of wages.

The true and immediate remedy is the creation of ready means by which the industrial capacity of the wage-earning women will be increased. The wrong situation — of which low wages, possible starvation, and the temptation to vice are only symptoms — is due primarily to the fact that women thrown on their own resources know no trade and crowd each other in the market for unskilled labor. The remedy lies in the creation of places of instruction where any woman (no matter how poor) shall be taught a trade and have skill given her by which she can obtain a living wage. The remedy lies in preventing a congestion of unskilled feminine labor by industrial education. There is no other rational or permanent or human way out of the present wretched situation, if we have the real interest of the workers at heart — and are not interested chiefly in getting some cheap political notoriety.

This conclusion applies to men as well as to women. Is not a skilled carpenter worth more than a blunderer? In any business, does not every one agree that it is fair to give a very energetic, live, active, skillful salesman more than a stupid? If he is skilled he earns more, because he brings in more business. That being settled we do not fix his wages on what it costs him to live. He has a right to spend his income as he pleases. Hence, if we were to adopt the theory of the minimum wage we should be adopting a new theory of wages, which would justify the refusal to pay higher wages based on efficiency.

We find unions basing action on

adherence to the law of 'artificial monopoly' of labor. It never has worked rightly, it never can work rightly, for the true interests of labor. Finding difficulties always ahead, the loyal unionists fight the harder; implicitly believing that their principles must be right, they begin to create a code of ethics which places loyalty to the union above loyalty to the state. That mere fact ought to cause deliberation. Is it possible that the whole development of liberty under constitutionalism for centuries has been a mistake, and that only the recent theories of unions are worthy of obedience? It would be wiser to study further, and see if the progress of labor upward may not be consonant with the progress of liberty under law. Direct conflict with the state can have but one result for unions. To force the false theory of 'artificial monopoly' of labor against the bulwarks of civilized society would be like sending a derailed locomotive at full speed down a crowded city street: it may destroy and maim others, but the end is ruin for the engine.

I once heard Phillips Brooks urge in a sermon that 'a man does not have a right to all his rights,' legal or moral. He may be able to enforce them if he wishes; but, as human nature goes, it is better not to expect the last scrap of what is due. It is good for the successful man to feel that he has a large responsibility to the less successful. Those who are climbing up without looking around would do well to take in the world about them, and their relations to others, as they begin to reach the top. It is they who should do the most to assuage the bitterness of unsucces, no matter if discontent is unreasoning. It is they who must temper the wind to

the shorn lamb in the great world of industry. Men do not want charity. The task is to create conditions where men by self-help can work out their own salvation and make charity unnecessary.

The key to the problem so far as it concerns labor is the principle of superiority due to 'natural monopoly.' The only real permanent aid to low wages is to increase the productivity and skill of the persons at the bottom. Instead of talking of such injurious palliatives as minimum wages, create institutions at once where those persons can be given a trade or training for a gainful occupation. The cry for a minimum wage is evidence of the industrial incapacity, the lack of producing power, in masses of our people. The concrete ways of increasing the productive power of each man and woman are not unknown. Moreover, the captain of industry who does not 'have a right to all his rights,' can introduce into his shops carefully worked-out plans for helping his operatives to rise in life; to better conditions by welfare work; to encourage savings and thrift; to introduce the stimulus of profit-sharing; and above all, establish civil-service methods devised to pick out and promote the promising youth so that the path from the bottom to the top is open to every employee. Under unrestricted competition, there will be seen the inevitable results of 'natural monopoly' by which superiority comes to its own, and wages are in some proportion to productive power. Thus organization may be used to forward merit; and our individualistic democracy may found its material development on the satisfactory basis of correct economic principles.

THE BOUNDARIES OF TRUTH

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is pretty much taken for granted by decent folk that the truth should be told in all circumstances. 'It is never permissible to lie' has been, ever since the Christian era came in, the common opinion, if not the common practice. And yet, which one of us has never lied, I will not say against his conscience, but for the very sake of his conscience? Conventional religion has been assumed to be our sole guide, while our actual conduct is usually based on the different, and more explicit, code of honor. Honor is not religion, though with real religion it has always been at peace; civilized manners are not religion, though, again, they have always been at peace with it. In the matter of lying, both honor and civilized manners have a great deal to say; and the fact that we realize this subconsciously is responsible for a great many minor perplexities.

Strictly speaking, in Candide's 'best of possible worlds' lies should not pass human lips. There are many people who stick to the literal interpretation of the precept: ladies, for example, who retire to the back porch before they permit their maids to tell the unwelcome caller that they are 'out.' There, presumably, they gaze at the blue sky, and congratulate themselves on their unimpeachable veracity. Yet even scrupulous people allow their servants to say they are out when they are in, because 'out' is conventionally understood to mean many things. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton tells us that, under certain conditions, mere

silence is the most damnable lie of all. The matter is not so simple as it seems: its intricacies may become a morass for the unwary, and an enchanted garden for the casuist.

Very few people, I fancy, would say, after deliberation, that no lie was ever justified. To be sure, I once heard a serious young man protest that Shakespeare had damned Desdemona by allowing her, at her last gasp, to exculpate Othello. I have also known people who objected vehemently to the late Mark Twain because he said so many things that were not so. But there are occasions when lies are taken for granted, even by the law. A man on trial for his life is supposed to tell the truth, but not if it will incriminate him. A wife is not dragged to the witness-stand against her will to testify against her husband — no one would legitimately expect anything but perjury from her. I do not see much difference between legally permitting a man to say 'Not guilty' when he is guilty, and legally permitting him to lie. Is there any solitary maiden lady who would not willingly give the midnight marauder to understand that her husband was just coming down the stairs, armed to the teeth? A man is not supposed, except by an extinct type of Puritan, to 'give away' the lady who has made sacrifices for him; and even the extinct type of Puritan would hardly expect you to tell your hostess that her dinner-party had been dull. From this heterogeneous group of examples, one may infer that there

are lies and lies; and while it is never permissible to lie, it is sometimes quite unpermissible to do anything else.

Most lies of the decenter sort are social. 'The admixture of a lie doth ever give pleasure,' said the moralist Bacon. There is certainly very little defense for the lie that does not give pleasure. It is to save other people's feelings, not our own, that we tell lies. Let me put a case quite bluntly. How, without lying, is a man to thank his small niece properly for the necktie which she has selected for his Christmas present? No one wants merely to be thanked for one's trouble; everyone wants to be told that his taste has been perfect. Now that the late Phillips Brooks's handsome evasion of fact has become historic, who ever dares *not* to praise a baby explicitly? I confess that it goes against the grain with me to say that I have enjoyed something which I have detested; and I have frequently accepted invitations (especially over the telephone) because my tongue would not twist itself round the phrase 'another engagement' when the other engagement was non-existent. But I have never had the slightest compunction about saying that I was sorry I had another engagement, when I did have another engagement and was not sorry.

I know only one person whom I could count on not to indulge herself in these conventional falsehoods, and she has never been able, so far as I know, to keep a friend. The habit of literal truth-telling, frankly, is self-indulgence of the worst. Nothing could be more delightful, in an evil sense, than telling certain people that their Christmas presents, their babies, and their hospitalities are all horrors which defy description; especially if one could count it a virtue to one's self to say those things starkly. But one cannot keep that weapon only for one's foes: the only excuse for saying inexcusable

things is that one always says them. Roughly speaking, one's friends are the people of whom one thinks, habitually, pleasant things. But even friends can be annoying, or unbeautiful, or dull. And it is of the essence of those manners which are morals not to tell them so if one can help it. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend' — and must sometimes be dealt. But no stabbing over non-essentials! And above all, no stabbing when it is a pleasure to stab. Sometimes these truth-tellers congratulate themselves that their praise is immensely enhanced by its rarity. There, I fancy, they are mistaken: for in the first place, praise that is too long on the way loses its savor; and in the second, they acquire, I have noticed, a censorious habit of mind that prevents them from praising at all.

No: in the course of mere conventional living, a certain amount of lying must be done. 'How do you do?' 'I am very well, thank you.' You may have indigestion, and in that case you have lied. Yet is it your business to make your acquaintance uncomfortable by telling him the facts in the case? Certain things are true of any man personally which have nothing to do with his social existence: personally, if he has a toothache, he has it; socially, he has not a toothache unless he mentions it. Then, there are lies which are not verbal at all — lies of implication. The early Puritans who objected to paint and powder, objected to them, I fancy, on perfectly catholic grounds — it was immoral to make yourself attractive, and paint and powder were literally meretricious. On the same principle, to this day, a nun cuts off her hair. The modern feeling against paint and powder — for it does in some quarters survive — is rather, I imagine, on the score of dishonesty. You are not supposed to disguise a beautiful complexion if you really have it. But

if you have not a good complexion, you are deceiving people — you are acting a lie — by making yourself look as if you had. The ground of the objection has shifted.

Some author — is it Mr. Kipling? — says of one of his heroines that she was as honest as her own front teeth. I know a great many people who are as honest as their own front teeth are false; and certainly no one expects them to go about calling attention to the skill of their dentist. Perhaps some sophist will say that between wearing false hair and declaring one's false hair to be one's own, there is all the difference in the world. I protest that it is tacit falsehood to wear it at all — unless one does it after the fashionless fashion of an ancient lady I knew in my childhood who, quite bald at the age of ninety-five, hung two wads of chestnut hair across her head, like saddle-bags, on a black velvet ribbon. And such tacit falsehoods are all in the spirit of the conventional politeness we use daily. To rouge a pale face may be vanity; but to thank a stupid hostess for the pleasure she has not given, is loving one's neighbor as one's self. I am inclined to think that even rouge is more often than not altruistic in intention. One does not wish, for the sake of society, to be either a fright or a brute. Certain things are demanded of every man who meets the world on its own ground. From the moment he has 'accepted with pleasure,' he has agreed to play the game; and it is as unfair of him to give or take the wrong cues as it would be for the castle to insist on making the knight's move. No: we need not go out of our way to lie; but we must not, even to be clever, tell the truth when an innocent lie is innocently demanded of us.

It occurs to me that my examples of conventional falsehood are largely feminine. So, I fancy, they should be. One

of the reasons, surely, why women have been credited with less perfect veracity than men is that the burden of conventional falsehood falls chiefly on them. A man expects his wife to do this kind of thing for him. It is she who accepts or refuses their common invitations, directs their joint social manœuvres, encounters the world for them both on the purely social side. He is not expected to do it any more than he is expected to order the dinner. There is more straight-from-the-shoulder talk, I imagine, among men by themselves than among women by themselves; but that is partly because women slip out of the social harness less frequently and less easily. A man among men is perhaps (I speak under correction) more inveterately his personal self; a woman among women more inveterately her social self. It may be that it is easier to wear the harness constantly than to gall one's shoulders afresh each day with putting it on. I am inclined to think that women are as honest with their intimate friends as are men; but — they have had an age-long training in the penalties of making one's self unpleasant. So many low motives are imputed to women — and most of them, at the present day, quite unjustly — that they are driven to the lesser mendacities for the sake of getting some justice done them. When Mr. A. asks Mrs. B. if she does not think Mrs. C. beautiful, she is almost bound to say that she does, though she does not. Otherwise, she will be taken for a jealous fool. One lie is better than two; and it is better to be thought a fool when you are not, than jealous and a fool when you are neither.

Comparatively few people, however, will cavil at these mendacities, which are indeed *ψευδῆς ἀψευδῆς* — as mechanical and uncalculated as a gentleman's 'I beg your pardon' when a lady has

insisted on colliding with him in the street. Truth is not so difficult to bound on that side; for most people recognize the social exigency, and if you are praising someone's unskilful cook on one day, the chances are that she will be congratulating you on your amateur gardening the next. We simply have to be polite, as our race and clime understand politeness; and no one except a *naïf* is really going to take this sort of thing seriously. It is perhaps regrettable that we do not carry courtesy even further; for nothing makes people so worthy of compliments as occasionally receiving them. One is more delightful for being told one is delightful — just as one is more angry for being told one is angry. Let us pass, however, to more debatable ground.

There is an old refrain which runs, 'Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies.' I am inclined to think that it is full of social philosophy. Most of us, probably, have put up our hardest fights for veracity on occasions when questions have been asked us that never should have been asked. 'Refuse to answer,' says the ghost of that extinct Puritan whom we have evoked. An absurd counsel: for, as we all know, to most of these questions no answer is the most explicit answer of all. If the Devil has given you wit enough, you may contrive to keep the letter of the commandment. But usually that does not happen. I dare say many moralists will not agree with me; but I hold that a question put by some one who has no right, from any point of view, to the information demanded, deserves no truth. If a casual gossip should ask me whether my unmarried great-aunt lived beyond her means, I should feel justified in saying that she did not, although it might be the private family scandal that she did. There are inquiries which are a sort of moral burglary.

The indiscreet questioner — and by indiscreet questions I mean questions which it is not conceivably a man's duty either to the community or to any individual to answer — is a marauder, and there is every excuse for treating him as such. I am sure that every reader remembers, in his own experience, such questions, and counts among his acquaintance at least one such questioner. Let him say whether, in these conditions, he has felt it his moral duty to hand over information, any more than he would consider it his moral duty to hand over his plate to a thief. I am not speaking of cases where the temptation to lie is merely the temptation to save one's face: it is not permissible to lie merely to save one's face. But it is sometimes permissible to lie to save another person's face — as it was pardonable, surely, in Desdemona to declare that Othello had not murdered her.

In regard to the lie of exaggeration, a word should perhaps parenthetically be said. We all know the child who has seen two elephants in the garden eating the roses. We also know the delightful grown-up who 'embroiders' his narratives. He will never tell the same adventure twice with the same details. The fact remains that he may each time leave you with precisely the same impression of the adventure in its entirety. It is quite possible that you trust him exceedingly. Of course it is also possible that his *ben trovato* is never *vero*. You will have to determine after long experience of him whether he is fundamentally false, or merely has a sense of style. Personally, I know exaggerators of both kinds: people whose lies are only picturesque adjectives, and people whose picturesque adjectives are only lies. There is a subtle distinction between the two. At the risk of being at loggerheads with the rhetoricians, one must say that truth

goes deeper than words, and that there is not much in a truthfulness which is only phrase-deep.

The old ladies who are shivering on the back porch will disapprove of me for saying these things, almost as much as I disapprove of them for being on the back porch. To speak frankly, I have not found that the people who cling to the letter are always the people who cling to the spirit of the law. Some of the men and women who will not say in so many words the thing which is not, will deliberately give a false impression. They are not the servants of truth; they are the parasites of truth. The ladies I have referred to may be technically 'out'; but they are really 'out' only to the undesired visitor — exactly as much as if they had stopped in their own sitting-rooms. (Remember, please, that I am not speaking of the people who receive the unwelcome caller rather than permit a maid to fib — they are in a very different case.) I should not instinctively go to these people for an accurate account of a serious situation. Any one whose conscience is satisfied with that kind of loyalty to fact knows very little about the spirit of truth.

I do not jeer at literal accuracy: I think it an excellent safeguard for all of us. The person who has never indulged in a literal falsehood is the less likely to have indulged in a real one. Generally speaking, words follow facts with a certain closeness. Not always, however. I may truthfully say that my teeth are my own, if I have paid for them; but I shall none the less give a wrong impression to the engaging creature who has asked me if they are false. Substitute serious equivalents for that kind of veracious reply, and you will see what I mean. I am not at all sure that, where there is room for doubt, the people I have cited will not largely take the benefit of the

doubt to themselves. I am not sure, for example, that the formula 'I will not tell any one' stands to them for anything but a fallible human prophecy — something apt to be set at naught by the God who maketh diviners mad. I strongly suspect that mere loyalty will never make them hold their tongues. And I am quite sure that they will often be silent when silence is the most damnable lie of all. For, in their technical sense, silence can never be a lie.

In this short distance, we have come near to the heart of the matter. Remember that the only lie forbidden in the Decalogue is false witness against one's neighbor. I may feel real respect for the lady on the porch, — when I think that it may be hailing, I feel positive awe, — but I should not like to make her the recipient of an intimate confidence. Such a person is wholly at the mercy of the unscrupulous. To be, for one's self, at the mercy of the unscrupulous, suggests, I admit, the saint; to be, for one's friends, at the mercy of the unscrupulous, suggests the cad. It is not, for the normal person, a pleasant thing to lie: it is much easier to record the truth quite automatically. There is in each of us who have been decently brought up a natural antipathy to saying 'the thing which is not.' The basis of truth is so much the finest basis on which to meet one's fellow-men! I have much sympathy with the unpopular people who cannot bring themselves, even in a ball-room, to 'play the game.' Of all ugly things to be, perhaps a liar is the ugliest. And yet, and yet — We may not go into Victor Hugo's rapture over the nun in *Les Misérables* who gave the mendacious answer to Javert; but which of us wishes she had told the inspector that Jean Valjean was actually in the room? Fortunately, such crucial instances are rare; and usually we can benefit our friends most by tell-

ing the truth about them — if it were not so, they would not be beloved. It is a poor cause which has to be lied for regularly. But in the rare case like that of Sœur Simple, let us hope that we, too, should lie, and be as sure as she of making our peace with Heaven.

For one's self alone, it is a question whether any lie could bring such luxury as that of telling the simple truth. To lie to save one's self is the mark of the beast; to lie to save another person may make one distrust the cosmos, but at least it is a purer fault. For it seems to be agreed on by all codes that the unselfish motive is a mightily purging element. On the whole, I should say that the person who likes to lie should never, in any circumstances, be allowed to. Leave the lying to the people who hate it. You will not find them indulging often.

Perhaps the greatest conflict for Puritan youth has always come when it faced for the first time the unfamiliar shape of Honor. Honor and John Calvin have fought on many a strange battlefield for the young soul, and the young soul must often have wondered which was friend and which was foe.

Honor and wit, foredamned they sit,

sings Kipling in an atavistic moment. Which of us has not at some time or other shudderingly understood him? And yet it is only the fortuitous trappings of Honor which can so disturb. For the truest thing about Honor is that, like Charity, it 'seeks not itself'; and Honor in the mediæval sense was the darling child of the Church. Honor does not break its word; it protects the weak against itself, and against others; it keeps its engagements. It is more immediately concerned with its duty to humanity than with its duty to God; which is doubtless why the Puritan mystic saw it as a foe. The code of honor is the etiquette-book of the

Christian; and the people who have attacked it are the people who have considered that Christians needed no etiquette. By our ancestors who were bred in the cold and windy times of the Reformation it was held to deal chiefly with duelling, gaming, and illicit affairs. 'The debt of honor,' 'the affair of honor' — what do even these corrupted phrases mean except that the gentleman has found more ways to bind himself than the laws of the land afford? I do not know that Honor ever compelled a man to gamble or to provoke a quarrel; but if he has gambled or if he has quarreled — if he has undertaken to play the lamentable game — he must not skulk behind a policeman, like a cry-baby or a *sans-culotte*, because things have not gone his way. If he has broken, he must pay.

Part of the code of honor begins only when the Christian precept has been broken. Is it so bad a thing, in a fallible world, to be told what to do after you have once done something wrong? The Catechism, as a practical guide, is woefully incomplete without the code of the gentleman as an appendix. If you had sinned, the Puritan told you to repent; and he was quite right. But there is work left for the sinner after the repenting has been done. Both Honor and the Catechism will do their best to keep you out of a mess. The difference comes later: for after you have got into a mess, the Catechism leaves you to God, while Honor shows you how, if you have done ill to fellow beings, to repair that ill and not extend it.

Honor is a matter of practical politics — frightfully unpractical politics, in another sense, they often are. A cynical young woman once said to me that she found cads more interesting than gentlemen, because you could always tell what a gentleman would do in a given situation, whereas you could

never tell, in any situation, what a cad would do. Cads may or may not be the proper sport of cynical young women; but to the average busy creature the gentleman is wholly delightful in that he is wholly predictable. The Christian is not predictable, for the simple reason that he has been given a counsel of perfection. You know that any given Christian will, by the day of his majority, have done some, at least, of the things which the Catechism has expressly warned him not to do. 'The way that can be walked upon is not the perfect way,' said Lao-tse long ago. The Church does not believe that you have always done everything that your sponsors in baptism so cheerfully said you would do. The confessional is itself the greatest confession that the Church has ever made. One of the most convenient things about Honor is that its explicit code is limited; and you can say of some men when they die that they have never for a moment ceased to be gentlemen. Honor is of the world, worldly — and some people have distorted that magnificent fact into an accusation. That is what Mr. Kipling has done in 'Tomlinson.'

All this about Honor is not so much a digression as an approach. For if few people will quarrel with the lies of implication and of convention, and most people pray to be delivered from the lie of self-defense, the lie 'of obligation' cannot be juggled away; and it is the lie of obligation which Honor commands. Honor has never permitted, still less commanded, a lie for personal gain or satisfaction of any kind; but there are cases when the gentleman must lie if he is to be a gentleman. The gentleman does not betray the friend

who has trusted him, even though he may bitterly object to having that friend's secrets on his hands. From that supreme obligation lies sometimes of necessity result. I said just now that Honor and John Calvin must often have fought for the young soul; and it does not take an over-vivid imagination to conceive cases. Religion (in spite of the Decalogue) has tended to lump all lies together as the offspring of the Devil, while the code of the gentleman has always set aside a few lies as consecrated and *de rigueur*. But the gentleman, I venture to say, has always told those lies in the spirit in which a man lays down his life for his friend. For no gentleman lies, on any occasion, with unmixed pleasure. He feels, rather, as if he had put on rags.

It is easier—as some sociologists do—to plot the curves of a desire than to fix the boundaries of truth. The domain of truth is not world-wide: that, we know. They must be home-keepers indeed—perpetually cradled—who need never lie. Literal truth is imprisoned in a palace, like the Pope in the Vatican, affecting to be the ruler of the world. Even the faithful know that the claim is vain. The lies of obligation and convention are not, in the deepest sense, unveracious; for they are not preëminently intended to deceive. We expect them of other civilized beings, and expect other civilized beings to expect them of us. Speaking such falsehoods, and such falsehoods only, we are still on truth's own ground. The lie told for the liar's own sake marks the moment when a man has passed from beneath her standard, across her shadowy sphere of influence, and is already hot-foot into the jungle.

UNCLE JOEL'S FUNERAL

A TUTTLEVILLE PAPER

BY MARY B. HEDGES

SHE that was Miranda Tuttle, descended from Tuttleville's founders, contributes some old-time memories to these Papers by request from Mary Greenfield, her friend and contemporary.

It was the morning of Uncle Joel's funeral. My face, neck, and hands had been scrubbed, and a stiff, starched white dress put upon me by Eunice, our help.

You remember Eunice? She was one of five daughters of a quaint old Englishman, who came to Tuttleville and squatted in a deserted house in a little hollow near the creek about a mile from Tuttleville. He called the girls 'his maids,' and was very proud of them. Their mother was dead. Your grandmother Greenfield had Cynthia; other sisters of Eunice were parceled out with our 'best families.' They were good and loyal 'help.' In Tuttleville we did not talk of servants.

My hair was braided very tight, making short pig-tails down my back. At their diminishing ends they were tied with narrow white ribbons. It was a last year's dress and the sleeves were short and the length of skirt not what it should have been, but it was thought more appropriate to a funeral occasion than my best pink with its little lace spencer drawn up with narrow pink ribbon. To make up for the short skirt my pantalettes

were let down to a proper funeral length and I had black silk mitts on my hands.

I was dressed early, because I was a child who had a pronounced affinity with things distracting to a ceremonial toilet, such as wanderings in the dew after flowers, stains contracted in feeding Tray and Tabby, and almost involuntary and unaccounted-for accretions of butter and jam. If left to myself till nearly the time of a public appearance I was sure to be in such a state of disarray as took from Eunice all the scant patience she possessed.

Her snatchings, hustlings and reproofs only ended with my tears and general unrepresentableness. For these reasons it was thought best, upon occasions, to dress me early and put me in the pillory of a high arm-chair in the entry, if in summer with the catechism in hand and an injunction to study next Sunday's lesson.

Eunice was always in favor of having the front door closed for fear of the half-pint of dust — there never could have been more in all leafy Tuttleville — that might be stirring. But at my look of appeal the front door would be compromised on a crack, which I would gradually widen satisfactorily.

The day of Uncle Joel's funeral, the door was of course closed. My heart was oppressed by the length and breadth of black crape that was fastened below the knocker.

I was really very sad. Some one had said in my hearing that Joel was the black sheep of the family, and that no one but my 'soft-hearted' mother would have taken him in, when he returned from his prodigal wanderings, three months before. They wondered at her as she was only a sister-in-law when you had said all.

He was an old and broken man, sick unto death, but the grasshopper life stirred in him warm and merry till the end. Such stories as he would tell, when he could get breath for them! Such merry cackling ended by a half-hour's cough! I was his chosen nurse and companion. He had gone to sea and seen strange shores and walked on silver beaches with a haze of green palms inland simmering in the vibrant sunlight, and distant violet peaks lifting up to snows. O wonderful! For witness were pink-tipped shells. One of these became a treasure that still lies upon my desk and whispers of the sea, the sea, confessor and friend of many such men as Uncle Joel in the time of old sailing vessels from our northern ports.

This morning of Uncle Joel's funeral, I begged that since the front door could not be open, even by a crack, I might sit in the downstairs bedroom, which had a little handy door leading into the kitchen, as well as a larger entrance into the family living-room. There was a sense of awe upon me that made friendly nearness welcome.

The little door was partly open. I did not call attention to the fact. I am afraid that I was not as good a child as so much catechism study in dressed-up intervals should have made me. Grandma's low rocking-chair with its patchwork cushion was very easy. Imperceptibly I rocked it toward the little door. My mother and an aunt from Bassett's Corners, Uncle Joel's

sister, were very busy in the kitchen with Eunice, making ready funeral baked-meats. For, though Uncle Joel had been no credit to the family, all the Tuttles were expected to be at the funeral and the Truefitts as well.

The Truefitts were my mother's family. I came to know in after years that their star was reckoned pale and ineffectual in lustre beside the astral splendors of the Tuttles, who were the founders of Tuttleville.

The bed was spread with black dresses. On the bed were three black bonnets, with long time-worn veils.

My aunt from Bassett's Corners said that it would hardly pay to have new mourning for Uncle Joel just for the funeral. My mother said that she should wear black, at least for a time. Eunice, whom much scrubbing and the desertion of a fickle beau had shadowed with temporary melancholy, remarked that 'the truest mourning was wore inside.'

Eunice was about twenty-three, — with snapping black eyes, black hair combed severely back, and rosy-apple cheeks. To me she seemed beautiful in her warm, plenteous coloring, though too intimately associated with untimely ablutions, tight braids, and stiffly starched dresses and pantalettes, to be considered lovable.

My aunt wondered if Primrose Barley would dare show her face at the funeral.

'Not in this house, never!' my mother said.

'That was so many years ago,' said my aunt, 'everybody had forgotten and the boy was grown up and gone to sea, a disgrace just like his father.'

Eunice said that Primrose was a good woman. She had always been good. She was a mere child then, brought up in the notion that you must always mind great folks. Her black eyes snapped as she said, 'It was bob a

curt'sy and "Please, sir, if you ask me," and give 'em your life.' Eunice said, 'See how she works to support her mother in that little house on the North Road and how folks treat her worse'n dogs, punishin' her for other folks' sin; but they'll find out —'

"Eunice, you go straight upstairs and bring down the chairs out of the front chamber, and don't be clacking about what don't belong to your sort of folks to talk about,' said my mother sternly.

Such an address to a maid of the present time would surely be followed by 'warning'; but Eunice went on her errand obediently.

'Well, we must allow Primrose has had a pretty hard time,' said my aunt.

"The wages of sin is death,'" said my mother; 'Primrose is livin' yet.'

I kept repeating to myself, 'The wages of sin is death.' It seemed almost equivalent to studying my catechism, which was what I was supposed to be doing.

'But she has never held up her head since, Sally.'

'Her mother never has. Primrose has a curious kind of gentle calmness, like a person come back from the grave and doing sewing for a living, if that could be.'

'Old Dominie Beecham was pretty hard on her, I expect,' said my aunt. 'He always seemed to be a kind of path-master, making the way of the transgressor hard.'

'He was as kind as his conscience would let him be,' my mother replied. 'He baptized her baby, though he would not let her call him Joel; the face she had to think of it!'

'I have heard,' said my aunt, 'that she always expected brother Joel to come back and marry her, and very likely he would. It would have been just like him. He never was a real, through-and-through Tuttle.'

'Dominie Beecham gave the boy some kind of pagan name,—Curtius, if I remember,—and he gave Primmy some money, or she and her mother would have starved that winter I have heard them say. As it was they had a pretty hard time living in that old barn on the Peters's place. The neighbors would have routed them out of that if it had n't been for the Dominie, hard as you call him. They had got all ready to go one night, a crowd of them, mostly young fellows, and lo! the Dominie lighted into the midst of them and turned it into a prayer-meeting. They said he laid an awful stress on "forgiving trespasses" and other things in the New Testament, which, really, seems to me, does go pretty far —'

'Why, Sally!' said my aunt; but she laughed a little.

'After that they did n't have such a dreadful hard time,' my mother went on, 'and after a while strangers in town gave her sewing that she asked for. It was done so neatly, and she was so quick and handy with her needle —'

'That they'd consent to her getting a starvin' living' for their own selfish hides' sake,' said my aunt, sniffing fiercely.

'Well, I'll allow she was a pretty little thing,' continued my mother. 'The day she went up the aisle with that baby on her arm—I was there and saw it all. The Tuttles all stayed away 'count of Joel, I suppose, who was off, the good Lord only knows where; but I went and faced the music. I'd stuck to meetin' and all meetin' doin's since I came to Tuttleville and I was n't goin' to stay away for anything short of sickness or death. The Dominie and the deacons had cut both of them off from the Lord's Supper till she should make public confession; and her mother, who had

never been away from meetin' a Sabbath in her life, could n't stand it. I heard that Primmy never would have given in, only for her mother's sake.'

'Just how was it?' said my aunt.

'She came up the middle aisle in a poor, patched dress, but clean as you ever saw.'

'All alone?'

'All alone. Her curly hair was all in damp rings about her forehead and neck. "That hair," Deacon Tanner used to say, "was a snare for souls and had ought to be shaved close to her head." Her eyes were full of a sad kind of light, but her mouth was all curves, like rose-leaves, and that child was crownin' on her shoulder, as full of dimples as it was of sin.'

'The child had n't done any harm,' said my Aunt Martha.

'Well! the Dominie called it a child of sin,' said my mother.

'Did he talk hard to her?'

'No; she was made to confess and say that she repented. I thought she would fall when she first turned round, so I looked the other way.'

'Well, she has n't heard from that son for many a year.'

'No. She tried sending him to school, and the children plagued him so it could not be. The big boys would follow him from school calling things after him; and once, after they moved into that little house on the North Road, a boy threw a stone into his mother's lap as she sat sewing by the open window. So she taught him at home as well as she could, and her mother used to bring him to meetin'. But as soon as he got old enough to see how folks looked at him, and how nobody noticed them, not even women who had their sewin' done by his mother, he ran away and never came back. Some folks said he went to look up his father. I guess that was talk. She pined after

that quite a spell. 'T was then she began to come to meetin'. I tell you, Martha, a child is more to a woman than the best man that ever lived, let alone such a prodigal as your brother Joel. Some folks said what a merciful Providence it would be if she should die; that it seemed 'most as if she'd ought to die then.'

My aunt laughed, not agreeably. 'Oh, no; who'd do the fine sewing? Did Joel never speak about her this last time?'

'I think he kept meanin' to and lookin' for a good chance, but Miranda was with him most of the time that he was fit to talk. I could see he had things on his mind, but — Good gracious me!' my mother cried, and shut the little door with a bang.

I sat trembling in my chair. A sea of thought, conjecture, and feeling surged round me. My ears burned and roared within like the hearts of the pink-lipped shells. My Uncle Joel who lay so still in the darkened parlor! The two quiet women in shabby black who sat under the gallery stairs at meeting and always went out before any one else. The hardness of it, summer and winter, and summer and winter, no one caring, not even such tender women as my mother and aunt. I thought I should like to die that moment, as they had thought Primrose Barley ought to have done long ago.

And I was a Tuttle, too; but I was not made like this. There was a lump in my throat. Hateful Dominie Beecham to make her walk up the aisle like that! Well, he was in the graveyard with a marble stone over him all covered with lies. I would have walked up that aisle just as proud and showed them all. In my anger I tore a leaf out of my catechism. It was a little relief. A half hour after, mother came round to the sitting-room door.

Grandma's rocker had made a soft journey over the new hit-or-miss rag carpet, and a very prim little girl was studying a catechism that never got learned.

My mother looked relieved and went away quietly. I am afraid it was very deceitful and wicked, perhaps 'desperately wicked.' Soon I heard the undertaker come in.

He said, 'Good morning, Mis' Tuttle,' in a strange voice.

In ordinary life he was Joe Spedding, our neighbor, a cabinet-maker, who included in his trade coffins and undertaking, as far as required. As the families of deceased people tenderly prepared them for burial at home, undertaking, at that time, was in a primitive state. Even the shroud was made by some seamstress, or experienced needlewoman. I shivered a little, thinking what if Primmy Barley had made Uncle Joel's. Usually we called the undertaker Joe, and we children went to his shop to play in the shavings, but in case of a 'visitation,' he was Mr. Spedding, and talked in an alien bass voice, with relapses into his natural falsetto.

"This is a peculiar dispensation, Mis' Tuttle," he said, "but we must all be prepared to go when our time comes."

I tried to leave the bedroom, but Eunice was promptly on hand and said that I must not come out till I was come for.

It seemed ages before she came back with a little cottage bonnet trimmed with black ribbon on her head and a black mantilla around her shoulders. The mantilla was much too large for her, and it had been pinned over in the back of the neck with such funny effect that I laughed. Eunice shook me. I should have minded if I had not seen that her eyes were very sad. She said that people did not mind how

things set at a funeral if they were only black. She jammed a 'jocky' down on my straight braids and inspected my face for possible cake crumbs, looked reprovingly at my nails, and putting on an intensely solemn air, led me into the front room, where there were about fifteen people, the women all in black and the men with black 'weepers' on their arms.

I hardly knew my mother with her veil over her face, till I was seated beside her; and my brother, who had been allowed the larger liberty that the masculine creature somehow secures from babyhood, came in, evidently having just been scrubbed into his Sunday suit by Eunice. Catching my eye, he made one of those distracting faces wherewith he used to distract my Sabbath peace. Sometimes they made me cry, but now, in this sombre stillness, with Uncle Joel's coffin so near me, the Dominie in his sepulchral black, and the neighbors more or less disguised in their borrowed weeds, and Mr. Spedding ('Joe' were now a myth and a profanation) — Mr. Spedding moving softly with a great show of being useful and an air of profound melancholy, — in these surroundings I felt a strange, agonized desire to laugh, followed by an immediate revulsion into tears.

The exercises were very long. Fortunately I did not then recognize Uncle Joel in the sort of prodigal son described in the new Dominie's long prayer. I fell asleep in the sermon of very weariness of the long-drawn sadness, and was nipped awake by Eunice in time to hear the preacher conclude with the promise to 'preach farther and more at length on the ensuing Sabbath on the text, "The wages of Sin is Death."'

My father had a nice double carriage, and my mother, brother, and myself rode with him and the minister the

short distance to the burying-ground on the North Road hill. The meeting-house bell tolled as we rode slowly along. Other carriages of relatives followed ours, but there were no hired vehicles. They would have been thought as much out of place as hired mourners. We sat in the carriage while the coffin, which had been brought near and placed upon a black bier, was lowered by ropes into the grave. Some one started the hymn, —

‘Hark, from the Tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.’

It was sung very slowly, only Deacon Tanner being, as usual, a little in advance of the rest. Perhaps it was fancy, but I thought that I saw, behind the briar-bushes, behind the rough fence that protected the rear of the cemetery, the face of Primrose Barley.

I did not point it out, and if it was there and seen, no one in my knowledge ever spoke of it. When we got home all the mourners came in. The borrowed mourning was removed and carefully folded. Eunice was instructed to return it the next day and she with us sat down to a table which two of our neighbors had spread in our absence.

‘Time would fail’ to tell of the meats, vegetables, cakes, pies, preserves, and pickles. My brother fed largely, but I resented the general cheerfulness that began to prevail. My heart was heavy for the kind invalid who had always had a pleasant word for me in the midst of pain. My thoughts were full of the things that I had heard. It had been a great convenience to the family that I was willing to sit at his call and give him his medicine and the cold water which he almost momentarily craved.

In return he had widened my narrow horizon. New and strange worlds had

risen above its rim, evoked by him, and after what had drifted in through the little door, I had taken one long slide into life, my mother all undreaming of any change or enlargement of my experience. She saw my weariness at the table, however, and she whispered to me to go, put on my green check, and run for a little walk. I slipped away gladly. I went after Hetty Kenney, the Doctor’s daughter, but she was not in her house and I did not want any one else. I seemed drawn toward the North Road, which was hilly and less pleasant than other Tuttleville roads. Perhaps that was the reason why the burying-ground had been placed beside it.

It was growing late. The shadows of the wayside elms were lengthening. As I walked I thought over all that I had heard, not understanding it all, but getting the ideas of catastrophe, shame, and trouble. A profound pity filled me for that poor sewing-woman whose name had always before fallen indifferently upon my ears.

As I walked I gathered the roadside flowers as I always did. I went by the cemetery and came to the little sunken lot where the Barleys lived. You went down to the house by a short grassy path and three steps. I went down and stood on the doorstone before I thought where I was.

The door was partly open and I heard a complaining voice say, ‘I have n’t any friends along of you, Primmy; you’ve got a good deal to make up to me.’

I realized that such talk was not for children to hear, and backed softly up the steps and went along the slope by the western side of the house. Primrose sat by her window with her sewing as usual. The sun, which was getting low, lighted as with a glory that hair which had been a snare and was still so soft and pretty. And Uncle

Joel was in his grave, and the boy I had heard of — where?

Something seemed to fill my throat to choking. I threw my flowers through the open window into her lap where the stone had fallen so long ago, and, turning, ran for home, never stopping till I burst into our sitting-room.

Eunice seized and shook me and said, 'What ails the child? She looks as if she had seen a ghost!'

'Eunice,' my mother said, 'there are no such things as ghosts.'

My Aunt Martha was getting on her things to go back to Bassett's Corners. The hired man was there to drive her home, but she stopped and looked carefully at me and, sitting down, took me on her lap. 'Such a great girl,' she said, and laughed; but she felt my heart-beats and exchanged glances with my mother.

'Let her go back to the Corners with me for a week,' she said.

In a minute I was running, this time delightedly, to gather the possessions I always bestowed, when going to the Corners, in a little pig-skin trunk trimmed with many brass nails and with a big 'T' in brass nails upon its dome-shaped top.

Eunice called out, 'Don't forget your patchwork, Miranda.'

I fear that I was forgetting my patchwork, that is temporarily, but I selected seven of the most attractive blocks and put them in the bottom of my trunk. I rode alone on the back seat of the wagon, Aunt Martha sitting in front to talk with the hired man about what had been done in her absence.

Mr. Bassett, my great-uncle Azrael, had given his farm into the hands of the widow of his oldest child and only son, and she was manager of the richest farm in the valley among the hills of Tuttleville. I had been told that her success bespoke her a true Tuttle.

I sat in the back seat, going to the place I loved, in a child's dream of pleasant melancholy, the dew-fragrant gloom of a summer's evening gathering around me. Aunt Martha and the hired man and the horse seemed miles away and I alone in the dream. We passed one or two farmhouses where neighbors, leaning over their front gates in the decline of the day and the end of labor, called out, 'So Joel Tuttle was buried to-day'; and in one place a cow grazing by the roadside made little tinkles with her bell; but for the most part there was little sound except for our passing over the gravelly road. It seemed that we might ride on forever through gateways in the hills into pale yellow skies dotted with little flocks of purple sheep; or so the clouds were shaped. In these days when we speed over the lovely monotony of our country roads, I can scarcely recall the happy sort of peace and rest that went with such drives. It must have formed us to different lives and fortunes from those that await our children.

The stars began to come out before we came down the last steep slope to the large white house, sitting in such dignity, with just a curved lawny space between it and the road.

Like one passing into a place of enchantments I descended into welcoming arms. The dear old house was in gloom to us coming in from the evening sky-glow.

It was midsummer, when country people prolong the frugal use of twilight. Great-Uncle Azrael came out of his own sitting room into the square hall that opened on the side porch. He was tall, a little bowed, the lean, bright, alert type of man with gray hair, slight side-whiskers, and a mouth meant for good words, lovable in shape. His daughter, who was married and allowed no one to forget that she lived in Boston, had sent him a new dressing-

gown, which he wore constantly in the house. It was very gay and magnificent, with cord and tassel. He drew me into his room. He sat down in his accustomed corner and held out his hands to me. I climbed up on his lap, he wrapped the dressing gown about me and I hoped that Aunt Bassett would not notice that my bed-time grew near.

The drowsy half hour was not, however, the usual lotus dream. It was punctured with the stings of my awaking conscience. Finally I could not endure it any longer. In the snug confessional of Great-Uncle Azrael's arms, I murmured, 'Great-uncle, I was naughty to-day.'

'Wh — what's this!' said great-uncle, who stammered, to my mind becomingly. I knew his sharpness was assumed, but I knew also that his 'honor bright' would condemn.

'This morning, I listened in the little bedroom and overheard mother telling Aunt Bassett all about Uncle Joel,' I sobbed.

There was silence.

'E-e-eavesdropping,' said Great-Uncle Azrael, in a tone to bring tears. 'We-well you must be punished. So so-some day, when it rains ha-hard would you think it best to be put in the

corner of the back piazza? There is a leak there and the water comes down ha-hard from the eaves. Should you think that would cure you of eavesdropping?'

'Yes, great-uncle,' I said meekly.

No more was said, but I privately resolved to inflict the punishment on myself at the first opportunity, for I knew, from of old, that Great-Uncle Azrael would forget,—'be slack,' Aunt Martha called it. I did not then know that great-uncle thought me sufficiently punished by the pain of confession, and that the poetic justice of fitting penalty to offense was never intended to be carried out.

I hoped it would rain such a rain as never fell since Noah's Ark on the very next day, and something ran through my head about 'Wash my sins away.'

'Come, Miranda,' Aunt Martha called, 'bed-time now, a whole week of to-morrows coming. Come.'

Great-uncle gave me a forgiving kiss and his usual good-night 'Say your prayers,' and I followed the gleam of the bedroom candle with a sort of chastened happiness, the good-night attitude of the penitent and forgiven.

So ended the day of Uncle Joel's funeral.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

A LAST CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

IT is not likely that the romance of the one hundred and thirty volumes of Civil War Records will ever be written; yet the diligent searcher of those records finds many picturesque points to relieve his tedious hours. For instance, there is the matter of proper names. The novelist who invented 'Philip St. George Cocke' as a military hero would be laughed at for excess of fancy. Yet the Confederates rejoiced in such a general, who was killed early and is said to have been a good fighter. At any rate, he wrote up to his name in almost unbelievable fashion. He is not to be confused with his feeble Union duplicate, — I mean feeble as regards nomenclature, — Philip St. George Cooke.

Then there is Captain Coward. With that name would you not have chosen to be a preacher, or to follow any respectable profession of peace, rather than to inflict such a military *lucus e non lucendo* on a mocking world? And the parents of this unfortunate, when they had the whole alphabet to choose from, preferred to smite their offspring with the initial A, perhaps hoping — affectionately but mistakenly — that Alexander, or Ajax, or Achilles, would suffice to overcome the patronymic blight.

All which is but a prelude to the introduction of Raphael Semmes. Is not the name a jewel in itself? In Latin countries Raphael is a fairly

common appellation; but we Saxons are usually familiar with only three instances of it, two artists and an archangel. Elements of both these characters may appear in the subject before us, but I think the artist somewhat predominated, and the other irresistibly suggests Lamb's description of Coleridge, 'an archangel — a little damaged.'

Really, for a pirate, could anything be finer than 'Raphael Semmes'? And it was always as a pirate that I shuddered at the commander of the Alabama in my boyhood dreams. I thought of him as a joyous freebooter, a Kidd, or a Red Rover, or a Cleveland, skimming the blue main like a bird of prey, eager to plunder and destroy, young, vigorous, splendidly bloodthirsty, gay in lace and gold, perhaps with the long locks, which, Plutarch assures us, make lovers more lovely and pirates more terrible. I cherished this vision even while I knew only vaguely of a certain Semmes. When better knowledge added 'Raphael,' my dream became complete.

Now it must go, with the other dreams of boyhood; for still better knowledge assures me that the man was not a pirate at all. I have his own word for this — or words, some hundred and fifty thousand of them. I have also most touching and impressive narratives of his officers, who were of so sympathetic a disposition that

they were moved by their first captive's tears to the point of collecting a purse for him. I do not understand that they continued this habit; but to the very end I have no doubt the hard plight of an orphan would have worked upon their feelings as volcanically as upon the pirates of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Perhaps more convincing than this somewhat *ex parte* evidence, and indeed, conclusive, are the calmer statements of Union authorities. Throughout the war, 'pirates' was the universal cry of the Northern government and press. But Professor Soley, as competent as any one to give an opinion, declares that 'Neither the privateers, like the Petrel and the Savannah, nor the commissioned cruisers, like the Alabama and the Florida, were guilty of any practices which, as against their enemies, were contrary to the laws of war.' While Robert A. Bolles, legal adviser of the Navy Department, writing in the *Atlantic*, shortly after the war, to explain why Semmes was not prosecuted, asserts that he was 'entitled to all warlike rights, customs, and immunities, including the right to perform all of the customary cheats, falsehoods, snares, decoys, false pretences, and swindles of civilized and Christian warfare,' and that 'the records of the United States Navy Department effectively silence all right to complain of Semmes for having imitated our example in obedience to orders from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy.'

It is impossible to imagine anything more satisfactory than this, coming from such a source, and the talk of 'pirates' seems to be forever disposed of. Nevertheless, there is one authority on the other side, of such weight and significance, that I cannot altogether pass him by. This authority — American — is, indeed, speaking of pri-

vateers in the Mexican War; but the methods and practices animadverted upon are so closely akin to those of the Alabama that that vessel could hardly have escaped being included in the condemnation, in spite of her claim to be a duly authorized Confederate cruiser.

Our authority, then, speaks thus of the composition of crews. 'It is necessary that at least a majority of the officers and crew of each vessel should be citizens; not citizens made *ad hoc*, in fraud of the law, but *bona fide* citizens; and any vessel which might have attempted to cruise under a letter of marque and reprisal, without this essential requisite, would have become, from that moment, a pirate.'

Again, this writer expresses himself in the severest terms as to commerce-destroying generally. 'Indeed, there is a growing disposition among civilized nations to put an end to this disreputable mode of warfare under any circumstances. It had its origin in remote and barbarous ages, and has for its object rather the plunder of the bandit than honorable warfare. . . . From the nature of the material of which the crews of these vessels are composed, — the adventurous and desperate of all nations, — the shortness of their cruises, and the demoralizing pursuit in which they are engaged, it is next to impossible that any discipline can be established or maintained among them. In short, they are little better than licensed pirates; and it behooves all civilized nations, and especially nations who, like ourselves, are extensively engaged in foreign commerce, to suppress the practice altogether.'

By this time, I imagine that the indignant Southern reader is inquiring what twopenny authority I am thus setting up against the best legal judgment of the North itself. I answer,

with hilarious satisfaction, no less an authority than Captain Raphael Semmes, who in discussing the question generally with regard to Mexico had little forethought of himself as a commissioned officer of the Confederate States.

No doubt he would have had a luxury of excuses and explanations, many of them reasonable. Still, I think we have here a delightful illustration of the difference between abstract theories and concrete applications; and if Seward and Welles could have got hold of this passage, they would have hailed it with infinite glee as indeed the utterance of a Daniel come to judgment.

Pirate or not, the career of the Sumter, and far more that of the Alabama, have a flavor of desperate adventure about them, which does not lack fascination for lovers of romance. ‘Engaged in acts somewhat resembling the pranks of the buccaneers,’ is the modest comment of Second Lieutenant Sinclair, and the facts amply bear him out.

The Alabama was built by stealth in England, in the summer of 1862, sailed from Liverpool under the British flag, and was commissioned practically on the high seas. Her crew were largely ruffians, sharked up from the worst corners of British seaports, requiring at all times a sharp eye and a heavy hand. The voyage was everywhere, now in Atlantic fog, now in Indian sunshine, battles with tropic storms, owl-flittings in murky twilight. Sometimes there would come a few days’ repose in dubiously neutral ports. The captain would slip on shore for a touch of firm land, the sound of a woman’s voice, perhaps a long ride over sunny mountains or through strange forests. On his return he would find half his crew drunk, the United States consul stirring up all sorts of trouble,

and, it may be, an order to depart at once, half-coaled and half-provisioned. Or, as at Cape Town, among the friendly English, he would be half-sufocated with intrusive popularity.

Then it was up anchor and away, long months at sea, with incessant watchfulness. But the monotony was broken almost daily by fierce swoops upon Northern merchantmen, which were stopped, examined, seized, their crews taken aboard the Alabama, the vessels themselves — since there were no Confederate ports to send them to — burned with all their cargo, serving sometimes as a decoy to lure yet other victims within the reach of the insatiable aggressor. Any passengers on board the prizes were treated as were the crews, detained on the Alabama only until some convenient means was found of getting rid of them. Now and then among these were ladies, who at first regarded their captors with exaggerated fear. But the young officers managed to overcome this in most cases, and the lieutenant who boarded one large steamer returned with his coat quite bare of buttons which had been cut off for mementoes. Assuredly this was playing the pranks of buccaneers with a certain gayety.

The sordid side of such work is obvious enough. For a commissioned war vessel to sail about the world, doing no fighting, but simply capturing and destroying unarmed merchantmen, seems in itself neither very useful, very creditable, nor very amusing. As to the usefulness, however, the Alabama’s depredations probably did as much as anything to develop the peace spirit among the merchants of the North, and Semmes was no doubt right in thinking that he seriously diminished the pressure of the blockade by drawing so much attention to himself. And he is further right in asserting, as to discredit, that what damage he did to

property and what injury to persons is not to be named with the damage and injury done by Sherman without one whit more military excuse.

As to amusement, that is, excitement, the course of the Alabama supplied enough of it. Not to speak of winds and storms, to which she was incessantly exposed in her practically unbroken cruise of two years, there was the ever-present necessity of avoiding the Union men-of-war, a fleet of which was on the lookout, flying close upon her traces in every quarter of the globe. With the Northern press and the suffering merchants everywhere clamoring for redoubled vigilance, and an immense reward of glory awaiting the destroyer of the dreaded destroyer, every Union officer was most keenly alert. For instance, it is interesting to find Admiral Mahan, as a young midshipman, begging the Navy Department to give him a ship that he may pursue Semmes, then in command of his first vessel, the Sumter. 'Suppose it fails, what is lost? A useless ship, a midshipman, and a hundred men. If it succeeds, apart from the importance of the capture, look at the prestige such an affair would give the service.'

To evade hostility like this meant excitement enough. Yet for three years, in his two ships, Semmes did it, fighting only once, with an inferior vessel, the Hatteras, which he sank. When at last, on the nineteenth of June, 1864, in the English Channel, he met the Kearsarge, in fair fight, on nearly equal terms, it was by his own choice, not by compulsion; and on the whole, his ship made a good and creditable ending, though Professor Soley is probably right in thinking that the defeat was rather caused by inferior training and marksmanship on the Alabama than by the chain protection of the Union vessel, of which the Confederates made so much.

But what we are seeking is a closer knowledge of Semmes himself. To accord with his firefly craft and with 'pranks resembling those of the buccaneers,' you no doubt imagine a gay young adventurer, handsome, gold-laced, laughing, swearing, singing, in short, the romantic freebooter of my dreams above mentioned.

The real Semmes was nothing of the sort. To begin with, at the outbreak of the war he was an elderly man. Born in 1809, he took his early training in the United States Navy, then returned to civil life and practiced law, then went into the Mexican War, and served all through it with credit and distinction.

Seen as others saw him, he was anything but a piratical adventurer. He was not handsome, he was not winning, he was not magnetic. In fact, he gave rather the impression of a grave and reverend professional man than of a dashing captain, and some of his prisoners at first sight mistook him for a parson, an illusion quickly dispelled by a habit of marine phraseology which would not have been pleasing to Lee or Jackson. 'Lean, sallow, and nervous, much less like a mariner than a sealawyer,' is the description furnished by Rideing.

I do not know what better testimony to respectability, sanity, and conservatism could be had than that of Alexander H. Stephens, and Stephens speaks of Semmes as follows: 'For some years before secession he was at the head of the Lighthouse Board in Washington. He resigned as soon as Alabama seceded, though he agreed with me thoroughly in my position on that question, as his letters to me show. He was a Douglas man, and you need not therefore be surprised, when I tell you that I considered him a very sensible, intelligent, and gallant man. I aided him in getting an honorable posi-

tion in our navy, and in getting him afloat as soon as possible, which he greatly desired.'

Fortunately, however, we are not obliged to depend on any external testimony. We have plenty of writing of the man's own which throws wide light upon his soul. He kept a careful log-book of both his cruises. This was used as a basis for the book written about him, called, *Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter*, and again, by himself, in his huge *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States*. But the original, as printed in the *Official Records*, is far more valuable than the later studied and literary narratives.

To begin with, one cannot help being impressed with his fine intelligence. He had a mind constantly working, and trained to work with ease, assurance, and dispatch. This is perhaps most striking in his immense legal ingenuity. His position brought him daily into contact with the nicest and most puzzling international questions, both of law and morals, from the disposition of his prizes to the disposition of himself, when he surrendered his vessel, let her sink under his feet, and after he was picked out of the water by the English yacht, Deerhound, betook himself to England and safety, instead of to the Kearsarge and a Northern prison. On all these points he is inexhaustible in legal lore, fertile in persuasive argument, and most apt and energetic in making every possible suggestion tell.

Nor would I intimate that in all this abundant discussion he is not sincere, or any less so than the average lawyer. He is, indeed, quick to take advantage of every quibble. But the long legal cases in regard to many of his captures recorded in his log-book — that is, mainly for his own eye — seem to me to indicate a mind much open to conscientious scruples and a feeling that

his elaborate argument must convince himself as well as others.

Much more attractive evidence of Semmes's intellectual power than can be furnished by his legal pyrotechnics is his early book about the Mexican War. A more intelligent narrative of travels it would be difficult to find. There is not only the wide-open eye of the sympathetic observer; but the comments on the social life of the people, on their industries, their manners, their morals, government, and religion, are sober, fruitful, and suggestive, and may be read to-day with perhaps even more profit than fifty years ago.

Still, a pirate might be intelligent. Let us take other aspects of Semmes's character. How did he treat his prisoners, of whom, first and last, there must have been hundreds? His own account and that of his officers is, of course, highly favorable. He admits that at first, as a measure of retaliation for Union treatment of captured 'pirates,' he was unnecessarily rigid in the use of irons, but he asserts that in the main captives were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and he insists especially that at no time was there any pillaging of private personal property. 'We may as well state here,' writes Lieutenant Sinclair, 'that all our prisoners were housed on deck from necessity, the berth-deck being crowded by our own men. But we made them as comfortable as we could under the circumstances, spread awnings and tarpaulins over them in stormy weather, and in every way possible provided for their comfort. They were allowed free rations (less the spirit part), and their own cooks had the range of the galley in preparing their food to their taste. Indeed, when it is considered that our men had watch to keep and they none, they were better off for comfort than ourselves.' This, of course, refers only to the men.

When women were brought on board, they were given the officers' own staterooms.

Both Semmes and his lieutenants take great pride in the humane treatment of persons on board the large steamship, Ariel. When the ship was taken, the plan was to burn her and land the prisoners at Kingston. There was fever in Kingston, however; so rather than take the risk of infection, the vessel was allowed to go on her way under bond. Semmes's remark on this in his log (not in his published narrative) savors delightfully of the charity of Glossin in *Guy Mannering*. 'It would have been inhuman to put ashore, even if permitted (and I greatly doubted on this point) so large a number of persons, many of whom were women and children, to become victims perhaps to the pestilence.'

And what do the prisoners themselves say about it? Naturally their view was somewhat different. Complaints appear of rough usage, chiefly of the employment of irons, which was at times manifestly necessary where the number of captives was so large. 'The manner of the master of the steamer was overbearing and insolent in the extreme,' writes one victim, 'and it was at the great risk of the personal safety, if not of the life, of the dependent, that he so strenuously insisted upon his ship and cargo being released.' But in general there is a remarkable — all the more so because grudging — agreement that things were conducted peaceably and civilly, and that no personal violence was used in any case. Here again the testimony of Bolles, who had made a thorough and hostile investigation, is conclusive. 'In no one single solitary instance was there furnished a particle of proof that "the pirate Semmes," as many of my correspondents called him, had ever maltreated his captives, or subjected them

to needless and unavoidable deprivation.'

It may be suggested that this line of conduct was dictated rather by policy than by kindness of heart. What then was Semmes's treatment of his crew? On this point also, the testimony is conflicting. I have said that they were necessarily a rough lot. Semmes puts it more strongly: 'The fact is, I have a precious set of rascals on board — faithless in the matter of abiding by their contracts, liars, thieves, and drunkards.'

To have managed such a company, in sole authority, for two years, over the vast solitudes of ocean, is in itself strong testimony to executive ability and force of character. It is evident that stern and constant severity was needed, and Semmes employed it, as he himself admits. I do not find any proof that the severity was excessive. In cases of open and extreme disorder, punishment was awarded by formal court-martial, and not suddenly, or in anger. The harshest instance seems to have been that of the captured deserter Forrest, who, after being several times spread-eagled in strenuous fashion, was put ashore in irons on a desert coast, the crew, without the knowledge of the captain, subscribing a purse which they hoped would enable him to get off, as it did. But the officers agree that Forrest's rascality stood out, even in that choice collection.

It is as to the result of this severity in producing discipline, that there is a most interesting disagreement of witnesses. Semmes himself declares that it accomplished its object. 'Many of my fellows, no doubt, thought they were shipping in a sort of privateer, where they would have a jolly good time and plenty of license. They have been woefully disappointed, for I have jerked them down with a strong hand, and now have a well-disciplined ship of

war.' His officers confirm his statement energetically. Lieutenant Sinclair writes: 'No better proof of the judicial methods of discipline outlined by Semmes could be submitted, than that under them, though engaged in acts somewhat suggesting the pranks of the buccaneers, our crew were as well held in hand as though serving on an English man-of-war in times of perfect peace, and at the same time in a state of perfect contentment.'

With this beatific vision it is really amusing to compare the assertions of some of the prisoners on the Alabama, who inspected conditions with a curious, though perhaps a somewhat malignant, eye. 'All the men forward are English and Irish,' says one observer, 'no Americans. The officers are Southerners, and, with the exception of the captain and first lieutenant, seem ignorant of their duties. The discipline on board was not very good, though the men seemed to be good seamen. They were over an hour setting the two topgallant sails. The men appeared to be dissatisfied.' And if it be urged that this was in September, 1862, before conditions were comfortably adjusted, we can turn to a still more severe account given by a reliable witness, in November, 1863, when the Alabama had run more than half of her brief career. 'Crew much dissatisfied, no prize money, no liberty, and see no prospect of getting any. Discipline very slack, steamer dirty, rigging slovenly. Semmes sometimes punishes, but is afraid to push too hard. . . . Crew do things for which would be shot on board American man-of-war; for instance, saw one of crew strike a master's mate; crew insolent to petty officers; was told by at least two thirds of them that they would desert on the first opportunity. . . . While on board saw drill only once, and that at pivot guns, very badly

done; men ill-disciplined and were forced to it; lots of cursing.'

In such surroundings it might be vain to look for personal attachment. Perhaps even Jackson or Stuart would have been unable to inspire any. Still, in his book — not in his log — Semmes speaks of both officers and crew with what appears to be real affection. 'When men have been drenched and wind-beaten in the same storm, . . . there is a feeling of brotherhood that springs up between them, that it is difficult for a landsman to conceive.' His sailors certainly had immense confidence in him, as well they might, and it is said that, after the loss of the Alabama, many of them came and begged him to procure another ship. I do not find related of him, however, any incident so touching as that told by Lieutenant Kell — too simple and too human to have been invented, by Kell, at any rate — of the dying seaman, who, as his officer was leaving the Alabama, then about to sink, 'caught my hand and kissed it with such reverence and loyalty — the look, the act, lingers in my memory still.' Surely they were not all infernal rascals on board that pirate.

If we look at Semmes, for a moment, in other concerns of life besides the official, we shall find much that is attractive to complete the picture of him.

So far from having anything of the typical pirate's mercurial affections, he seems to have been a man of peculiarly domestic habit, much attached to his wife and to his children. The temporary presence of children and their mothers on the Alabama is referred to in his book with great feeling. 'When I would turn over in my cot, in the morning, for another nap, in that dim consciousness which precedes awakening, I would listen, in dreamy mood, to the sweet voice of the canary, the pat-

tering of the tiny feet of the children, and their gleeful voices over my head, . . . and giving free wing to fancy, I would be clasping again the absent dear ones to my heart.' Less literary, and therefore even more convincing, are the little touches of tenderness interspersed among the scientific observations and political discussion of the log-book. 'The governor sent me off a fine turkey, and some fruit, and his lady a bouquet of roses. The roses were very sweet, and made me homesick for a while.' Again, 'I am quite homesick this quiet Sunday morning. I am two long, long years and more absent from my family, and there are no signs of an abatement of the war.'

The same sensibility that shows in this home feeling manifests itself in other ways. Semmes was not only a wide reader in his profession and in lines connected with it, but he loved literature proper, read much poetry, and quoted it aptly. He was singularly sensitive to beauty in any form.

Above all, his diary reads almost like that of a naturalist — Darwin or Bates — in its close, intelligent, and affectionate observation of nature. Roving all over the tropic world of land and water, at a time when such study was less common than now, he kept his eyes open for both exceptional and ordinary natural phenomena. He had the keenest interest in the working of tides, storms, and currents, and not only records minutely all the empirical detail of such matters, but goes into elaborate discussion of the causes of them, illustrating with plans and diagrams which quaintly diversify the cargo lists of Yankee schooners and the recital of attempts to blarney pompous officers of Portugal and Spain.

Nor is the appreciation of the charm of nature less than the sense of its scientific interest. Every opportunity of landing is seized as giving the tired sea-

wanderer a chance to satisfy his love of the soil, and he paints delightful pictures of tropic scenes and things and people. Here again the more elaborate specimens are to be found in the books, especially in the earlier one on Mexico; but I prefer the piquant freshness of little touches jotted down under the immediate impression in the diary of the day. How graceful, for instance, is this description of Fernando de Noronha: 'The island at the season at which we visited it was a gem of picturesque beauty, exceedingly broken and diversified with dells and rocks and small streams, etc. It was the middle of the rainy season. The little mountain paths as we returned became little brooks, that hummed and purled on their rapid course.' Or this again of Martinique: 'In the afternoon strolled on the heights in the rear of the town, and was charmed with the picturesque scenery on every hand. The little valleys and nooks in which nestle the country homes are perfect pictures, and the abrupt and broken country presents delightful changes at every turn.' While the following passage adds a personal note which is as attractive as it is evidently sincere: 'Visited the Savannah [Fort St. Louis] to hear the music, which is given every Sunday evening. It was a gay and beautiful scene, the moon, the shade trees, the statue of Josephine, the throng of well-dressed men and women, the large band and the fine music, the ripple of the sea, and last, though not least, the katydids so fraught with memories of home, dear home!'

And if Semmes was emotional and sensitive, he was also conscientious, high-principled, and genuinely religious. *Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera* was the motto of the Alabama, and past question her commander trusted in God as well as in his own right arm. He inherited the Catholic faith and per-

sisted in it with evidently sincere as well as intelligent devotion. His argument, in his book on Mexico, for the value to humanity of a liturgical service is as clear and cogent as his criticism of the excessive influence of an ignorant clergy in Mexican life. The touches of personal religion in his diary are absolutely free from pretentiousness and are very winning in their simplicity. Sometimes, indeed, there is a naïve mixture of his worldly occupations with his spiritual zeal. 'I have thus spent a busy day, without having time even to read a chapter in the Bible, and all for nothing — one Dutchman and two Englishmen.' But elsewhere the fervent outpouring of pious ejaculation is quite unmixed with any taint of sordid cares. 'My life has been one of great vicissitude, but not of calamity or great suffering, and I have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for the many favors I have received. I have enjoyed life to a reasonable extent, and I trust I shall have fortitude to meet with Christian calmness any fate that may be in store for me, and to undergo the great change, which awaits us all, with composure and a firm reliance upon the justice and goodness of God.'

I think you must be asking now, with some astonishment, where is that pirate?

The practical Christian virtues, too, seem to be present, in desire at least, as well as Christian aspiration. Some of Semmes's reported utterances might make one think he lacked patience. He thinks so himself. 'I am not discouraged, but I have had an excellent opportunity to practice the Christian virtue of patience, which virtue, I think, I am a little deficient in.' Humility, also, he endeavors to cultivate, when winds and seas tempt an angry criticism of the order of nature. 'One of the most temper-trying of the con-

tretemps of a seaman's life is, when your position is such as to render your latitude very important to you, to have a squall come up just before it is time to look out for the sun, and to rain and obscure everything until it is a very [few] minutes too late for you, and then to have the sun shine out brightly, as if in mockery of your baffled desire. Such was the case to-day, this being the second day that we are without an observation for latitude. But I endeavor to profit by these trials, as they teach me a lesson of humility. What is man, that the sun should shine for him? And then, in our stupidity, we fail to see things in their true light; all the occurrences of nature, being in obedience to wise laws, must of course, be the best.'

With the insight into Semmes's inner life and private character thus acquired, we are better able to appreciate the really lofty motives that animated him in his public service. His perfect courage, his entire determination and persistence in effort, are beyond dispute. Read the accounts of the calmness and self-sacrifice with which, in spite of a painful wound, he managed every detail of his last combat. The only asperion upon him here is that he did not give himself up as a prisoner after being rescued by the Deerhound. It is possible that Lee or Albert Sidney Johnston would have done this; but were there many officers in either the Union or the Confederate service who would have strained honor to a point so quixotically fine?

And back of the persistence in effort was an equally indisputable patriotism. Whether we agree with Semmes or not, we must recognize that he believed as heartily in the cause he was fighting for as did Davis or Lee. Thoughts like the following, confided to the intimate privacy of his diary, are incontestable evidence of sincerity as

well as of devotion. 'My dear family I consign with confidence to God's care, and our beloved country I feel certain He will protect and preserve, and in due time raise up to peace, independence, and prosperity. Our struggle must be just and holy in His sight, and as He governs the world by inexorable laws of right and wrong, the wicked and cruel people who are seeking our destruction cannot fail to be beaten back and destroyed. But it may be His pleasure to scourge us severely for our past sins and unworthiness, and to admit us to his favor again, only when we shall have been purified.'

Nor was this patriotism of Semmes much tempered by personal ambition or by any stimulus of excitement or adventure. The young officer in Mexico may have felt these things, but the captain of the Alabama was well over fifty, and at that age personal comfort means more than plaudits and laurels. It is really most curious to see the supposedly triumphant and exultant pirate sighing over the tediousness and weariness of his lot and eager to give 'a thousand leagues of sea for one acre of barren ground.' 'Perhaps this constant, stormy tumbling about at sea is the reason why we seamen are so calm and quiet on shore. We come to hate all sorts of commotion, whether physical or moral.' And again, even more vividly and pointedly: 'Barometer gradually falling. Ship rolling and pitching in the sea and all things dreary-looking and uncomfortable. I am supremely disgusted with the sea and all its belongings. The fact is, I am past the age when a man ought to be subjected to the hardships and discomforts of the sea. Sea-going is one of those constant strifes which none but the vigorous, the hardy, and the hopeful — in short, the youthful, or, at most, the middle-aged should be engaged in. The very roar of the wind

through the rigging, with its accompaniments of rolling and tumbling, hard, overcast skies, etc., gives me the blues.'

Yet, in spite of age, of gray respectability, of undeniable fine qualities, there is in Semmes a certain strain of the pirate, after all. About many of his utterances there is a violence not only fierce but coarse, a tone of offensive vituperation much more appropriate to Captain Kidd than to a Christian soldier. His own friends recognize this to the extent of apologizing for it. 'Semmes's verbal and written utterances,' says Sinclair, 'manifest a bitterness of feeling toward his foes which is calculated to mislead one respecting his real character. . . . He was uniformly just in his decisions. He respected private property and private feelings. And it was the rule, rather than the exception, that he provided in the best possible way for his prisoners, military and civil; and we have often seen that he gave them boats and whatever their ships afforded of comfort and luxury to get away with. This was not the conduct of a malevolent partisan, but distinctly that of a generous and chivalrous foe. It is by his acts rather than by his utterances that a man like Semmes should be judged. He had a noble and generous soul.'

Unfortunately our words sometimes go further than our acts, especially when we print them, and it is hard to reconcile all that Semmes wrote with perfect nobility or generosity.

It is true, he had much excuse. He was pursued with scorn and vilification which no one thought of bestowing on Johnston or Lee; yet there was no reason for calling him a common malefactor and enemy of the human race, any more than them. It is true, further, that his tongue often belied his real feeling, as it occasionally showed itself; for instance, when, long after the

war, he replied 'very gently' to Mrs. Kell, who asked him to help reconcile her husband, 'He has fifteen years or longer to live to feel as I do. I am fifteen years his senior. Give him that long to grow reconciled to things as they are.' Finally, it is true that the ugly violence of expression does not appear in the earlier Mexican book, which is a model of dignity, sanity, and self-restraint. In short, a nervous, sensitive, high-strung nature was irritated beyond control of itself by the long strain of toil and hardship and exposure. As Semmes admirably expresses it, speaking of his antagonist, Winslow: 'I had known, and sailed with him, in the old service, and knew him *then* to be a humane and Christian gentleman. What the war may have made of him, it is impossible to say. It has turned a great deal of the milk of human kindness to gall and wormwood.' Certainly Semmes's human kindness had been gravely affected in that way, and none of the above explanations will serve to excuse a manner of speech which would have been impossible not only for Lee or Stephens, but even, under any circumstances, for Beauregard, or Johnston, or Longstreet.

Such a charge must be supported by illustrations, however offensive. But it should be understood that these illustrations are not unique, but merely represent the general tone of Semmes's book, *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States*. Even in the earlier, simpler diary of actual war days, a note is sounded that is far from agreeable. 'If the historian perform his duty faithfully, posterity will be amazed at the wickedness and corruption of the Northern and Western people, and will wonder by what process such a depth of infamy was reached in so short a time. The secret lies here: the politicians had become political stockjobbers, and the seekers of wealth

had become knaves and swindlers; and into these classes may be divided nearly the whole Yankee population. Such is "Plymouth Rock" in our day, with its Beechers in the pulpit and its Lincolns in the chair of Washington, its Sumners and Lovejoys in Congress, *et id omne genus* in the contract market.'

One expects this sort of abuse from irresponsible agitators, North and South both. One does not expect it from officers and gentlemen. But the language of Semmes's book is far worse. 'The pay of the Federal Consul at Maranham, was, I believe, at the time I visited the town, about twelve hundred dollars per annum. As was to be expected, a small man filled the small place. He was quite young, and with commendable Yankee thrift, was exercising, in the consular dwelling, the occupation of a dentist; the "old flag" flying over his files, false teeth, and spittoons. He probably wrote the dispatch, a copy of which had been handed me, in the intervals between the entrance and exit of his customers. It was not wonderful, therefore, that this semi-diplomat, charged with the affairs of the Great Republic, and with the decayed teeth of the young ladies of Maranham, at one and the same time, should be a little confused as to points of international law and the rules of Lindley Murray.'

The man who wrote that had a coarse streak in him somewhere. Stuart liked rhetoric, but he could never have written that. Jackson detested Yankees, but he could never have written that.

And with this vein of detestable facetiousness Semmes mingles an almost equally trying assortment of cheap heroics. He quotes Byron, 'Don Juan,' and 'The Corsair,' and 'The Island,' until you would think Conrad and Lara were his ideals, and Jack Bunce, *alias* Altamont, his model.

Such a tribute to the power of the gallery goes a long way to prepare us for the description furnished by one of Semmes's captives, the master of the Brilliant, a description no doubt exaggerated, but which may not seem so much so now, as when we were fresh from the touching — and absolutely genuine — passages about home and God. It may be added that this is the only explanation I have seen of 'Old Beeswax,' a name accepted by Semmes himself and frequently referred to by officers and crew. I quote from the *New York Herald* of October 17, 1862.

'Captain Hagar says that however much Semmes may have had the appearance of a gentleman when an officer of the United States Navy, he has entirely changed now. He sports a huge mustache, the ends of which are waxed in a manner to throw that of Victor Emmanuel entirely into the shade, and it is evident that it occu-

pies much of his attention. His steward waxes it every day carefully, and so prominent is it that the sailors of the Alabama call him "Old Beeswax." His whole appearance is that of a corsair, and the transformation appears to be complete from Commander Raphael Semmes, U. S. N., to a combination of Lafitte, Kidd, and Gibbs, the three most noted pirates the world has ever known.'

So you see, I can cherish a watery image of my pirate, after all. And if the words attributed to him by his near friend, Maffit, on the sinking of his ship, are genuine, neither Cleveland nor the Red Rover could have struck an attitude or phrased an exit more effectively. 'Raising his sword with affectionate solicitude, he gently placed it on the binnacle, sorrowfully exclaiming, "Rest thee, Excalibur, thy grave is with the Alabama.'"

Excalibur! oh!

THE GOAL OF EQUALITY

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

The Goal of Progress is a flying Goal.

TWENTY years ago I took for the subject of a Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, 'The New Movement in Humanity: from Liberty to Unity.' The movement thus indicated seemed at the time to warrant a broad generalization. It represented a very radical change in popular thought and feeling, and one which was widespread, namely, the change from an absorbing interest in individual rights to an almost equally absorbing interest in the

social order. Society became possessed with the sense of the loneliness and the waste incident to individualism. In spiritual relations there was an eager craving for fellowship. In material affairs men stood ready to undertake enterprises of vast moment under the stimulus of the coöperative spirit. Naturally the conception of unity found a place among the ruling ideas of the time. It passed from a vague desire to a rational and practicable object of pursuit, worthy of endeavor and, if need

be, of sacrifice, and capable of realization. By common consent unity became the immediate and definite goal of social progress.

In many ways the movement toward unity has surpassed the expectations which it awakened. It has effected vital changes in the social order, changes in form as well as in spirit; it has tempered the atmosphere of religion, and brought its various agencies into more harmonious action; and it has given substance and shape to what had been the elusive hope of universal peace. But while this movement has been and is advancing throughout Christendom and beyond, it has been sharply arrested at the centre — at the heart of the great democracies. No one can overlook or ignore the effect of the struggle for equality which has arisen there. Equality and unity are in no sense incompatible, provided the natural sequence is followed. The demand for equality, like the demand for liberty, whenever it is serious takes precedence. The presumption is in favor of the seriousness and of the justice of the present demand, largely because it is so definite. Certainly it is no vague cry of discontent needing most of all to be interpreted to those who utter it. The need of interpretation is much more evidently with those who hear it — who hear, but do not heed or understand. In times of discontent, whether vague or well defined, the greatest danger lies in the over-occupied or dulled mind of the generation.

I

What is the ground of the present demand for equality? Why are we called upon to turn aside from urgent and far-reaching plans in behalf of unity to make equality the more immediate goal of social progress?

Incidentally the attempt to answer

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this question may lead to a better understanding of the practical significance of equality. To many minds equality is an impossibility. Theoretically it is impossible. Of the classic interpretations which have been given, some have been frankly termed Utopian, and all others have been so regarded. But there are equalities which are entirely practicable, and which taken together may create a state of comparative equality. Nature has been grossly overcharged with inequality. It has been found that the area of natural inequality can be greatly restricted, and that very many apparently natural inequalities can be relieved. A condition of constantly increasing equality is thus possible in almost any community, because the inequalities below the line can be diminished more easily than the inequalities above the line can be increased. Inequality above the line ought to be allowed and encouraged in the interest of the individual as it becomes the result of personal merit.

The advance of the demand for equality from one kind or form of it to another shows how practicable a thing it really is: it shows still more clearly how impossible it is to satisfy the demand once for all. Equality is altogether a relative matter varying with the rate and general conditions of social progress. A condition of substantial equality may be reached in a democracy, only to be disturbed, and perhaps overthrown, by some unequal development, economic, educational, or even religious. The most serious mistake possible in this matter is that of assuming that a condition of equality can be maintained by the means through which it was gained. This is the common mistake of a political democracy. It is the mistake which we are now in danger of making, as may be seen from the present tendency to treat

all social grievances politically — the tendency on the one hand to make political capital out of them, and the tendency on the other hand to deny their existence apart from the operation of political causes. The fact, however, is becoming more and more evident that the determining considerations affecting the maintenance of equality among the people of this country are no longer altogether or chiefly political, but to an increasing extent economic.

Politics, using the term in the conventional sense, has much yet to accomplish in the extension of popular rights, and very much yet to accomplish for their security. There are belated issues, like woman's suffrage, to be settled, and there are modifications of the political system to be effected to make it more responsive to the popular will. The introduction of the Australian ballot, by far the greatest device for ensuring equality in the electorate as well as purity in elections, opened the way for other devices which are now being incorporated into political programmes, some of which will prove to be permanent while others will doubtless be laid aside after having fulfilled certain local or temporary ends. The initiative, the referendum, and the recall, and even the primary, are schemes which may be said to be under trial, the problem being to find out how far the increase in political machinery can be made to work in the interest of the people at large — how far, that is, the people will be willing to work the machinery themselves without calling in, or allowing, the help of the politicians. These, however, and all like schemes (that of proportional representation must soon be included if political parties increase in number), represent the unfinished tasks of a political democracy, acting with a view to self-preservation or self-assertion. They are really inherited tasks.

They belong to the political world of yesterday rather than to the economic world of to-day.

Are we justified in believing that the further uses of political power, as in the political invasion of the economic world, will accomplish results which will be accepted as a complete, or in any way logical, satisfaction of the new demands urged in the name of equality? We have a partial but suggestive answer to our question in the returns of the late national election, showing so large an increase in the socialistic vote in the face of promised political advances. I think that it will appear upon candid inquiry that the steady advance of militant socialism, the only kind of socialism with a fixed purpose and a growing constituency, is due to the incoming of ideas which mark the transition from the political world of yesterday to the economic world of to-day — ideas associated more directly with the spirit of equality than with the spirit of liberty.

What is the essential distinction between the political world of yesterday, from which we have inherited many unfinished tasks, and the economic world of to-day, which is confronting us with new tasks which are as yet mostly in the form of problems? The ruling conception of the political world was, and is, the conception of rights. The ruling conception of the economic world is the conception of values. Political progress toward equality — it has been very great — has come about through the recognition of rights. Economic progress toward equality, if it is to be equally marked, must come about through a like recognition of values.

II

In the economic world attention and interest centre around the creation of wealth. The process is twofold — to produce articles of intrinsic worth, and

to induce the desire for them. The joint result of the process is expressed in terms of market value. To the extent to which a political democracy becomes an industrial democracy the new values created by industry entitle the industrial worker to another kind of consideration than that conferred upon him by the right of suffrage. Universal suffrage can no longer satisfy his claim to recognition. He demands a new rating based not simply upon his manhood, but also upon the value of his contribution to the material wealth of society. His claim rests, of course, upon the estimate which society itself places at any time upon material wealth, that is, upon *its* market value. There can be no question about the present estimate, the almost supreme regard in which it is held, the concentration of desire upon it.

In any attempt to understand the growing sense of inequality, as distinct from the various experiences of poverty, of misfortune, or even of injustice, there are facts of plain observation which give the right approach. One is the fact to which I have just referred — the concentration of popular desire upon material good. This desire has broken down many of the distinctions heretofore existing between persons, and opened the way to general and often fierce competition. Before the competition for material good, other competitions have retired. It is almost impossible, for example, to stimulate competition within the range of education, unless the prize bears the clear mark of utility. This leveling process, this growing flatness of desire, means leveling up as well as leveling down. Desires meet upon a common plane. The demand for works of art is still limited. Everybody wants an automobile. These objects of common desire have come to be the ordinary products of industry, increased in value

as they become more artistic in design, but still the products of industry. They represent the comforts, the conveniences, and many of the luxuries, which any one can appreciate and which every one would like to enjoy.

Beyond this lies the further fact, perhaps more significant, of that love of display attending the possession of these objects of common desire, which greatly provokes the sense of inequality. The chief street of any great city is a moving-picture show, open to all dwellers on the side streets and in the alleys. The economies of trade are bringing about an enforced proximity of those who make the more attractive goods to those who buy and display them. The great stores on Fifth Avenue now use their upper floors for workshops. At the noon hour the operatives occupy the Avenue. It is not to be supposed that they are idle observers, or that their daily observation fails to make a cumulative impression. Nothing could be better calculated to develop the latent sense of inequality than this increasing familiarity, this more public intimacy, with those who are in possession of the objects of common desire. What may now seem to be a mere incident attending the growth of 'publicity' may yet be seen to have far-reaching social results.

This growing sense of inequality on the part of industrial workers is not to be attributed to mere envy and greed. Envy and greed are individual qualities. The sense of inequality is becoming a matter of class-consciousness, developed by the knowledge that the new material values are the creation of industry, and excited by the conviction that labor is the supreme agency in industry. Hence the rapid growth of laborism.

Laborism, like capitalism, or any other 'ism,' means simply the overestimation of the value of the thing for

which it stands. It is the overestimation which always makes the trouble, but that would not be possible were it not for the underlying value. Capitalism has produced its own class-consciousness with all of its attendant evils — arbitrariness and arrogance, indifference to human needs and rights, and the love of luxury. Laborism, as such, has as its crude aim to supplant capitalism and to rule in its stead, avoiding of course in expectation and promise all attendant evils. We are familiar with the development of capitalism from an economic system into what has become almost a social caste. We ought not to be surprised at the counter-development of laborism in making use of class-consciousness to create its own economic system.

Our interest, however, in the growth of industrial discontent, so far as the present discussion is concerned, lies in the fact that it is just here that the spirit of equality is most evidently at work, and most easily distinguishable in aim and method from any workings of the general spirit of restlessness and discontent. If we say that the mind of the industrial worker demands too much consideration because it is the mind of a segregated class, we simply intensify the demand. Why has a class, so large a class, become segregated, and why is it specially imbued with the sense of inequality? The question grows in importance, as well as in clearness, as we disconnect the sense of inequality so generally existing among industrial workers from those discontents which are fostered by other causes. The struggle for equality, as we now see it, is a part of the evolution of labor.

Shall the labor question then — to return to our inquiry about the political invasion of the economic world — be made a political question to be settled by political methods, or shall it be allowed to work itself out under the

impulse and direction of the spirit of equality? Is it primarily a question of rights or of values? The conflict of labor with capital is a social fact, but unfortunately this does not mean that society at large really understands the meaning of the conflict, or follows its programme with growing intelligence. Public opinion still reflects the political rather than the economic state of mind. A strike, for example, we refer at once to some working of the spirit of liberty, although we are often sadly confused in our endeavor to find out the 'rights' involved. If we could accustom ourselves to think of a strike, or any like move on the part of organized labor, as a continued and progressive assertion of the spirit of equality, we should at least relieve our minds of much confusion, whether in individual cases we approve or disapprove the strike. What I have termed the evolution of labor has been a steady, and, on the whole, consistent struggle for the recognition of the 'values' involved in the part taken by labor in the productive industries. No rights have been claimed apart from these values — actual or assumed. The labor question is always fundamentally a question of values, whatever question of individual rights may spring up in connection with any contest.

There is, of course, and always must be, a broad field for political action in the equalization of rights. The government must be honest, else we shall have the greatest possible inequality; it must be free from privilege and monopoly; it must be fair in the distribution of burdens; it must be wise in the opening of opportunities. The government may also be made the guardian of the national resources, if necessary through ownership; and it may be put in control of those agencies of communication and of distribution upon which all are in common and alike dependent.

Within the field of industrialism the government must be ceaselessly active in the protection of the laborer. It may determine under what conditions work shall be carried on, and in some cases prescribe, as in the case of children, who shall not work at all. All these matters are proper subjects of political action, but they do not reach the essential issue between labor and capital, which is simply the question of the relative value of the part taken by each in the productive industries. My contention is that we cannot settle this question politically, and that any promises to this effect are altogether misleading unless we are prepared to go further and concede the socialistic state. It may be quite possible for a political party to lose control of its original intentions, but it is to be assumed that it will act within the accepted political limits.

Political legislation bearing upon this issue, even when it is accepted and urged by those most concerned, is always looked upon with a degree of mistrust, and when it is put forward as a means of arresting the socialistic tendency of labor is quite sure to provoke reply. What is the motive of it all, the reply runs, except the 'conservation of human resources,' the 'stopping of the waste in the earning power of the nation.' When you have made the state most considerate of the conditions of labor, what have you really done in the interest of a just equality? In fact, have you not, through what you have done, confirmed and established the present inequality? Your programme of legislation is designed to increase efficiency, for efficiency creates prosperity, and prosperity means more wealth, but not of necessity any change in the distribution of it. Under existing economic conditions, the reply still runs, the relative position of the classes concerned would not be changed. In prosperous times

capital gets more and labor gets more, but the capitalist and the laborer are not thereby brought nearer together. The system which holds them apart remains the same, ensuring the continuance of the existing inequality.

I do not see how any political programme can satisfy and therefore silence the argument of militant socialism, unless, as I have said, those who urge it are prepared to go further and concede the socialistic state. Personally I am an ardent believer in legislation for the furtherance of 'social justice' quite irrespective of the ability or inability of such legislation to stay the socialistic tendencies of labor. In my judgment the government can hardly be set to tasks more worthy of it than those which, in their redress of wrongs, carry the chivalrous suggestion of knight-errantry. But I do not allow myself to be beguiled into the belief that the labor question, in so far as it involves the struggle for economic equality, can be settled by legislation, least of all by legislation subject to the vicissitudes of political parties.

III

I think that it will appear upon due reflection that the goal of equality in the economic world, like the goal of liberty in the political world, must be reached through struggle, if for no other reason than that unworthy and impracticable desires may be thereby eliminated. Struggle always carries the liability of conflict, and conflict of violence. In times of conflict, especially if characterized by violence, it is difficult to appreciate the fact that the underlying and really prevailing forces may be set toward peace. Yet this has been the fact in most of the conflicts which have resulted in progress. Conflict does not necessarily mean permanent enmity, if it really means enmity at all.

More frequently than otherwise it is the means through which those who have mutual interests are able to reach some satisfactory adjustment of them. The conflict of labor with capital is a conflict for the adjustment of mutual interests. The question at issue is the question of the values contributed by each in the production of wealth. Who shall settle this question? How can it be settled except by protracted and serious experiment, involving at times the element of contention?

I have long held the theory that the most rewarding occupations, those which give the greatest intellectual and moral satisfactions, and usually corresponding social position, should not be reckoned among the more remunerative in the way of money: and that among manual occupations money should be given, in seeming disproportion, to the worker in the monotonous, disheartening, and dangerous occupations. I seldom find a person, however, whose opinion coincides with mine. Current opinion is based on the assumption that those who have acquired intellectual tastes ought to have the means of gratifying them, and that those who have acquired skill ought to be paid according to the cost of its acquisition, or its market value. Evidently opinions on this and like subjects cannot be organized into standards. Questions of values cannot be settled out of court, and court in the industrial world is the workshop.

Two closely related facts of very great significance and of very great promise are beginning to emerge out of the conflict of labor and capital — the growing intelligence of labor, and the growing intelligence of capital, in respect to matters of common interest. Of these two facts, the latter is by far the more significant. The intelligence of capital has not been directed primarily toward the value of labor. Labor

has been undervalued partly because it has been undeveloped. Natural forces have in many fields been developed to their full limit, inventions have been utilized, machinery has been worked under high tension, while the laborer has been left in a state of relative inefficiency. Suddenly the mind of capital has become concerned about this lost or unutilized value.

A new type of leader has arisen among the captains of industry who is studying the human element in industrialism, directly of course in the interest of efficiency, but also with humane intentions and sympathies. 'We have got to learn,' says one of the most successful of private manufacturers, a man well known in political life, 'we have got to learn to utilize the brains of our workers. The man can grow, the machine cannot.' What does this mean except partnership in profit-making — a step far in advance of profit-sharing? How long will it be after 'the brains' of labor have been fully recognized before capital must be prepared to answer questions about costs and profits, about methods, about policies, about public questions which affect not labor alone, but labor and capital alike?

No one can predict what is to follow the present change of disposition on the part of capital toward labor. Schemes of social welfare, pension systems, co-operative agreements, and limited partnerships are significant in themselves, but still more significant in what they suggest. The great point in dispute will have been recognized and conceded in all its possibilities when the word which I have quoted becomes an accepted saying — 'The man can grow.' The full recognition of the growth of the man in the worker will insure a just equality. Industrialism will come to represent increasingly a partnership 'for better, for worse.' Capitalism and laborism at least will disappear.

To dismiss this idea under the charge of impracticability is simply begging the question. Most movements involving confidence in the intelligence and capacity of the masses have passed through the stage of the impracticable or impossible. Mark Hanna is credited with having said that 'he would rather be the man to adjust the relations of labor and capital than be President of the United States.' He was wise in his ambition. It showed a true sense of proportion. It showed also the possibilities evident to the mind of a sagacious man of affairs. The man who can make the adjustment suggested is possible. Such a leader ought to arise in due time out of the ranks of labor or capital. The problem is an economic problem. It does not fall within the province of the politician or statesman. Only a statesman with the economic genius of Alexander Hamilton, but thoroughly humanized in his sympathies, could hope to solve it. The merely political solution, if the process is logical, must be the socialistic state. The economic solution ought to be such an identification or partnership of labor with capital as may express their essential unity of interest.

IV

Meanwhile the public cannot be an indifferent spectator of the evolution of labor as it is now going on. The interests of us all are directly affected by the process when it is normal, and much more vitally affected when it becomes at any time abnormal. Organized labor, with all its affiliated numbers, represents a small minority of the nation. The labor question is but one of many questions of public concern. When the labor movement passes without the legitimate bounds of action it must be treated as any other movement would be treated in like circumstances. The

sympathetic attitude of the public toward labor ceases when its methods become revolutionary. Offenses against the public order which have long been outlawed cannot be condoned. On the other hand there is evident need of very great patience on the part of the public in view of the many complications growing out of the employment of unskilled labor.

So long as we invite, or allow, certain kinds of immigration we must expect trouble. We pay the price of 'cheap labor' in disturbed social conditions and in debased moral standards. If as a nation we had given the same attention to immigration that we have given to the tariff, we might have different results to show in respect to social security and moral advancement.

Public opinion must remain the final arbiter in all labor disputes. It cannot act with military promptness and precision. It is better that it cannot so act. The intervention of the government on occasions of violence is sufficient. For the most part the process of industrial development, in which all are concerned, must be regarded as educative. It involves the moral discipline of society as well as of labor and capital. It is but one part of the great endeavor, difficult but necessary,

To drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

The attitude, however, of the public toward the struggle for equality cannot be simply that of interest or concern. There is a more imperative duty than the duty of arbitration. The social movement which has acquired such moral momentum is the unconscious expression of the spirit of equality working downward to meet the struggle which is going on below. The principle of all social service is community of interest. The concern of one is made the concern of all. Every member of

society is regarded as an active and contributing member. He may have nothing to contribute but a grievance. That, if offered in the spirit of a contribution, may be at any given time the best gift of all. In fact, it is this giving from below as well as from above which distinguishes the present social method from the old-time methods of charity. The person who receives, if he receives at all, becomes an active recipient. Thenceforth he is more distinctly a member of the community. Perhaps he represents something more than an individual want. That increases his value. He brings others of like needs into the community — into the concern of all. Grievances thus come out into the open. Some give way before mutual understanding. Others become the subject of honest and sympathetic investigation. Meanwhile the larger and common interests of the community are brought within the range of separated and more inaccessible lives. Old channels of communication are reopened and set free. New means of intercourse are established. Access is made easy from whatever is lowest and most remote to whatever is best in the community. Individuals and families are taught how to become sharers in the public good.

Any one with the gift or training for social observation may see this socializing process going on at the great social settlements of the cities. A social settlement is a human exchange. The values dealt in are personal values. This fact, which is quickly discoverable, stands for the rarest type of equality. The steady contact of persons with persons acting toward a common end offers a very practical relief to the sense of inequality. Personal distinctions cease to be of much account: only differences in condition remain. And even in this regard the idea of equality is realized, or perhaps better, lost sight of,

in the growing sense of a community of interest.

Social service has brought out the natural affiliation between education and organized labor — originally expressed in the relation between the universities and the guilds. From the strictly economic point of view, the representatives of each are upon the same footing. The salary is the same in principle with the wage — a fixed remuneration for service rendered according to contract. The average salaried person among educational workers, if he compares his position with that of the wage-earner, may with equal fitness think of himself as the hired man of society. That he does not so think of himself is due, not to any large excess of remuneration above his fellow worker in the trades, but rather to a different conception of his task and of its rewards. Judged by the standards of wealth, almost any educational worker in a community is an inferior person. He maintains his place in society by refusing to be judged by these standards, and in so doing puts himself into personal relations with all in the vast brotherhood of work.

The principle of community of interest reaches, of course, beyond and below the fellowship of work into the environment of unskilled labor. Unskilled labor touches poverty in every variety of form. The inequalities which are the result of social causes mingle with the inequalities within industrialism in almost inextricable confusion. The work of social reform must be discriminating, and yet it must be inclusive. 'The social economist,' says an authority on social reform, 'seeks to establish the normal . . . to eradicate the maladjustments and abnormalities, the needless inequalities which prevent our realizing our own reasonable standards.' It is here, in this undefined region of inequality, that the

struggle for equality must go on hand in hand with patient scientific service, and in no less close alliance with the forces which are fighting greed and commercialized vice. Nearly all the conditions of existence which stir our sympathies, kindle indignation, and arouse the public conscience, crowd the line of the 'living wage.'

v

I am convinced, so far as social progress in this country is concerned, that we are wise if we relate the organized discontent in the midst of us directly to the growth of the spirit of equality. It is time for the spirit of equality to assert itself as a corrective to our unequal development. So kindly a critic as Mr. Bryce asks the pertinent question, 'Might it not have been better for the United States if their growth had been slower, if their public lands had not been so hastily disposed of, if in their eagerness to obtain the labor they needed they had not drawn in a multitude of ignorant immigrants from central and southern Europe?' It would be difficult to find any number of intelligent citizens who would answer this question in the negative.

We know that we have grown not only rapidly but recklessly. We know that much of our present wealth is capital borrowed from the future. We know that we have stimulated immigration at the cost of labor. We know that our prosperity will not bear many of the saving tests to which it ought to be subjected. Knowing these things, and beginning to view them with concern, we cannot deny the need of some essentially human force which shall come in to rectify our mistakes — something which shall be more vital in its action than any conventional expedients with which we are familiar. I find, as it seems to me, such a cor-

rective in the spirit of equality, which is now at work in the nation. To many it may seem too narrow in its action, as its sphere of operation is chiefly within industrialism. We have seen the reason for this limitation in the fact that the prevailing conditions of our social life are economic conditions. The spirit of equality is concerned, therefore, with the production and distribution of economic values rather than with the righting of purely social inequalities. And for this task organized labor has been and is the ready and efficient instrument.

The question naturally arises — Will not the spirit of equality, once given the requisite freedom and scope under present industrial conditions, even if kept free from political complications, carry us over into socialism? Certainly not, if socialism is what the question implies or what the most of us think it is — in the last analysis a tyranny. If socialism is not this, but only a *laissez-faire* kind of democracy, the question has no significance. But if it is in its nature undemocratic and tyrannous, if it creates an enforced equality, the moment it begins to reveal its nature in practical ways the spirit of liberty may be trusted to guard against any excesses of the spirit of equality. This is one of its prerogatives. It is a part of its ancient and unrelinquished discipline to assert and maintain the rights of the individual. Even now in the midst of our social enthusiasms and compulsions one may hear the protest of liberty recalling us to the larger use of our individuality.

To my mind there is a more serious question, because open to a more doubtful answer — will the spirit of equality carry us further on the road to materialism? To borrow the figure of Professor Eucken, — 'Man's works have outstripped man — they go their way of their own accord and exact his

submission to their demands.' If these works are more equally shared, will they draw us further on the downward way? The immediate aim of equality is a fairer distribution of material goods. This implies, as has already been pointed out, a concentration of desire upon those objects. The value of the objects which lie above the range of necessity consists largely in the fact that they are accounted so desirable. May it not be that, with a wider distribution of these objects, their value may be lessened in the eyes of those who have had the exclusive possession of them, so that not even a superior quality will give satisfaction? Materialism has worked its way into the life of the masses from above. If not altogether the gift of those who once enjoyed the things of the mind and of the spirit, it derives its influence from them. The newly made, or simply rich, are not influential. Revulsion from the vulgarity of materialism is not a very high motive, and will not accomplish much for those who are most sensitive to it, but in due time it will doubtless have its influence through them upon the masses.

It is also to be remembered, — and too great insistence cannot be placed upon the fact, — that materialism is a very different thing to those who have not and to those who have, to those who are struggling up the social grade, and to those who are on the secure social levels. To those who are in want and in the struggle, materialism represents not merely the material things in sight, but the things which lie back of these, within reach of education and culture. The constant and honest contention of labor for shorter hours and higher wages is a contention for better homes, for better access to the schools, for better social opportunities. The

materialism of the ascending classes, in sharp distinction from that of the stationary or descending classes, stands for social aspiration which may have in it no little of moral and spiritual quality. One of the compensations for the disastrous economic effects of the immigration of the past decade may yet appear in the spiritual capacity of the unknown races which have been brought here. The public schools in our great foreign centres are beginning to reveal possibilities of a renewed intellectual and spiritual growth on the part of the nation.

I think, however, that the greatest safeguard against any materialistic tendencies in the advancing struggle for equality is to be found in a corresponding growth of the spirit of altruism. Not a few persons within the knowledge of most of us have already reached, through most satisfying experience, 'the belief that our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them.' That belief has naturally led to much thought for others, and in the case of those far below the range of all pleasures, to much solicitude and eventual sacrifice in their behalf. The altruism of our time is learning how to express itself in splendid self-denials, quite comparable with those of so-called heroic times — young women foregoing marriage to serve the children of want and sin, young men foregoing the opportunities of fortune to fight in the warfare against greed and lust and the varied cruelties of selfishness. The altruistic spirit, which is really the spirit of equality working from above in sacrifice, is the most spiritual force of which we have personal knowledge in our generation. It can most easily set at nought the temptations of materialism, and find satisfaction in human rewards.

SOLWAY FORD

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

HE greets you with a smile from friendly eyes,
But never speaks, nor rises from his bed.
Beneath the green night of the seas he lies,
The whole world's waters weighing on his head.

The empty wain made slowly over the sand;
And he, with hands in pockets, at its side
Was trudging, deep in dream, the while he scanned
With blue unseeing eyes the far-off tide:
When, stumbling in a hole, with startled neigh,
His young horse reared; and, snatching at the rein,
He slipped: the wheels went over him where he lay;
Then, turning-turtle, over him the wain
Fell, clattering, as the plunging beast broke free,
And made for home: and pinioned, and half-dead,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea;
And seemed to hear it surging overhead
Already; though 't was full an hour or more
Until high tide, when Solway's shining flood
Should sweep the shallow firth from shore to shore.
He felt a salty tingle in his blood;
And seemed to stifle, drowning. Then again,
He knew that he must lie a lingering while
Before the sea should close above his pain,
Although the advancing waves had scarce a mile
To travel, creeping nearer, inch by inch,
With little runs and sallies over the sand.

Shut in close dark, he felt his body flinch
From each cold wave as it drew nearer-hand.
He saw the froth of each oncoming crest;
And felt the tugging of the ebb and flow,
And waves already breaking over his breast;
Though still far-off they murmured, faint and low;
Yet creeping nearer, inch by inch; and now
He felt the cold drench of the drowning wave,
And the salt cold of death on lips and brow;
And sank, and sank . . . while still, as in a grave,
In the close dark beneath the crushing cart,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea.
Wave after wave was knocking at his heart,
And swishing, swishing, swishing ceaselessly
About his ears — cold waves that never reached
His shriveling lips to slake his hell-hot thirst . . .
Close by him suddenly a barn-owl screeched . . .
He smelt the smell of oil-cake . . . when there burst
Through the big barn's wide-open doors, the sea —
The whole sea sweeping on him with a roar . . .
He clutched a falling rafter, dizzily . . .
Then sank through drowning deeps, to rise no more.

Down, ever down, and down, and down he sank
Through cold green night, ten thousand fathoms deep.
His fiery lips deep draughts of cold sea drank
That filled his body with strange icy sleep,
Until he felt no longer that numb ache,
The dead weight lifted from his legs at last:
And yet he gazed with open eyes awake
Up the green, glassy glooms through which he passed;
And saw far overhead the keels of ships
Grow small and smaller, dwindling out of sight;
And watched the bubbles rising from his lips;

And silver salmon swimming in green night;
And queer big golden bream with scarlet fins
And emerald eyes and fiery-flashing tails;
Enormous eels with purple-spotted skins;
And mammoth unknown fish with sapphire scales
That bore down on him with red jaws agape,
Like yawning furnaces of blinding heat;
And when it seemed to him as though escape
From those hell-mouths were hopeless, his bare feet
Touched bottom: and he lay down in his place
Among the dreamless legions of the drowned,
The calm of deeps unsounded on his face,
And calm within his heart; while all around
Upon the midmost ocean's crystal floor
The naked bodies of dead seamen lay,
Dropped, sheer and clean, from hubbub, brawl and roar,
To peace too deep for any tide to sway.

The little waves were lapping round the cart
Already, when they rescued him from death.
Life cannot touch the quiet of his heart
To joy or sorrow, as, with easy breath,
And smiling lips upon his back he lies,
And never speaks, nor rises from his bed;
Gazing through those green glooms with happy eyes,
While gold and sapphire fish swim overhead.

INDIA AND SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

THE VILLAGE

Of all the errors of Indian Government none is so serious as the destruction of the village organism throughout India; none has had such a serious effect in the past; none is likely to have such bad consequences in the future.

It is the village policy of Government which has created for it the most difficulties, and which is at the bottom of the most serious unrest, for it touches not merely a few as criminal law, but practically all the population; it not only affects a part of the life of India, but it has injured it in its most vital point. In the whole history of administration there is nothing I think so demonstrative of the ignorance of Government as the village policy.

The foundation on which not only all government, but all civilization, rests throughout the world is the village. As this is contrary to the usual idea that civilization rests on the family, it will be convenient shortly to show how this is so. The village is the microcosm of the State because it includes within it divers trades and occupations and races and religions and castes in one community. A family does not do so. A family is by its nature of one blood, it is almost always of one occupation. There are families of cultivators, merchants, priests, lawyers, smiths, and so on. The family is of one religion, of one caste, of one habit of thought. A family is narrow, and a village is broad. Families

divide; villages combine. Societies organized on the family, or clan, or tribe principle have always failed — by the very nature of things they must so fail.

The Jews are a race, or tribe, and not a nation. They have no civilization of their own, but adopt that in which they live. The Highland clans had to be broken before the Highlands could be civilized. The caste system in India ruined its old civilization, and is the bar to any new civilization. The Turkish Empire is dying because it was based on a religious caste divided from all others by a mutilation, and its people could never amalgamate with others. There is a continual flow of peoples to and fro upon the earth, and village communities absorb the new-comers and thereby acquire new blood and, what is far more important, new ideas, to add to the old and leaven them. Families, classes and tribes cannot do this. They become stereotyped and dissolve or die. Thus the basis of all civilization has been the village, or in later times the town.

The decay and death of all civilizations has been preceded by the death of the local unit. Thus imperial Rome was itself doomed to death when it destroyed local life, and a new civilization could not be built up till the local communities had attained a fresh life. Florence, Genoa, Milan, Pisa, Venice, and many others, made the civilization of the Renaissance. So in England a free Parliament was made up of representatives from free cities and counties. These have been destroyed, and the present constituencies are merely so many

voters. Policies are no longer decided in Parliament, but in secret party conclave. Members are the nominees of that conclave, not of free local organisms, and Parliament has become a machine to register its decrees. So are free institutions passing away.

There is no lesson of history more true than this, or more certain,—that the village or town is the unit of all free life and civilization. It contains all classes, different races, religions, castes and forms of thought, and is therefore a real unit.

Now these units have existed all over the world, and when civilizations and governments have disappeared they have been built up anew from the villages. In India the village system was the one organism that survived the long years of anarchy and invasion, and it was in full vigor when we conquered India.

In Upper Burma on its annexation in 1885 the village community was strong and healthy; it alone survived the fall of King Thibaw's government. Then we deliberately destroyed it, as we had destroyed it before all through India.

Now this is an instructive and interesting fact, for it was destroyed in ignorance, not by malice prepense.

Throughout India, and especially in Burma, you will find Government reiterating its conviction of the importance of preserving the village organism, repeating its conviction of its absolute necessity, and at the same time killing it. This is but an instance of much of the action of Government. It means well; it does actually see the end to be attained — it has no idea how to attain that end, but instead it renders it impossible.

If I explain what happened in Burma, the history, *mutatis mutandis*, of what has occurred throughout India will be clear.

In the first place, a village does not

mean only one collection of houses; it is a territorial unit of from one to a hundred square miles. Originally, of course, there was in each unit one hamlet, but as population grew, daughter hamlets were thrown off. They still, however, remained under the jurisdiction of the mother hamlet, and they all together formed one village. In each village there was a headman and a council of elders. The headman was appointed, or rather approved, by the Burmese government for life or good behavior; the council was not recognized by law. Notwithstanding this the council was the real power. It was not formally elected, it had no legal standing, but it was the real power. The headman was only its representative, and not its master; he was but *primus inter pares*.

This headman and council ruled all village matters. They settled house sites, rights of way, marriages of boys and girls, divorces, public manners; they got up such public works as were undertaken, they divided the tax among the inhabitants according to their means, and were collectively responsible for the whole. There was hardly any appeal from their decision, but the power not being localized in an individual but in a council of all the elders, things went well. The village was a real living organism, within which people learned to act together, to bear and forbear; there was a local patriotism and a local pride. Within it lay the germ of unlimited progress.

The English Government on taking over Upper Burma recognized the extreme value of this organization. In Lower Burma much of our difficulty arose from the fact that the organization was wanting, and that between Government and the individual there was no one. So one of the first efforts of Government in Upper Burma was to preserve and strengthen this local self-government. Unfortunately every

effort that it made tended to destroy it rather than to consolidate it. A wrong view was taken from the beginning.

The council was ignored. How this happened I do not know. I can only suppose that it arose from ignorance. The only man recognized by the Burmese Government we replaced was the headman. They dealt directly with him and not with the council. They did not appoint the council or regulate it in any way. In law no council existed. Therefore, when we took over, the law was mistaken for the fact,—a common mistake due to seeking for knowledge in papers and not in life,—and the council was ignored. The following seems to have been the argument: Government appointed the headman, therefore he was an official. Government did not appoint or recognize any council, therefore there was no council. At all events that was the decision arrived at and enforced.

There is on record a circular of the local government in which the headman of a village is described as a government official—to be to his village what the district officer is to his district. That is disastrous. A headman is not an official of the government. His whole value and meaning is that he is a representative of the people before Government. He expresses the collective views of the village, and receives the orders of Government for them as a whole. He is *their* head, not a finger of Government. He corresponds almost exactly to the mayor of an English town, who would be insulted if you called him a government official. Yet this mistaken view was taken of the village headman, and this error has vitiated all the dealings of Government with the village organization and its headman. He is appointed by Government instead of being appointed by the people and approved by Government.

He is responsible to Government, not to his village, as he ought to be, for the use and abuse of his powers. He is punished by Government for laxity. By the village regulation he can be fined by the district officer.

There has grown up among Europeans in the East a custom of imposing fines. They fine their servants for breakages and innumerable other small matters, and then complain how scarce good servants are. The clerks in Government offices used to be subject to continual fines until Lord Curzon stopped it. Now headmen of villages can be fined by the district officer; and they are fined; the proviso is no dead letter. It is a mark of the 'energetic' officer to use it. Can there be anything more destructive? Imagine the headman, the mayor of a community of three or four thousand people, fined five shillings for the delay of a return, or set like a school-boy to learn a code with the clerks. I have seen this done often. What respect for Government, what from his own people, what self-respect, can he retain after such treatment?

Again, by ignoring the council and making the headman an official, Government set up a number of petty tyrants in the villages, free from all control but its own; consequently it has been forced to allow great latitude of appeal. This still further destroys his authority. He is, under old custom, legalized by the village regulation, empowered to punish his villagers who disobey him in certain matters. The punishments are, of course, trivial. When approved by the council as in old days they were final; but now they can be appealed against, and are. A headman who endeavors to enforce his authority runs the risk of being complained against and forced to attend headquarters, to waste days of valuable time and considerable sums of money

to defend himself for having fined a villager a shilling for not mending his fence. One or two experiences of this sort and the headman lets things slide in future.

Thus, interference with the village is constant and disastrous. Headmen are bullied, fined, set to learn lessons like children, all in the name of efficiency. And Government wonders why the village-system decays. A continual complaint of Government is that headmen are no longer the men they used to be, that they have lost authority. The best men will not take the appointment, and who can wonder? Here is a story in illustration.

There was a small village in my district, on a main road, and the headman died. It was necessary to appoint a new one; but no one would take the appointment. The elders were asked to nominate a man, but no one would take the nomination. I sent the township officer to try to arrange it; he failed.

Now, a village cannot get along without a headman. Government is at an end: no taxes can be collected, for instance; therefore it was necessary that a headman be appointed at once. I went to the village myself and called the elders and gave them an order that they must nominate some one. So next morning, after stormy meetings in the village, a man was brought to me and introduced as the headman elect. He was dirty, ill-clad, and not at all the sort of man I should have cared to appoint, nor one whom it would be supposed the villagers would care to accept. Yet he was the only nominee.

'What is your occupation?' I asked.
He said he had none.

'What tax did you pay last year?' I asked him this in order to discover his standing, for men are rated according to their means.

He told me that he had paid five

shillings, — less than a third of the average.

'You are willing to be headman?' I asked.

'No,' he said frankly. 'But no one would take the place and the elders told me I must. They said they would prosecute me under the bad livelihood section if I did n't. I could take my choice between being headman or a term in prison.'

This was, of course, an extreme case, but it illustrates the position. The headman is degraded, and all administration suffers.

It is the same in municipalities. The work is done by the district officer because it is easier for him to do it than to instruct and allow others to do it.

The people one and all hate this. The headman hates it because, though he is given much greater power nominally than he used to have, he dare not use this power. He is isolated from his villagers, and so often becomes an object of dislike to them. Through him orders are enforced which are not liked by the people, and he has to bear all the brunt. His dignity is gone.

The elders hate it. They have been ignored. They are placed under a headman who may or may not attend to what they say. They have lost all interest because all power in their village affairs. They have no responsibility.

The villagers hate it. A council of their own elders they could respect and submit to; a one-man rule they detest. Their appeal to the council on the spot they know has been lost, and in place of it they have an appeal to a distant officer who, with the best will in the world, cannot know. An appeal costs money, and even to win may be to lose. They all want to manage their affairs; they can do it far better than we can, and there is nothing they so much appreciate as being allowed to do so. Here is how I learned this.

Some eighteen years ago I was leaving a station where I had been for a year as subordinate officer, and had to cross the river by launch to the steamer station on the other shore. I went down to the bank to get the launch, but it was late. I saw it three miles away and so sat down under a tree to wait.

Presently two or three elderly Burmans came and sat down near me. Then came others, till perhaps twenty elderly men were there. I recognized two or three vaguely, but none clearly. I wondered at their being there and asked,—

‘Are you crossing over too?’

They shook their heads.

‘What are you here for then?’

They looked embarrassed and at last one spoke. ‘We came to say good-bye to you.’

I stared. ‘But I do not know you, except that I suppose you are elders of the town.’

‘We are,’ they said, ‘and you do not know us because you have not ever worried us in any way. When we had business together you did it quickly and decisively; otherwise you left us alone. You did not treat us as children. Therefore we are sorry you are going.’

I laughed. I could not help it. To come and express regret at a man’s leaving, on the ground that they knew next to nothing of him and did not want to know more, seemed unusual.

But it was true. And often, after, did I think over that ‘send-off’ and take the lesson to heart.

Now, what is true in Burma is true over all India. The local circumstances of course vary. All organized life is dead. Government, by means of its official, the headman, interferes with almost every detail of life, regulating his conduct by rules drawn up in Secretariats by men who never knew what a village was; and the appeal is to another alien officer.

Further, all morality and all conduct are the outcome of corporate life, that is to say of the village or of a larger unit. Morality is in fact, where it is useful and true, the knowledge of how to get along with your fellow men and women, what conduct offends them and leads to the injury of society, what pleases them and tends to harmony and mutual happiness. It is not fixed, but adapts itself to changing circumstances of the society, and it is enforced by the opinion of that society.

But injure the society and both manners and morals are shaken. It is a common complaint of India to-day that the bonds of morality have greatly slackened, and that manners have almost disappeared. This is attributed to the waning influence of religions. But, generally speaking, religions have not waned in India—on the contrary, their influence has increased. The people have fallen more and more into the power of religious systems. Therefore the cause given is absurd and untrue. It does not exist. Further, neither morality nor manners are the outcome of religion. Manners and morals may be said to be the gravity which binds individuals into a community. It makes the community, and is itself the result of the community. Destroy the community and you have destroyed the source from which manners and morals arise.

That has been done all through India. The village organization will have to be resuscitated before India can cease to be India Irridenta.

II

SELF-GOVERNMENT

When a start is made with self-government in India, it must begin with the village, which is the germ from which all self-government that is

of any value has always begun, and on the health and vitality of which it must always depend. The whole of the present conception of the village as an appanage of the headman, and of the headman as an official of Government, must be swept away, and a new and true conception must be arrived at.

The village is a self-contained organism, and the headman is its representative before Government and its executive head, the real power being in the council. Powers and responsibility reside in the village as a whole, and in no individual. The people must not be ruled, but must rule themselves.

Now, as to the exact way in which this conception should be carried out, it is impossible to say. In each province, in distinct parts of the same province, the village-system assumed different forms to meet different circumstances. In Madras the village community was in many details different from that in Burma, and in the Northwest still more so. Therefore the particular way in which the conception should be realized would vary greatly. And only by experience could a satisfactory form for each province be evolved. Neither would it be possible, even in Burma, to go back to the old form exactly. Events have marched since then, and what was satisfactory thirty or more years ago would not be so now. The villages must not be reconstituted by copying the past; they must be constituted anew, maintaining however the spirit of the past and giving scope for evolution in the future.

Therefore the scheme that I am about to unfold must be taken to be merely tentative, and to apply only to Burma. The principles are, I think, right, the details must of course be only tentative. Practice alone would show how far they realized the objec-

tive that is to be aimed at — the constitution of a village organism on natural lines, that would govern itself without any need for interference, and would be able to grow and evolve.

My scheme is as follows: —

In every village a council should be constituted and the headman should be its executive head.

How this council should be constituted I do not know. I think there should be wards, each of which should have an elder, representative of the people, but no rigid system of election should be laid down. I have found that villages and wards can very often appoint a representative man by general consent, which is much better than by election. That should only occur in case of a deadlock. The council should itself define the wards, and it should be allowed to coöpt additional members. All representation by class or religion should be prohibited. The unit is not so many people, but a section of a village, neighbours dwelling together whose interests are thereby united. Appointment to the council should be indefinite, that is to say, an elder should remain an elder until he resigned or until the ward turned him out. I don't think they would like continual elections. An election is a bad means to the desired end, that of obtaining the best representative. And in small communities the sense is usually apparent without it.

The headman should be chosen by the council from among its members, and his election confirmed by Government. His appointment should be according to the wish of the council, that is to say, for life, unless he resigned or the council turned him out. He should be responsible to the council. The council as representing the village should be responsible to Government, and it would always be possible for the deputy commissioner to bring pressure

on a recalcitrant council by threatening to suspend the constitution and place the village under an appointed headman for a time if they did not carry out their duties properly.

To this village community should be handed over certain duties, rights, and responsibilities, much what the headman has now, the collection of revenue, and the like. All civil, criminal, and revenue cases under certain values and of certain denominations should be handed over to them to try. That is to say, that cognizance should be refused by our police and our courts, so that the parties could go to the village council if they liked. There should be no appeal from the decisions of the council, no advocates should be allowed, and no record should be required. All penalties imposed should be paid into the village fund.

This fund should exist for all villages and its nucleus should be, say, half an anna in the rupee of the revenue collections, to which should be added fines, special rates which the council should be empowered to impose for specific purposes, and other forms of revenue which would vary from place to place. I think a percentage of the district fund should be given to them. A rate on inhabited houses — a rent on house-sites — would be a good way of raising money. The purposes for which the fund could be used would be water-supply, sanitation, roads, lighting, watchmen, and so forth. Simple account books would have to be kept, and these accounts would have to be audited once a year.

Model schemes for sanitation, village roads, etcetera, could be made out for each village to live up to as fast as it could.

Further, villages should have the power to carry out irrigation works on their own initiative, and under their own control. I consider this a most

important proviso, because I know many villages where this could be done by the village, whereas it is not possible to individuals. I also know one recent case in my district where it was done with great success by the headman and council. I got them a small grant and I often went to see how the work was getting on, but I never interfered in any way and the result was most satisfactory. There was at first a difficulty about collecting the rates because there was no legal system under which a man who used the water could be made to pay. However this also settled itself.

Irrigation works, roads, and bridges are most necessary to many villages, but now, unless Government carries out the work, there is no one to do it. And Government will not carry out small works.

It is by the execution of such works that the village would prosper, and the village fund grow. Loans should be granted for these purposes by Government, to be repaid out of the profits.

Before our annexation all works were executed by the villages, and the considerable irrigation works in many places are evidence of their ability. All this initiative has now been killed. Yet it is a most valuable asset, not only materially but morally.

As regards this fund it will, I know, be objected by many people that it will be simply an excuse for peculation. 'Orientals,' they say, 'cannot be honest, and the funds would be misappropriated right and left.'

Exactly this same charge was made when the coöperative credit banks were started. Their history will sufficiently refute such an absurdity. Orientals are just as honest as any other people; and given a good system, village funds will no more be stolen in India or Burma than municipal funds are in England.

In organizing these villages there is another point to be borne in mind. In that desperate struggle after rigid uniformity which distinguishes the Indian Government, every separate hamlet in Burma was put under a separate headman, and thus made a separate organization.

Now it may be that occasionally the village was too large and a division was needed, but in many other cases the disintegration of long-established units was severely felt. Several hamlets may have one interest in common. They may be grouped round a small irrigation work, or along a stream, or have a fishery in common, or be in other matters of great use to one another. If they are run as separate organisms there is bound to be strife, each striving for its own benefit. If allowed to remain one organism they will be not only more peaceful, but stronger and better able to manage their affairs. Thus the rigid formulae of government in this matter, as in others, should give place to common sense.

Further, in future villages should be allowed to coalesce if mutual interests attract them. Two or three villages if allowed to combine would carry out works that one could not do.

I see no great difficulty in Burma in thus restoring the organism of village life. It would require mainly tact on the part of the district officer and ability to let alone. His tendency now is always to interfere if he can. His rule should be never to interfere if he can help it. When things go wrong persistently it will probably be found that there is something amiss with the way the village is organized, and that it requires some slight modification.

Once the village communities are strong and healthy a further step could be made by instituting a township or subdivisional council, and later a district council.

For these I am not prepared to offer any suggestions. I think, however, a sound analogy might be obtained from a study of English counties, not so much perhaps as they are now, but as they were, in spirit not in law.

After the village organism is established,—perhaps even prior to its proper establishment,—a local government board must be organized. In time, this would have to be entirely native to the province. It is, I think, essential that it should be so. What its relations would be with the district officer I do not know. All this, however, is not a matter which can be thought out. It will have to be worked out, and a correct system can only come little by little, experience showing how modifications should be made. I do not see any great difficulty, provided there is common sense and unity of aim on both sides.

And from districts, when they had settled down into distinct organisms more or less self-governing, representatives—not delegates—could be sent to a provincial council. Then you would have a real council, one representative of the people because proceeding from the people, not less surely because not directly. I am not sure that direct election such as is practiced in England and America, for instance, does cause representation of the people. In England at all events it is not so now. The only power the people have now is to choose between the delegates of two or more parties. Beyond this they have no voice or choice. They have no means of expressing their own wishes. Their member may be, probably is, a man they never heard of before the 'party' sent him to contest the seat. There is in fact in England to-day no real representation of the people at all. By people of course I mean the people as a whole, including all classes. But under some such

scheme as I have sketched out for Burma there would be real representation of the people, of localities as a whole, units; local men acquainted with the local conditions would be chosen, and not pleaders, and the locality would hold them responsible. Thus the opinion of such a council would represent the wishes of the people; it could be depended on, and to it considerable powers could be delegated permanently. It would in fact in time constitute a provincial government in federal relations with the other provincial governments. That is the only possible way that a real government can be built up.

And it must always be remembered that the basis is the village. On the health of the village all other things depend; from the healthy working of the village all things may proceed. It is the first and last word in local self-government.

A very integral part of any self-government is education, and to that I now come.

III

EDUCATION

To the success of any form of self-government a good education is absolutely essential; that a people should be able to exercise self-government, it is necessary that they be educated to self-government, for this capacity no more comes by itself than ability to build a ship or steer it when built. And as the government must be self-government, so the education must be a national education and not an imported one.

Education is necessary to every one, man or woman, peasant or prince, merchant or artisan, and that man is best educated who can make the best of his life whatever his station may be.

Thus it will be seen that education is mainly relative. A man who would be well educated if in one station of life would be hopelessly ignorant if in another. I doubt if Whewell would have been considered educated had fate suddenly made him a soldier, a political officer on a frontier, or a cultivator. There are certain foundation principles necessary to any success in life, to being able to live it, in whatever station, with dignity and with prosperity. What are those principles?

I think that the Indian Education Department would say that they are reading, writing, and arithmetic, that is to say, acquirements. I should say they are qualities of character.

What are these qualities?

First and foremost is belief in his own people, — not his caste or his creed, but in the people who inhabit his province, who will eventually make up his nationality. If the man is to do good work for his people, the boy must desire to do good work, he must have a certainty in the unlimited possibilities of his people, that though they may be young now they will grow to a world-stature. Therefore that it is his duty to help them. He must be sure that this world is good, to be made better by him and his fellows and his descendants. He has inherited much, he must hand on more. He has no right to live unless he does his duty to life and in life. That is to say, he must have a purpose in life, for without a purpose life cannot be lived.

Secondly, he must see that for the accomplishment of his purpose, which is but part of the world's purpose, he must cultivate two qualities: obedience in act, and freedom of thought. He must learn to obey, because he must see for himself that only by men acting together under authority can anything be achieved. His obedience will then be a willing and cheerful obedience,

because necessary to his own purpose. He must obey, that later he may be obeyed. He must keep his mind free, because to admit authority in thought is to kill thought. He must see things for himself and judge for himself, that when he is able to act for himself he may do so on truth and not on hearsay. He must learn to respect the opinions of others, which they have founded also on experience, while not necessarily adopting them, because he may see things differently.

He must learn self-knowledge, to recognize what he can do and what he cannot. He should cultivate self-command; that must not mean self-extinction.

On a base like this all other things come naturally.

Is there any such ideal in elementary education in India? I can safely say that there is no such ideal. All that the department seeks to do is to stuff a child with reading, writing, and arithmetic, and other learning, regardless of his character or his objective in life.

Therefore elementary education is not popular in Burma, because it seems to have no good purpose.

That was true of education before we took the country. It was then mainly, for boys, in the hands of monks, and I do not think that education when controlled by religion has been popular anywhere in the world. It has been accepted because there was no other means of education available, but it was not admired. Our government has accepted the monastery schools and it has also encouraged lay schools, but neither seem to give much satisfaction.

Now this is not the place to discuss religion of any kind, and I have no intention of entering into such a vexed question. There are good things in all religions — borrowed from humanity; there are doubtful things; there are

bad things. But the foundation of every religion is a declaration that this world is evil and that we should despise it. Now the objective of all education is to fit a boy for his life, and he cannot be so fit if he despise life. He must love it, admire it, desire in all ways to help it, to increase it, to beautify it. His objective must be in this life. Further, the tendency of all faiths is to raise barriers between races and castes. But it is an essential part of any true education that a boy understand that in striving for the good of the community he must ignore all differences. Humanity is one, and the God of Humanity is One, whatever faiths may say.

Thus religions when mixed with education have a paralyzing effect. I have often heard this said in Burma. Here is a conversation I once had at a village I knew very well. It occurred, as did most of the talks I had with the people, just after sunset, when I had my chair set outside my rest-house, and the people came dropping in to gossip. There were a number of people — the headman, elders, their wives and children, and two monks from a neighboring monastery. They talked quite freely because they knew that after office hours I forgot I was an official, or even an Englishman, and just talked to them as one human being to another. I may add that I had been inspecting the village school where little boys and girls learned together. I had also been to a monastery where the elder boys went.

'Well,' I said, 'what is the news?'

There was an expectant silence. Evidently there was some news; the question was — who should tell it?

'What is it, headman?' I asked.

The headman rubbed an ankle reflectively. 'The fact is,' he answered, 'there is no news that would interest your honor, only just village doings, foolish things.'

'Hum,' I said, 'that sounds to me as if a young man had been doing something.' Several of the men smiled.—'Possibly with the assistance of a girl'—and I glanced at some girls.

They giggled, and the headman said briefly,—

'Maung Ka's son has run off with a girl.'

'Oh!' I said, turning to Maung Ka, whom I knew well enough, a tall fine-looking man, who was looking very gloomy. 'It's a way boys have. There's no harm in it.'

'Not if he can support her afterwards,' said Maung Ka gruffly.

'Can't he do that?' I asked.

It appeared that he could not. He had spent all his boyhood in a monastery 'learning' till his father took him out. Then he went to the other extreme and levanted with a girl. 'He does n't know one end of a bullock from the other,' said the father. 'He can't plough or sow; he can't teach; he has no common sense. That's what schooling does for a boy.'

Most of the other men agreed with him, and we had a discussion on education in which every one took part.

The general opinion was that schooling should be to fit you for life. The monks said for eternity, but the villagers, though out of respect for the monks they said little, evidently did n't make any such distinction. What was not fit for time was not fit for eternity. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were good because a boy needed these. Beyond that they seemed to think schooling did harm. A boy learned more from his father and the other villagers than from school. As to a girl, 'What,' asked an elder indignantly, 'is the use of a girl learning to write? What will she write? Love letters only.'

'Well,' I asked, 'and is n't that good — for the boy who gets them?'

The fact is the villagers are plain

common-sense men and women; they judge by results, and the results are not good, they say.

In fact, except as to the actual acquisition of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which may or may not be of much use, the teaching and, still more than the teaching, the influence, is bad. It unfits for life, it gives wrong ideals, or it kills all ideals. It is not national in any way.

The higher education is, I think, worse. It follows an imported system, and in the importation all the good is left out. In England a boy's real education comes from association with the other boys. It is there he learns whatever he does learn of conduct, of ambition to true ends, of acting in concert, of ability to judge for himself and stick up for himself.

In India a wrong ideal has been conceived from the beginning. It has been assumed, tacitly perhaps, that an Englishman is the final and completely perfected work of God and man, and that all nations should copy him and try to become, if not a sterling Englishman, at least an electroplate one.

That is disastrous. It depresses the pupils by depreciating their own races and holding up an objective which is impossible, and if possible would be wrong.

There are in the hearts of nearly all Oriental people ideals which are quite as good as ours, and far better fitted for them. Are these ever taught to them? India once led the civilization of the world. Is that past ever brought up and explained and realized for them? Never I think.

Further, higher education to be of any use must be objective. You must know what you want the boy to be. What does Government want the products of its higher education to be? I have no idea.

Of what use are these products of the

higher education in India? They are useful but for one thing, to be lawyers or pleaders, or to be clerks. They are dealing in words, and not in facts or in humanity.

Government accepts a certain number into its service because the first ideal of Government is a man who can fill up forms and returns, speedily, accurately, and punctually. They can do that. When they have district work to do they fail because they have no personality, no freedom of thought, and because the people despise them. The old officials whom we took over from the Burmese Government, whatever their defects, had *auza* — personality. It is a commonplace to say that the Burmese have deteriorated. That is not true. They have as much potentiality as before, but this potentiality is wiped out by 'education.'

Personally, if I had to administer a difficult district, I would choose my Burmese assistants from men who had never been to school, and to satisfy Government I would engage some B.A.'s to be their clerks and fill up the forms. I should be sorry for the B.A.'s, because I think they have as good stuff in them as the others, but their want of education has unfitted them for work requiring *auza*.

That is really what it amounts to; the school-trained boy is not educated, whereas the boy brought up in contact with the world is perfectly educated. The first is a hot-house plant; the second a useful field plant.

I am aware that current opinion puts down the failure of the educated young Indian to his want of religion. He has been educated out of his own faith and has not been accepted into any other; hence his want of character. Of all the wild shibboleths about India and the Indians, this is I think the wildest. That a man is injured by being brought to see the foolishness of caste, of infant

marriage, of harems and zenanas, of all the forms and ceremonies with which all religions are covered, seems to me a triumph of foolishness. Only the 'occidental mind' at its best could conceive such an idea. In so far as education destroys these ideas it does good. Wherein it harms him is by taking him apart from his people, rendering him not desirous to help them but to disown them. He is taught that to be an Englishman should be his ideal, that he 'should cultivate English habits of thought,' — as if true thought had any habits, — so that finally he can't think at all. He is directed to wrong ideals, he is rendered unhappy, he is *dépayssé*, he is useless for any work except being a clerk or lawyer, he has no more character than a jelly-fish. Instead of wishing to lead his people he wishes to identify himself with the English Government, be a civilian, and rule his people. He should be filled with a boundless confidence in the future of his people, and believe that it is his duty to help that future to be realized. He is discouraged and rendered hopeless. Instead of being a help he is the greatest danger his own people will have to meet when they move forward.

The education department of the Government of India is the new Frankenstein, and the higher education is its monster. These men have sunk under their 'education,' and in consequence they are unhappy. Who wonders? But in fact an alien power cannot introduce or work any real system of education. It must be indigenous, something of the soil and not exotic. It, like self-government, must begin with small things in the village and gradually rise.

Like all things, if it is to live and prosper and extend, it must have a soul. And the soul of education, like the soul of life, is an emotion tending toward a desired end. The desired end of education is the rise and progress, not merely

of the individual, but of the nation. That has been the soul of the progress of Japan; it must be the soul of the progress of any people; and education will be enthusiastically taken up only when it is seen to be a means to that end.

Such an education cannot be given by Englishmen. Any education department must be provincial and draw its vigor from below. It must not be a machine governed from Simla with textbooks as thumbscrews and manuals as beds of Procrustes.

Before there can be a real education department it must be entirely native of the province, responsible to the province for its success. Can we create such a department? I think we can, slowly, by handing our village schools to district councils, and the university to the head provincial assembly when it comes into being. They will have to think out what result they want, and then how to attain that result.

But all must begin with the village; within it alone is the germ-cell of all future progress.

SOME NOVELISTS AND THE BUSINESS MAN

II. IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR GILL

I

THOUGH the business man of American fiction comes second in these two papers for historical reasons, he is a more prominent and impressive person than his English colleague. His appearances are more frequent; he is oftener given the part of the hero, and he comes on oftener in his own character. Without seeing less of him than of the Englishman as a figure in society or as the husband of one, we see a good deal more of him as a business man doing business. Instead of the interest being confined, as it usually is in English fiction, to how he spends his money, it seems to lie almost as much for American novelists in how he makes it. A stock-exchange transaction, the strat-

egy of a railroad war, the inner working of an insurance or mining company, the carrying out of an engineering or building contract, the creation of a 'corner'—in short, the details of some kind of commercial enterprise supply the background and even the body of many a story. Dour technicalities are handled with an enviable air of ease, and the understanding of the intricacies of finance which is presupposed in the general public must often excite the wonder of a foreign reader.

The French have gone beyond the English in describing the maze of business, and Balzac and Zola are said to have guided some American writers in this direction. But the handling of such material is, after all, exceptional in France, and neither Zola nor even

Balzac, with all his power of bringing out its picturesque and dramatic side, suggests that matter-of-course, everyday acceptance of the subject which one feels in the American treatment. It seems to be a special dish at their tables, and something of a *tour de force* on the part of the *chef*. Moreover, there is a sensibly higher degree of density of commercial atmosphere throughout the *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, *Sampson Rock of Wall Street*, *The Financier*, *The Pit*, and the like, than the French writers maintain over any considerable space. It will hardly be disputed that for copious and intimate portrayal of business the American novelists are unequaled, and this is surely less due to inspiration from abroad than to the extraordinary prevalence of the commercial life at home.

In superimposing the American picture on the English, I shall again make a division, in order to simplify the process, between social and moral criticisms, although the two kinds are constantly shading off into each other at the edges.

II

The social criticism in the English novel is mostly concerned with the business man's adventures and characteristics when he comes in touch with a class admittedly superior to his own. This constitutional upper class, which has a privileged position and important public functions to dignify it, is uncommercial — one might almost say, anti-commercial — by its traditions; and, whatever the shortcomings of some of its members, a finer standard of manners and a finer moral code than those supposed to obtain in the commercial world are popularly ascribed to it.

The theme of the social rise is a favorite with the American novelist also, but a different structure of the

community gives a different and, I think, a sharper turn to his criticism of it. The question of class-distinctions in the United States as compared with those in England is not easy for a foreigner to understand, but it must be glanced at for a moment.

In Mrs. Atherton's *American Wives and English Husbands* an Englishwoman, Lady Mary Gifford, asks Lee, the American heroine, "Is it really true that you have different grades of society as we have — an upper and middle class and all that sort of thing? . . . You are only a day or two old; how can you have so many distinctions?" — "Of course, to be really anybody," Lee replied, "you must have come from the South, one way or another." — "What South? South America?" asked Lady Mary. Lee endeavored to explain, but Lady Mary quickly lost interest.

Perhaps the remark, 'You are only a day or two old; how can you have so many distinctions?' — hardly strikes the root of my compatriots' difficulty in grasping the situation. Some ignorance of history may be admitted in our Lady Marys, but I think they are confused, not so much by an exaggerated idea of the youthfulness of society in the United States, as by the fact that under its Constitution all men are equal. Constitutionally speaking, it has no classes, and in the absence of such a quasi-official rating, individual systems of classification naturally grow up, of which they can hardly gauge the validity. Lee's system, for instance, — 'Of course, to be really anybody you must have come from the South,' — might have startled Lady Mary, if she had read many books by New England writers; and both Southerners and Northerners of the old stocks would probably dispute a third system, which seems to be common in contemporary fiction, of classifying people

simply according to the size of their banking accounts. So in Mr. Phillips's *The Second Generation*, young Ranger wonders sadly, after losing his fortune, whether he has not 'descended in the eyes of his fashionable friends' from the 'upper' to 'the respectable but impossible middle class.'

A system may be individual, however, and yet possess historical sanction; and a foreign reader cannot go far without perceiving that the United States, instead of being too young to have produced many distinctions, has evidently lost or is now losing many that once flourished. An obvious social scheme, so to speak, which one often meets with in the novels, shows an *ancien régime*, that had grown up in the two centuries before the War of Secession, becoming dislocated or submerged by a prodigious irruption of new commercial wealth within the last fifty years.

That great story, which led American fiction into a fresh field, and went beyond any previous or contemporary English work as a portrait of the business man in his business,—*The Rise of Silas Lapham*,—described, in the seventies, an incomplete stage of this submersion. One sees the *ancien régime*, as represented by the Bromfield Coreys, still more or less holding its own, without superiority of wealth, by its local consolidation through family ties, its distinguished forebears, and its culture. One sees also, however, several obvious weaknesses of the Corey régime, which presage disaster. It does not form part of a national system, and it has no official stamp or guarantee. The Laphams could be so hazy about its very existence as to reside a good many years at the 'wrong' end of Boston without suspecting their error; and the mental attitude of Bromfield Corey toward the invaders seems to reflect again the personal nature of the

grouping. ““The whole Lapham tribe is distasteful to me,”” he says, when his son wishes to marry one of them: and one rather infers that the question of personal taste prevails throughout the episode — even from the parents' point of view.

Since those days the Silas Laphams have shot up into giants, while the Coreys have not perhaps increased in stature. Such an extraordinary, sudden flood of new power as has burst upon the nation within the last few decades might have overwhelmed the existing order anywhere. Smaller forces than this have brought about in other countries revolutions that are famous in history. Considering the strength of the invasion, and the fact that each of the old leading sets in the different parts of the United States has had to stand or fall by itself in local isolation, one reads with surprise about so many fragments of them still surviving and serving as rallying-points in the modern torrent of 'chance and arithmetic.' Yet later novels give the idea that the new giants do not always go out of their way to court these fragments, and also that they might sometimes be snubbed if they did. One hears people like the Coreys described as 'cave-dwellers,' and the invaders seem often to leave them on one side, when their onrush does not go over them. One might call it the misfortune rather than the fault of the Corey régime that it has not proved a vessel strong enough to hold the new wine. It had neither the external support nor the elasticity which a political basis gives to the English upper class, and which still enables the House of Lords to receive newcomers from the counting-house as converts rather than as conquerors, and to absorb their forces into itself. The result is that, while the social goal of the ambitious business man in England has nothing vague

about it, but is as definite and concrete and national as the Court of Saint James, one finds one's self in some doubt as to what is, exactly, the goal at present of his American counterpart. Into what definite sphere is he rising? It would almost seem, to judge from some criticisms, as if he were rising into a void.

The contrast which Maria Edgeworth drew a century ago in *The Manufacturers* between William Darlay, who in spite of his wealth did not care about 'fine connexions,' but preferred to remain a plain business man, and his partner, Charles Darlay, whose imagination soared toward higher circles, is substantially paralleled in *The Second Generation* by the contrast between the Rangers and the Whitneys. We are told about Ranger the elder that he 'was not a rich man who was a manufacturer, but a manufacturer who was incidentally rich; he made of his business a vocation.' At the height of prosperity he continues to preach and practice the simple life, and detecting a tendency in his son to play the fine gentleman, he goes so far as to disinherit him, in order to provide him with the better heritage of compulsory work. Whitney, on the other hand, who started on a level with Ranger and is still his partner, builds a 'palace' in Chicago, and his family is described as burdening themselves with ostentatious luxury, as trying to widen 'the barriers which separate the very rich from the rest of the people,' and as devoted to 'the imported follies and frauds of family.'

Now, although the traits of character contrasted in each of these two books are intrinsically the same, Mr. Phillips does not judge them in quite the same way as Maria Edgeworth judges them. He would probably endorse her praise of William Darlay's common sense and independence in 'confining himself to

his own station in life,' and her blame of Charles's vanity and want of self-respect in posing as one of the upper class; but he has something further to say about the matter. Maria Edgeworth confines herself to what may be called the private aspect of the case; Mr. Phillips pays more attention to its public aspect. His chief ground for commanding the Rangers is that they are American and democratic; his chief ground for condemning the Whitneys is that they are un-American and undemocratic. This difference of treatment, which is typical, I think, of the novelists of the two countries, seems to be mainly due to the different form of the two societies.

There is nothing un-English about Charles Darlay's social aspiration, because it is directed toward an accepted part of the English community. The Whitneys, however, are represented as setting themselves up into a new, unaccepted class, whose advent is an offense against the American community. When they assume coats of arms, surround themselves with lackeys, and so on, they are reproached not merely for personal folly, vulgarity, and want of self-respect, as Charles is, but for treachery to a national ideal. Indeed, Charles's ambition does not, like theirs, wear an aristocratic color, but rather the opposite, since it tends to maintain a right of way for plebeians into what might otherwise become an exclusive caste.

Mr. Phillips gives a concrete turn to the charge of un-Americanism, when he speaks of the Whitneys' devotion to 'the imported follies and frauds of family.' And one finds a good deal elsewhere about the newly rich imitating and seeking the society of foreign nobility. One remembers, for instance, in *The House of Mirth*, a lively description of the operations of Mrs. Fisher, who is a professional introducer

of the Mr. and Mrs. Charles Darlays of America into aristocratic circles abroad; the satire is only too courteous toward the European 'end' of the traffic. 'The Brys, intoxicated by their first success, already thirsted for new kingdoms, and Mrs. Fisher, viewing the Riviera as an easy introduction to London society, had guided their course thither. "But things are not going so well as I expected," Mrs. Fisher frankly admitted. "It's all very well to say that everybody with money can get into society, but it would be more true to say that nearly everybody can. And the London market is so glutted with new Americans that to succeed there now they must be very clever or awfully queer. The Brys are neither.'" So Mrs. Fisher gives them up for the Sam Gormers, who are 'still in the elementary stage.'

Another shade of difference between the American and the English view of our friend may be noted here, because it seems to be connected in a way with the alleged un-Americanism. More emphasis is laid upon the futility or triviality of the social aims of such people as the Brys and Gormers than one notices in English descriptions of like cases, and this agrees with the idea that the Bry and Gormer set is whirling, as it were, in a void, outside of the true life of the community. Mrs. Wharton makes Rosedale, one of her 'climbers,' defend himself with the remark: "A man ain't ashamed to say he wants to own a racing stable or a picture-gallery. Well, a taste for society's just another kind of hobby." And his goal is bluntly described as 'the great gilt cage into which they were all huddled for the mob to gaze at.' Charles Darlay would probably be as loath to call his ambition a 'hobby' as to use such language about his goal. No doubt, there is here a difference of presentation rather than of

fact. The English 'climber's' triviality is somewhat screened from view by the serious prestige and public function of the class to which he aspires.

The Whitneys are not only 'un-American,' but 'undemocratic,' and the second count is the more prominent of the two in the novels. To have exotic tastes, to beat gilded wings in a void in vain, are, after all, peccadilloes compared with treachery to the ideal of equality. Political feeling plays a part in American criticism, which the English business man is usually fortunate enough to escape. The infusion of this feeling, which is very noticeable in the works of Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Phillips, and by no means absent from those of Mr. Herrick and others, adds severity to the censure, and pretty often, I think, makes it rather unfair. How often does Mr. Sinclair heap indiscriminate abuse on 'millionaires' for all kinds of traits, some of which at least are innocent enough. In *The Metropolis*, the indictment of their 'mad race in display' sets such items as 'slumming' beside 'sniffing brandy through the nose'; 'horse-back dinners' beside 'playing leap-frog'; 'table-covers woven of rose-leaves' beside 'classes for the study of Plato.' Whether the millionaire indulges in fabulous banquets, or 'eats nothing but spinach,' or 'eats only once a week,' Mr. Sinclair will still be at him. Not even the servants of the rich are spared. 'Bound for ever to the service of sensuality, how terrible must be their fate, how unimaginable their corruption!' The passage is typical of the book, and though the book is extreme, the same drift at least may be found elsewhere.

But the American picture, though sombre in parts, has its high lights of admiration. If there is more blame, there is also more praise than one gets from the English novelists, who are

tolerably impartial, but unenthusiastic. Their chief injustice toward our friend lies in their lack of interest in him. What they are most willing to commend him for is the rather negative trait of 'confining himself to his own station in life.' The truth is, commercial feats win little popular prestige in England. A mixture of one part of business with three of Imperialism, as represented by Cecil Rhodes, has been extolled in some English novels — for instance, *The God in the Car*. But it is the Imperialism rather than the business which is the passport in these cases.

In the United States, on the other hand, the qualities of mind and will which lie behind commercial achievements are often described by the novelists with enthusiasm. Even those who are most hostile to the business man's manners and morals bear testimony to his daring and force. They admit the 'iron will,' steel-like muscles, and effective-looking teeth of the 'predatory male.' Virility is perhaps the point most commonly asserted in his favor. One might almost fancy an intentional protest against the old idea of the trader as a physically timid creature, who attains his ends by craft and stealth. This portrait of Jadwin in *The Pit* has replicas in other novels: 'He was a heavy-built man, would have made two of Corthell, and his hands were large and broad, the hands of a man of affairs, who knew how to grip and, above all, how to hang on. Those broad, strong hands, and keen, calm eyes would enfold and envelope a Purpose with tremendous strength. . . . And the two long, lean, fibrous arms of him; what a reach they could attain, and how wide and huge and even formidable would be their embrace of affairs.' And so the language of military glorification is applied by Mr. Norris to the Chicago brokers. We see the type, as it were a *Front de Bœuf*,

— 'hard, rigorous, panoplied in the harness of the warrior, strive among the trumpets, and in the brunt of conflict, conspicuous, formidable, set the battle in a rage about him and exult like a champion in the shoutings of the captains.' Jadwin is compared to Napoleon, — a frequent comparison for his kind.

The more traditional aspect of the business man is not excluded, but his 'craft' is sometimes interpreted in a finer sense, so that it ceases to be the cunning of Isaac the Jew, to become the subtle craft of an artist. Cowperwood, the Philadelphia broker, of whom Mr. Dreiser draws so admirable a portrait in *The Financier*, — and any uninitiated reader, by the bye, who grasps all the intricate transactions set forth in this almost complete guide to the Stock Exchange should advance his commercial education by a long step, — is said to resemble 'one of those subtle masters of the higher mysteries of chess.' 'Cowperwood was innately and primarily your egoist and intellectual. We think of egoism and intellectualism as closely confined to the arts. Finance is an art. And it presents the operations of the subtlest of the intellectuals and egoists.' As becomes an artist, this dealer in money, who despised dealing in flour and grain as 'not mental enough,' is, in a way, disinterested. It is not so much money that he cares about as 'the game.' As a young child, we are told, he listened eagerly to stories of banking operations. 'They seemed wonderful to him; this whole world of money was like a fairyland, full of delight.' His heroes were from the first the magnates of finance, and almost before he was breeched, 'he knew how to make money,' and made it. But observe: 'He did this more to exercise his talent for financing; no one ever dreamed of thinking of him as stingy.' Freedom

from the passion for lucre is made a characteristic of Jadwin too. He 'corners' the wheat-market in as detached a spirit as may animate a Russian Grand Duke breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

But if our American friend sometimes comes before us with the attributes of a popular hero, this prestige goes against him, when the novelist turns censor. Faults are worse when they are likely to be imitated.

III

To come to the moral question. The first real presentation of the business man in American fiction was prophetic in this respect. Standing not far inside the threshold of the new America, Silas Lapham had to choose between a commercial and a moral rise, between success and conscience. And his conscience, it should be observed, was not very easy to satisfy. It asked something more of him than merely to refrain from violating the ordinary conventions of business. 'Happy is the man for ever after,' says Mr. Howells, 'who can choose the ideal, the unselfish part, in such an exigency.' Silas wavered for a time; he defended himself on the ground, 'It's done every day,' but in the end his old, simple country way of conceiving right and wrong triumphed, and his rise became, commercially considered, a descent. Mr. Howells is far from putting the case forward as a national problem. He only shows that the individual Silas, being what he was, could not have acted otherwise. He does not philosophize, and he does not preach. Nevertheless, the book embodies in a very human instance the question which has since become so prominent in American novels.

The English novelist usually leaves the same question out, unless, like Mr.

Wells, he dismisses it with the curt remark that business has no morals, — a remark suggestive in a way of the prevailing English opinion. Business is looked upon by it as something like a neutral zone on the ethical map. Not everybody in England would go so far as a respected English journal went the other day, when *The New Statesman* observed about some German armourers, who were accused of a 'deliberate attempt to promote a war scare for private ends,' — 'It is impossible to blame the private firms, they are in business to make profits, and are only acting in accordance with the accepted principles of commercial enterprise.' But Englishmen are willing to concede a good deal to the 'accepted principles.' The feeling about the business man is somewhat the same as about the lawyer or the soldier, whose professional rules escape lay criticism when they are confined to professional matters. The commercial code, when it is regulating commercial transactions, is regarded as something quasi-technical, and therefore as not calling for discussion from the general point of view which the novelists represent.

The postulate of a limited area is the key to this attitude. Suppose that the business sphere had practically no bounds in England, that, instead of its being a somewhat subordinate department of the national life, it embraced the whole community, would its peculiar code still be accepted without discussion? Hardly. But something like this supposition seems to be true about the United States. Its commercial world spreads so far and wide as to have scarcely any recognizable limits. The American business man, instead of being, comparatively speaking, nobody in particular, is, as it were, everybody; besides which, he is very distinctly somebody. He is both the bulk of the nation, and also, under the new dispen-

sation at least, its leader, who is called upon to set an example. In this state of affairs the relation between the commercial and the common codes could not fail to arouse lively attention.

Apart from any question of right or wrong, such a presence of business as amounts to an omnipresence, may be unwelcome and lead to criticism. Mr. Wister complains of the omnipresence in *Lady Baltimore*: 'We're no longer a small people living and dying for an idea; we're a big people living and dying for money.' The heroine of Mr. Harrison's *Queed* speculates with some melancholy about the passers-by in the street: "Don't you think they're all hoping and dreaming just one thing — how to make more money than they're making at present? . . . Bright young men lie awake at night, thinking up odd, ingenious ways to take other people's money away from them. These young men are the spirit of America." Mr. Sinclair asserts about New York: 'The sole test of excellence was money, and every natural desire of men and women had become tainted by this influence. The love of beauty, the impulse to hospitality, the joys of music and dancing and love — all these things had become simply means to the demonstration of the money-power.' And writers who are free from Mr. Sinclair's socialistic bias express the same sort of fear about the influence that omnipresent commercial competition may exercise on other activities — on art, for instance, and, above all, on politics.

Scarcely less than the business man as everybody, the business man as somebody — as the leader — stimulates the critics. Our successful friend in America, rising into or creating a new 'upper' class, finds himself burdened with something of the moral responsibility which is heavily imposed on the leaders of all communities. In

addition to Charles Darlay's share of criticism, he is exposed to that which English fiction heaps upon its Lord Steynes and Lady Arabella de Courcys. And he is, by the bye, rather unfortunately placed for bearing this debt of aristocracy. The leading classes of Europe, being recognized and privileged by the State, have the powers as well as the duties of leadership. Moreover, they are permanently organized, so that the better element in them can exercise some control over the worse. But these American leaders get no recognition or powers from the State, and have no standing organization. They are a shifting body, a casual aristocracy, which a man may suddenly enter and as suddenly leave. He accepts no particular standard of conduct on admission, and is subject to no special control while he remains. Seeing that European aristocracy, with all its protective advantages, suffers not a little under the inquisition of the moralists, what may one expect here? A pretty rigorous examination of our friend's conduct, at all events.

After reading the startling 'revelations' about the commercial world of New York by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Lefevre, or about that of Chicago by Mr. Herrick, or about that of Philadelphia by Mr. Dreiser, to say nothing of such more moderate attacks as Mr. Churchill makes on his Flints and Jethro Basses, a foreigner might be a little taken aback by Mr. Bryce's statement that 'the average of general prosperity in the United States is higher than in any of the great nations of Europe.' But on looking again at these revelations, he will perhaps suspect that they are not quite so significant, comparatively speaking, as they seemed at first sight.

For one thing, the foil of the business man in many of these compositions is not a mere lord or baronet, as

he might probably be in an English tale, but a good woman; and in criticizing the business transactions the authors range themselves at the good woman's point of view. Commercial doings are submitted to the ruthlessly 'unpractical,' 'untechnical' test of the 'finer female sense.' One thinks of Cynthia Wetherell, in *Coniston*, who, with Mr. Churchill's evident approval, judges and reforms Jethro Bass; of Neva, in *Light-fingered Gentry*, who, with Mr. Phillips's evident approval, judges and reforms Armstrong; of May, in the *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, who, with Mr. Herrick's evident approval, criticizes Harrington in the sharpest way, though she fails to reform him.

Where the foil, and judge, is not a woman, the part is pretty often given to an inexperienced rustic, or to some one else as remote from the commercial atmosphere, and as deaf to a defense on 'technical' grounds, — an ingenuous boy, like *Samuel the Seeker*, or *exaltés*, like the Anarch and Hugh Grant in *A Life for a Life*. 'You women don't know what business means,' says Harrington to May. She is quick with her answer — but how terribly severe a standard it implies! — 'It seems to be just as well we don't.' This is the sort of standard the un-practical Colonel Newcome measured Sir Barnes by, when he was angry with the banker for giving up the Bundel-cund company. The difference is, that Thackeray does not endorse it, as Mr. Herrick seems to do. Thackeray had no great love for the game of business, but within the limits of the game he accepted its rules, and he blames the Colonel for ignoring the legitimacy of them.

For another thing, the American and English situations do not seem to be the same in respect of the laws which regulate business. Mr. Churchill, in

A Modern Chronicle, makes the heroine say, 'Father took the ground that the laws were n't logical, and that they were different and conflicting, anyway, in the different States.' The novelists put this excuse into our friend's mouth rather often, and an Englishman may wonder a little at their usual instant rejection of it. How is one to define 'honest business'? An Englishman would probably answer something like 'the pursuit of gain within the limits laid down by the law.' With that definition in mind, he may naturally think that, where the limits laid down by the law are illogical, different and conflicting, the business man has some excuse for wavering a little in his courses. The division of the United States into dozens of legislatures, the tremendously expansive and protean nature of commerce in a new country of extraordinary resources, must of course make it exceedingly difficult for the laws which regulate trade to be always clear and well-adjusted. But when some new kind of field is being opened up, and a pioneer is asked to cripple his venture by strict observance of an unforeseeing law, one feels that something more, at all events, is being asked of him than the Englishman in his old-settled land is likely to have to sacrifice on the altar of virtue.

Now, the greater part of the 'revelations' in American novels concern dealings between our friend and public functionaries, — legislative bodies, judges, and the like, — and in a good many of these cases the distribution of blame between the parties is not the same as it would be in England.

Harrington, in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, is fighting his way up in the meat-packing industry of Chicago against 'big men' who try to thwart him at every step. He sees a chance of securing a firmer foothold by taking over the stock of a bankrupt

company, and offers a fair price for it. His opponents, who have offered a lower price, bribe the treasurer of the bankrupt company to refuse his bid. Harrington thereupon, playing tit for tat, overbribes the treasurer. The game proceeds, and his opponents get a 'political' judge to issue an injunction, stopping his acquisition of the property. Harrington counters by overbribing the judge. This gets out, and he becomes the centre of a storm of public indignation. The newspapers rage against Harrington; a clergyman preaches at him when he is in church: an old gentleman, who has made a fortune in more Arcadian times, tells him that he can 'no longer be trusted with honest people's money and confidence'; May denounces him as 'a big plain rascal,' and says, 'The very sight of men like you is the worst evil of our country.' Later on, very much the same situation recurs in Harrington's dealings with a state legislature. He 'influences' it in order to obtain a franchise for a railroad, which others are 'influencing' it to withhold.

In England, given the pliability of the public functionaries, and, further, the advantage taken of it by his opponents, Harrington's dealings with the judge and the legislature would not, I think, be much, if at all, blamed. We should probably content ourselves with asking, 'What else could you expect in the circumstances?' On the other hand, the public functionaries, whose errors seem to be taken for granted in Mr. Herrick's and other accounts of such incidents, would be heavily censured. So it happened not long ago in England, when some municipal councillors were alleged to have been bribed by a contractor. Not a word, so far as I remember, was said

against the contractor by the newspapers; but the councillors, instead of being spoken of as helpless victims of his machinations, came in for much abuse as well as a legal prosecution.

It is the business man who is allowed to have a peculiar standard of his own in England; the public functionary is expected to conform to the common code. In the United States this expectation seems to be inverted. 'A politician was now a politician,' says Mr. Churchill, in *Coniston*, — 'his ways and standards set apart from those of ordinary citizens, and not to be judged by men without the pale of public life.'

Altogether, it is clear that more is asked of our friend on the moral score by the American novelists than by the English. Whether too much is asked is another question. An English reader is likely to think, however, that they do not ask enough of the law and its representatives. There seems to be a tendency, here and there, to advocate the control of business by sentiment, to the neglect of its control by law, to abandon what has always been the first line of defense and fall back upon the second. In so far as they would make sentiment a substitute for law, instead of merely a supplement to it, these reformers are surely astray. They may only be acting as Portia did, however. When the law showed signs of inadequacy, she appealed to the feelings of the business man of Venice, but she came back to the law in the end. Both defenses are necessary, of course, — each after its kind, — and if the control by sentiment is overestimated in the United States, it is probably underestimated in England, which might be all the better for a little more idealism about commercial standards.

WHO SHALL ASCEND INTO THE HILL OF THE LORD?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE Jungfraubahn Lift stopped its upward motion, the steel doors slid back, and out of the half-darkness of the elevator a score of tourists, muffled in overcoats and shading their eyes against the sudden brightness, stepped out upon a broad cement platform, white in the terrific glare of the sun shining out of a blue-black sky. And in a moment the tourists were ranged around the edge of the terrace, looking out upon the brilliant panorama which the Jungfrau summit commands.

All sorts and conditions of men were here. On one side a group of burly Bavarians, with their inevitable rück-sacks and alpenstocks, muttered over and over again, softly, their formula of vast appreciation: 'Schön, schön, ach wunderschön!' Their honest Frauen touched elbows on the parapet with a heavily-veiled French actress, a half-frozen Baltimore girl in a white polo coat, and an imitation Englishman from New York. A little aloof from the others stood a trio of ladies from London; still farther along a group of harsh-voiced Italians pointed out the tiny gleam of the Staubbach waterfall in the far valley below, and celebrated their discovery by shouting discordantly. Over all blew a bitterly cold wind; for if the temperature on the Jungfrau at eleven in the morning is usually well above the freezing-point, still the wind which strikes straight across from the blue line of the Jura Mountains is unmerciful to those who have come up the Jungfraubahn clad as if for the tea-tables of Grindelwald.

Barrington — the young Englishman in the Norfolk jacket and knicker-bockers — had made straight for the southwest corner of the platform; and now, his elbows propped on the parapet, he stood looking steadily out upon the pageant of the Alps. One glance at his face, — a gaunt face, by the way, with high cheek-bones and an almost painfully haggard chin — must have shown any observant person that he was not in the habit of reaching mountain-tops by cog-rail, for he was tanned a rich brown by the fierce sun-dazzle of former ascents. At this moment his eyes were on the distant peaks; he looked not at the purple chasm of the Roththal gaping beneath him, but at his old friends of the Oberland and the Valais: the pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn, the jagged white ridge of the Trugberg, the crystal pinnacle of the Aletschhorn; and farther off on the dim horizon, a row of tiny points delicately penciled with violet — Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, the Grand Combin, Mont Blanc! The Englishman drew a quivering sigh of delight as his eyes took in one after another of the noble company.

He opened a black leather case and adjusted his Zeiss binocular. There, in the brilliant picture which leaped before his eyes as he lifted the field glass, stretched the very ridge up which he had struggled to the summit of the Dom, not ten days before; he saw a blue cloud-shadow slide down the gleaming slope of the Lyskamm, where

he had battled with stinging snow all one gray morning in the preceding September, and then had slumped down ingloriously to the Riffelalp and defeat; a shining snowfield close by — the Alphubel Joch — marked the place where, long years ago, he had seen his first mountain sunrise. Barrington leaned farther over the parapet and looked down at the glittering Roththal Sattel, two thousand feet below him, where four tiny figures were moving, step by step, toward the very platform on which he stood. As he looked, an ice-axe flashed; the leader was cutting steps. Something of the absurdity of the situation tickled Barrington's sense of humor; four men were risking everything to attain unto the height that he had reached by the Jungfraubahn. He chuckled audibly, and immediately turned round guiltily to see if any one had noticed.

A young fellow beside him — an American, from the cut of his coat — was watching him with curiosity and open admiration.

"You've been here before, then?" asked the stranger kindly. (Barrington's supposition was right, for the stranger's unaffected pronunciation of the participle as if he were referring to a receptacle for coal instantly proclaimed his nationality.)

Barrington nodded. "How did you find that out?"

The American moved imperceptibly nearer. He was not tanned like Barrington; under his wind-beaten Panama hat his face showed only the normal color of the healthy inn-dweller of Grindelwald.

"I don't know; just guessed it, I suppose. Was it before they put the railroad through?"

The Englishman smiled assent. "Four years ago," he replied. "There was nothing here then but a narrow ridge of clean snow, twenty feet long. That

was before the buyers and sellers made this temple a den of thieves."

"I gather," remarked the American, "that you don't like — this?" He waved his hand vaguely toward the exclamatory Germans and the picture-postcard stand.

"Decidedly not."

"And yet, now that the Jungfraubahn is here, you don't mind riding on it?"

Up to this moment the Englishman had been looking out across the dazzling mountains; now he turned his gray eyes on his argumentative neighbor, and spoke earnestly.

"I don't wish to put on airs," he explained, "but I feel that my case is somehow different. I have climbed before; I am in a sense one of the initiated. What I object to is the presence here of people whose noisy irreverence is an insult to the mountain, — to the Creator, one might almost say. I compared them with the buyers and sellers in the temple, did n't I?"

"Yes." The young American smiled. "And I object," he said, warming to the argument, "that the analogy does n't hold, — if we except only the post-card rack. You know the story of the Frenchman who prayed in Westminster Abbey? He was put out for "brawling." The verger said, "If we allowed that, we should have them praying all over the place." You're like the verger; you don't like promiscuous worship. If you were a clergyman—"

It was Barrington's turn to smile. "I am," he put in quietly.

"I thought so," said the American. "You quote Scripture so well for your purpose. I suppose, then, that you bar strangers out of your church?"

"I should undoubtedly bar out those who shouted and threw paper boxes about, and otherwise desecrated the House of God."

"Thereby excluding at the same time

hundreds of true worshipers. I'm afraid,—'the American proceeded with hesitation, tracing a pattern on the rough parapet with his finger, and watching the process minutely, as if he did n't quite care to meet Barrington's eye for the moment,—'I'm afraid you mountain-lovers are just as selfish as the churchmen who drive Jews, Turks, and Infidels from their doors. You like to be alone, because solitude makes reverence easy; and you like to think of yourselves as—well, the elect—the chosen ones—who are not as other men are. Excuse me if I use Biblical language too; I did n't mean to poach on your preserves. You would banish the thousands who come up here—'

'To yawn, and complain of the cold, and get nauseated by the altitude, and say commonplace things, and hurry back? Yes, they have no right here. They are not educated for it.'

The man in the Brooks Brothers coat looked at his clerical neighbor with polite incredulity. 'If this is n't going to educate them, what will? You talk of the desecration of the temple; how about the consecration of the people?'

Barrington shrugged his shoulders slightly, and turned half away as if disposed to let the subject drop, but in a second he wheeled about again.

'It's impossible to do justice to my side of the case,' he said, his voice softening, 'because it is a matter of instinct rather than of logic. To me there is something fundamentally wrong—dishonest—in achieving this high reward without the hitherto inevitable perils and—and delights—of the climb: the glacier walk, the mountain hut, the scramble up the couloir, the step-cutting, the knife-edge; avoiding these things is somehow cheating in a great and wonderful game. My position may seem unreasonable: you

simply can't realize how we mountaineers feel about it.'

The American's finger paused in its pattern-tracing course over the parapet. 'Perhaps not,' he said, softly. 'And yet—I've waited three years to see this glory—'

He was suddenly interrupted by a shrill voice behind him: 'Oh, look, Mamie! Look at those specks! They're people! Well, if they don't look just like ants!'

'Original comment!' muttered Barrington, scornfully. He crossed the platform, looked down the mountain-side with the rest of the tourist-crowd, and then turned about.

'It's very interesting,' he said. 'Come over and look.'

The American came; but his manner of coming was not quite what the Englishman expected. For he limped badly, and the clergyman could tell at a glance that no mere sprained ankle could account for this particular inequality of gait.

'I—I'm very sorry,' stammered Barrington. 'Did I say—anything—'

'Oh, forget it,' replied the American, genially. 'You just did n't quite get my point of view. Perhaps you would if I explained that it happened right down there.'

There was a moment's pause; Barrington waited in respectful silence, whereupon the American continued, almost as if talking to himself.

'I had been staying at the Eggishorn Hotel. You know it—the Alps all on review out in front, and the Rhone Valley spread out like a map below?—Well, I was wild about the place; scrambled all over the Eggishorn day after day, and watched the climbers setting out up the Aletsch glacier. I had dreams of doing the big snow-peaks myself; finally I decided on the Jungfrau, and hired two guides with the money that was to keep me ten

days in Geneva. We started off on a bully August afternoon.

'I suppose you're familiar with the Concordia Hut, too, then? The little lame waiter in the dingy dress-suit? And his omelets? The bed-rooms that look out on thirty square miles of snow, and the little platform where you put out your boots to dry? Then you can understand why the whole place seemed to me enchanted ground. I sat on the rocks with my guides till the sunset had burned out; then I got Brunner to overhaul my boots and reinforce the nails while I clumped round in those funny felt shoes. I turned in early, but I could n't sleep.

'At one-thirty Brunner banged on my door. We roped up at two by lantern light,—Orion and the Pleiades and the rest, blazing overhead. I still remember how the scream of our hob-nails as we stumbled down over the rocks gave way to a crisp crunch and squeak as we stepped out on the snow, and how the lights of the Finsteraarhorn party bobbed off to the right through the dark. I was tense with excitement.

'Pretty soon the stars paled and the mountains took the light, and before I knew it the sun was up behind the Trugberg and we were at the edge of the bergschrund, with this old peak standing over our heads against an incredibly blue sky. The guides pointed out the Jungfraujoch station of the railway — a little spot on the shine of the snow—and I remember feeling, just as you do now, that the completion of that railway would mean the utter desecration of the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I forgot that the mountains were made for man.

'Then we tackled the bergschrund. It was unusually broad that year: a crevasse varying from ten to twenty feet in width, crossed by a couple of

tricky-looking snow bridges, and extending in either direction to the cliffs. Brunner looked over the left-hand snow bridge. The thing had shrunk considerably since his last ascent, but Brunner was confident. We braced ourselves hard and paid out the rope, while he walked across, — safe as a church. We all breathed again. The next moment I found myself stepping out on the thing with a blue chasm below. Then — suddenly — there was a little crumbling sound; everything dropped out from under me, and I fell, with a crash of splintering ice, on a sort of ledge about ten feet down. The guides caught me with the rope, and I hung ages on that shelf, watching the rainbow lights in the icicles and holding on to nothing at all for dear life. When they finally dragged me out on the glacier again, half an hour later, I found I'd broken my hip.

'The rest of it was n't — well, exactly fun. They carried me down somehow to the hotel, where the doctor took mercy on my groans and set the fracture. But — I suppose too much time had elapsed, or else the doctor did a clumsy job; I've never found out. Anyway, I spent the rest of that summer looking at the Alps from that silly tea-terrace at the Eggishorn, vowing that I'd get up the Jungfrau or die in the attempt. When I reached New York, the physicians shook their heads and said I'd never climb again.

'So I waited three years while they built the Jungfraubahn. Here I am. Would you — bar me out?

He made a little gesture of appeal.

The English clergyman turned to him with a smile of true humility. 'Thank you,' he said. 'My notions of the elect can stand revision. I wonder how I came to quote so much Scripture without remembering that the Lord delighteth not in any man's legs.'

SCIENCE AND MYSTERY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

In the concluding paragraph of one of our well-known books on the relationship between science and religion, this startling ultimatum is delivered: 'Mysteries must give place to facts.' The more one considers it, the more he sees concentrated in that curt and summary dictum, a vast amount of popular thinking upon the relationship between the known and unknown. With a marvelous coquettishness, folk to-day regard science as a sort of irrigation service, gradually fructifying the waste lands of mystery, until at last all of them shall be reclaimed and cultivated. In university lecture-halls, popular magazines, and Sunday supplements, one finds himself on tip-toe, expectantly awaiting the solution of the last mystery. While, of course, no one claims to have grasped 'this sorry scheme of things entire,' popular thought, for practical purposes, comes perilously near to living in an explained universe.

Says one writer of the last decade: 'Science brings into camp every day a new fact captured by its pickets, scouting along the line between the known and the unknown. The mysteries are fading away, and if they are the capital of religion, or of the church as the habitation of religion, then the church must be fading away.' When one regards the amount of such writing that is being done, playing up in vivid phrase and picturesque description the campaigns of science against

ignorance, he is not surprised to find even small children singing: —

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I do *not* wonder what you are.
What you are I know right well,
And your component parts can tell.

A certain contrariness of disposition, therefore, such as led the Greek, weary of hearing Aristides always called 'The Just,' to vote upon the other side, may well induce a man in an 'age of science' to collect specimens of the things we do not understand. When once he has begun, however, to be a connoisseur of mystery, more than contrariness keeps him at it. For this lake of being, on which he launches his craft to search for undiscovered coves, soon proves to be no lake at all, but an open branch of an illimitable sea, on which his skiffs of thought lose themselves over the rim of the world. He finds that the universe is not almost explored by scientific pioneers, but rather that, as Mr. Thomas Edison remarks, 'No one knows one seven-billionth of one per cent about anything.'

Indeed, Mr. Edison's remark suggests the source from which the most convinced testimonies to our ignorance come. It was to have been expected that religious folk would readily discount knowledge in the interests of faith. That Job in the humility of his spiritual experience should say, 'We are but of yesterday and know nothing'; that Paul with his religious agnosticism should say, 'Now we see through a glass darkly'—'Now we know in fragments'; that Socrates, conscious of

the failure of his philosophy to pierce the opaque depths of life should say, 'One thing I know, that I know nothing'; that Emerson, with his love of teasing epigram, should cry, 'Knowledge is knowing that we cannot know,' was to be anticipated. The really interesting testimonials to our ignorance come rather from those in whom scientific wisdom is supposed to dwell. There is Mr. Herbert Spencer saying, 'In its ultimate nature life is incomprehensible.' There is Professor William James saying, 'On this whole subject [of immortality] science must confess her imagination to be bankrupt. She has absolutely nothing to affirm. She is ignoramus ignoramibus.' There is even Professor Ernst Haeckel saying, 'We grant at once that the innermost character of nature is just as little understood by us as it was by Anaximander and Empedocles twenty-four hundred years ago, by Spinoza and Newton two hundred years ago, by Kant and Goethe one hundred years ago. We must even grant that this essence and substance become more mysterious and enigmatic the deeper we penetrate into the knowledge of its attributes.'

This last suggestion, that the world grows more mysterious the more we know about it, is somewhat startling. Popular thought commonly regards the clearing up of life's unknown provinces as an enterprise requiring only persistent endeavor and sufficient time. Given so much habitable land of the known, men think, our problem is to invade and cultivate as rapidly as possible the waste land of mystery. But the relationship between the two is not thus quantitative, so that the more you have of one the less you have of the other. Science is no pioneering king whose conquests gradually subdue the Empire of Ignorance until at last he shall weep for more worlds to conquer.

Rather, the more we know about the world, the more mysterious it is. Sunrise to our fathers was strange enough, and they used at daybreak to sing a hymn to greet the coming dawn, but it is stranger now, when upon the surface of this wheeling earth we feel ourselves move in space as the sun brims the hill. This new universe created for us by our modern science, with its microscopic marvels, its reign of law, its innumerable stars, and, after the leisureliness and patience of the ages, with us upon the thin skin of this revolving planet in the sky, is more mysterious by far than that flat earth that once was cozily tucked beneath the coverlet of heaven.

When in 1836 Comte declared that it would be forever impossible to measure the distance to the stars, the world thought that it faced a mystery; but when in 1839 Bessel did measure the distance to star 61 Cygni, the world found itself plunged into a real mystery that even yet staggers the imagination. Reveal a little information concerning the relation of mind to body and you raise more interrogations than you quell. Establish the mutability of species and you stir up more hares than you run down. The world with ether undiscovered was strange enough, but what with ether's eerie activities now exposed in bewildering array, and ether itself capable of no better definition than 'the nominative case of the verb, to undulate,' we are plunged into a mystifying world the perplexing like of which our sires never imagined. A cosmos in which we are told that it would take 250,000 years to count the atoms in a pin-head has not been noticeably simplified, especially when we are assured that those atoms revolve about each other in sidereal systems with a regularity as fixed, and at distances comparatively as great as belong to stars and planets in the heavens.

Could we suppose that an African savage knew what was going on inside the painted stick he calls his fetich, we could well forgive him for falling in obeisance before the marvel of it. Nor is the mystery greatly lessened when science suddenly changes her hypothesis, and says that there are no gross and carnal atoms, but spirituelle electrons instead.

II

Mystery is not a transient trouble in human experience to be removed by increasing knowledge. Rather, it is a permanent problem made more urgent by increasing knowledge. Even the most ordinary falling stone, so far from being explained, is made by the law of gravitation so incomprehensible that Mr. Huxley says, 'Who so appreciates all that is involved in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness.' The more a man knows, therefore, the more full of wonder he finds the world. The conceit of ignorance is to be explained by this suggestive fact, that there are mysteries outside the range of the ordinary mind. It was a young child who said, 'Now if you will tell me who made God, I think I shall understand everything'; it was a learned philosopher who said, 'The natural world is an incomprehensible scheme, so incomprehensible that a man must really, in the literal sense, know nothing at all, who is not sensible of his ignorance in it.'

Many a modern man, therefore, recovering from his first enthusiasm over a scientifically explained universe, finds his thoughtful hours seeking expression in some such way as this: 'I cannot see that, for all that science has told me, I am one whit the less mysterious. When I deeply consider myself, I am still an utterly incredible creature.' That this 'bifurcated rad-

ish with a curiously carved head' should be trotting up and down on this outlandish planet in the sky, shooting through space seventy-five times faster than a cannon ball; that it should be laughing and crying here, loving and hating, making such ado and consequence about itself, is far more marvelous than the wildest dreams of the apocalyptic prophets. Almost anything is likely to happen in a world where what we see about us has actually managed to happen. Indeed, it is so unimaginably strange that we are alive at all, that for us to keep on being alive in spite of death would be an inconsiderable addition to the mystery. To find ourselves still existing in another world would be far less queer than to have found ourselves existing in the first place.

Science has wrought many achievements, but it has not cleared up a single elemental mystery, and it has created a thousand lesser mysteries that never were imagined until science came. Science has demonstrated that this oak of a world used to be an acorn, but how that acorn came into existence or whence it obtained the latent elements that now have become an oak, science has not suggested. Science has made it possible for a manufacturer to cut down three trees in his forest at 7.35 in the morning, to have them made into paper at 9.34, and to have them selling on the street as newspapers at 10.25; but whether the manufacturer, himself, is a brain that has a mind, or is a mind that has a brain, science cannot even guess.

'When, therefore, I run across some cocksure and dogmatic book about *The Riddle of the Universe*, whether it be written by scientist or theologian,' so the thoughtful man continues, 'I turn from it with an overwhelming sense of its unreality. Rather with delight I listen to Robert Louis Stevenson:—

"What a monstrous spectre is this

man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming! and yet, looked at nearer, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives; who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues; infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the Deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends or his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop."

That this recurrent sense of wonder is justified, despite all that science has achieved, is easily to be seen. However far back, for example, the scientist traces the journey which the universe has traveled, he comes at last to the pillars of Hercules, over which 'plus ultra' is written, but through which no scientific investigation ever can pass. Nothing has been changed in the problem of life's import by the substitu-

tion of milleniums for Bishop Usher's 4004 B.C. Only now we have a longer walk before we arrive at that postern gate and look out into the great unknown from which the universal process comes. Nor can the philosopher here overreach the scientist and claim knowledge of the world's origin. All the systems of metaphysics ever framed have this thing true of them: that they are not rationales of a known universe, but attempted rationales of the philosopher's faith about a universe unknown. He, too, stood at the postern gate and sent his soul on its great venture. He, too, believed before he reasoned, reasoned because he first believed, and used his logic to confirm or criticize his faith.

Whatever any man thinks about the cause of life is primarily faith. To be sure it need not be a mere guess, a chance throw of volition's dice, without cause before or reasoned explanation afterward, but it must always be an hypothesis, ventured first and then defended. When Haeckel says that man is 'an affair of chance; the froth and fume at the wave-top of a sterile ocean of matter,' that is faith. When Von Hartmann says, 'The wholly blank and vague and limitless immensity which knows nothing of itself and which is so aberrant from its fundamental condition as to produce, contrary to its inherent nature, conscious beings who must suffer and wail and agonize as long as they are conscious,' that is faith. When John says: 'God is Love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God and God in him,' that too is faith. The materialist who plants in the vast flower-pot of chaos his primal seed of matter, and like a gigantic master of legerdemain, waves his wand of words over it until the whole flowering universe grows from the dirt, is exercising faith as evidently as is the Christian when he rejoices in God, the

Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

Moreover if, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, a man steadfastly endeavors to restrain his thought within the boundaries of demonstrable knowledge, he will not even then escape the influence of the unknown. What revealing words at the close of Mr. Spencer's autobiography! 'Behind these mysteries lies the all-embracing mystery. Whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity, and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity? And along with this rises the paralyzing thought — What if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no comprehension anywhere?' Even he finds his valuation of the unknown tingeing his estimate of life.

A man's faith may be perplexed or positive, paralyzing or jubilant, but some thought or other about the 'all-embracing mystery' a man is almost sure to have, and the more thoughtful he is, the more his world of present facts will take color like a chameleon from his conviction about the mysterious world that lies beneath it. At any rate, for all science's achievements, he well may say,—

'T is strange that God should fash to frame
The yearth and lift sae hie,
An' clean forget to explain the same
To a gentleman like me.'

III

Even more obviously is science unable to dispel mystery when its attention is directed to the future. The problem of to-morrow is so utterly out of reach of knowledge that science must dismiss its consideration as futile guess-work. Yet it makes a real difference to life what a man thinks about the future; or if a man stoutly refuse to think, that makes a difference too.

Men who by some weird chance should find themselves upon a ship, ignorant alike of its port of departure and its destination, might preoccupy themselves with many tasks, whether selfishly to get the best of the ship's store or fraternally to contribute to the common weal, but how could the question of their unknown haven be quenched among them? Could they so thin their thought and narrowly concentrate their attention, as never to stand at the ship's prow and think of that? Though some should lack imagination to care and some should drown their care in drink or smother it in work, the tone of the crew's spirit, the hopelessness or joy or dogged resolution with which the sails were set, and the discipline preserved subtly, would depend on what idea of the haven was gaining the popular assent — that it was good or evil, or that there was no haven, only an endless sailing of the sea by the ship that never would arrive.

This interest in the future is not by any means the child of immature and ignorant curiosity. It is rather the immature and ignorant who feel the problem least, like those stolid and unquestioning natives of the African forest who never have been curious enough to inquire whether the sun that rises this morning is the same that set last night. The more man grows in intellectual range, the more it becomes impossible for him to row his boat with his back in the direction whither he is going, guiding his skiff by his wake alone, and never turning to scan the horizons ahead. Is this world of sacrifice and heart-break, of love and death, to have an outcome that will make the price of it worth while? Or do we face the slowly waning vitality of earth, its light dimmed, its heat consumed, its forces spent and wasted, until at last upon this wandering island in the sky some solitary Robinson Crusoe, the last liv-

ing soul in the universe, stumbles over the graves of the race in a vain search for some Black Friday to bear him company? After all, the universe, like everything else, is worth what it turns out to be in the end.

If a man is persuaded, as many apparently are, that beyond the immediate balance of joy over sorrow which may exist, no real victory of good over evil is to be expected, whether we as individuals share in it or not; that so far from being 'heirs of hopes too fair to turn out false,' humanity has been duped by its optimisms, not in form alone but in substance also, and that men, however fine in spiritual nature or great in serviceable ministry, are just so much 'high-grade cosmic fertilizer' for a future harvest which at last will come to nothing; if he vividly perceive the meaning of such a lack of issue to the world, that humanity like a rocket, radiant in ascent and splendidly luminous in climax, in the end is but a falling stick, sans light, sans life, sans goal, sans everything, surely such a conception of life's issue will stain through into the texture of his most common day.

It is indeed open for a man to say that even so each one should 'hold hard by his great soul, do out the duty.' After the Greeks at Chaeronea had been irremediably defeated by Philip of Macedon, Demosthenes still turned on the Athenians to say, 'I maintain that if the issue of this struggle had from the outset been manifest to the whole world, not even then ought Athens to have shrunk from it, if Athens has any regard for her own glory, her past history, or her future reputation.' Many noble men have so faced life with no thought of victory for themselves or for their race. But at its best this is a dogged and stoical nobility, an obdurate and joyless heroism. It makes all service of personal and social ideals a

toilsome search for gold at the end of a rainbow, after the myth is disbelieved and disillusion has fallen on the quest.

If good may hope to conquer evil in some localities for some limited extent of time, but no conclusive and general victory can possibly arrive; if we are attempting to impose moral ideals upon an alien and inhospitable world, with dubious show of success now and certainty of failure in the end; if, in a word, in a Saharan universe, sterile of all spiritual meaning, we are vainly striving with our little atomizers to produce fertility, then it would still be best not to shrink from the conflict. But the more lucidly a man should perceive how thus all large human hopes were illusions in essence as well as form, the more difficult would it be for him to keep heart in the struggle. Humanity in such a world would lack even the incentive that Demosthenes gave to Athens, 'her future reputation.' The persistence of religious faith is due in part to this, that the race, like her best individuals, has passionately desired

Not without aim to go around
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.

At any rate, one begins curiously to wonder just what the intellectual basis is for that ultimatum, 'Mysteries must give place to facts.'

IV

Strangely enough, the part of life from which science has least of all succeeded in expelling mystery, is not life's first source nor yet its ultimate goal, but rather that very province which knowledge has chosen for her own — the world of present facts. 'Here,' says a follower of Comte, 'let us abide contented within the home of positive experience; why wander outside into the unknown and the unknowable?' But no man ever yet succeeded in treating

daily experience as merely a receptacle for information. We all are active appreciators of life; we insist on value as well as fact; we demand interpretations, like Belshazzar offering half his kingdom for the meaning of the enigmatic characters upon the wall. The scientific facts of the world are like the physicist's analysis of the sunset into its constituent ether waves. The poet, however, enraptured with the sunset, goes far beyond the physicist's description. He dresses the ether waves in his appreciations. They walk no more unclothed, but richly decked in his discernments and interpretations. The poet's sunset consists of the beauty which his insight finds there, and this perception of beauty is a personal affirmation, a judgment of value, a leap of aesthetic faith.

How large a part of life's real content lies in this mystical realm of value is at once evident. For special purposes some factual aspect of reality may be separated from the rest and on that our attention centred, as when the police officer describes a boy in terms of his Bertillon measurements, or a botanist analyzes the constitution of a flower. But this specially abstracted phase of an experience is not the whole of it, as one learns when the mother's evaluation of the boy bursts into passionate expression, or Wordsworth sings,

The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

In practical living such appraisals of any object can no more be separated from our knowledge of it than color can be separated from a Venetian vase. The coloring of worth is blown into the very substance of our thought. Every familiar fact of daily experience is thus a trysting place of information and insight, a habitation where value is wedded to fact.

The sciences, now, make it their business to insulate certain special aspects

of the world from the influence of this evaluating instinct. They seek the bare and unappreciated facts. For the biologist, in so far as he strictly adheres to the standpoint of his science, all living organisms are nothing more than physical tissues whose operations are controlled by unalterable laws. His duty is to describe and analyze, and in terms of proximate causes and effects to explain the facts. For the purposes of his science, the nerves of a frog and the nerves of a Michelangelo, the brain of a newt and of a Newton would be equally objects of his regard. They are all biological tissue. He does not value his facts as good or beautiful; he does not regard them as ends or means for personal purposes; he does not ask their significance in a world scheme; and if he be a strict biologist he does not even so far prefer one fact to another as to desire healthy tissue rather than pathological. All organisms are for him nothing but objects for observation and report.

This isolation of a single aspect of reality and this impersonal attitude in the study of it are necessary and legitimate. Without them organized knowledge would be impossible. Even when the science is psychology, and the data are sensation, judgment, emotion, will, these facts must be insulated from all appraisal of values and studied as neutrally as though a geologist were analyzing rocks or an astronomer observing stars. As the chemist studies foods and poisons with equal zest, so the psychologist studies joy and sorrow, remorse and hope, without preference. They are facts impersonally to be observed, and in terms of natural law to be explained.

Men, however, become obsessed by this practical method of the sciences. They regard this abstracted aspect of existence, these physical and psychical facts and laws as the entire world of

reality, and even postulate explanations, which fit the isolated material of some special science, as an adequate philosophy of life. But neither is the material of the sciences the whole of reality nor is science's explanation of that material all of truth. After science has measured and weighed any group of facts, ascertained their quantitative aspects and determined the law of their sequence, we insist on discerning qualitative aspects everywhere. Appreciations and preferences, woven into the factual warp, make the real texture of our experience.

By as much as a living man, lured by ideals, mastered by purposes, pleased by hopes, exalted by love, differs from the manikin in the medical school, with his painted nerves and wooden muscles, by so much does the real world of life differ from the definitions of science. All that produces civilization and art springs from this over-world of value-judgments and worth-estimates. All cathedrals and paintings, all poetry, romance, music, and religion are their children.

This world of insight and purpose, of value and ideal, is the only world in which man actually lives. The attitude of science, drawing off the sense of worth from life and isolating the remainder, is an artifice convenient but not comprehensive. No scientist lives up to it when he leaves his laboratory and goes home.

Indeed, when the scientist reaches home where the free play of his appreciation clothes his life with worth, he might well commune with himself in some such way as this: 'My science certainly does not exhaust the real meaning of my life. The mystery forever escapes the test-tube. When science has said the last word about my children, they mean infinitely more to me than science has declared, and no investigation ever can discover how

much a home is worth. I accumulate facts in my laboratory, but unvalued facts are uncracked nuts — the meat of them is unpossessed. It takes more than science to get at the meat of life: it takes the sense of worth. If I, therefore, must value facts in order to live at all, why do I complain because my friend, the preacher, feels for life as a whole what I feel for some of the parts?'

As in a musical composition the estimate of any phrase must in the end consider the organizing motif and complete effect of the whole work, so, facting as we do the necessity of valuing things, ideas, persons, institutions, social movements, all of which are by innumerable relationships intermeshed and unified, where shall we stop this operation short of interpreting the whole? At what point shall we say to appreciation, 'Thus far and no further'? Events do not stand like bottles in the rain, disparate and unrelated, sharing neither their emptiness nor their abundance, but like interflowing rivulets they are so reticulated that to trace the spring and issue of one is to trace the springs and issues of them all. The complete appraisal of the least item subtly involves the appraisal of the sum. The preacher is surely right in this, that no detail is the whole of itself; the universe is the rest of it.

'When therefore the preacher proclaims the Eternal Goodness,' so even the scientist might clearly see, before his open fire at home, surrounded by his family, 'he is simply applying the appreciative instinct to life as a whole.' From his standpoint, faith, as Ruskin phrased it, is veracity of insight. It does for the bare facts of the world what the poet's vision does for the ether waves of the sunset or a mother's love for the Bertillon measurements of a boy. It clothes them with radiant

meanings. It perceives in them eternal worth and significance. It lifts the ponderous world to its ear as we lift a sea-shell, and hears mysterious messages of hope and peace. It is evaluation in its most exalted and comprehensive exercise. At any rate, when my laboratory has answered its last question and all other sciences have added their results to the pile, the real mystery of life has not yet been even touched.'

v

Upon this three-fold mystery, the world's cause, the world's goal, and the world's meaning, the writer based his statement in a recent number of the *Atlantic* that religion is an inevitable element in human life. In Professor John Fiske's phrase, she is yet 'the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth.' The mourners have gathered many times to give her remains a decent burial, but the obsequies have always been indefinitely postponed. The deceased was always too lively for the funeral. In Butler's *Analogy* we are informed that the fashionable society of his day was convinced that Christianity had already one foot in the grave. Shortly after, however, Wesley and Whitefield arrived to guide one of the most amazing religious renewals in all history. Religion has an indefatigable ability to come back. The reason for this lies deep. Many fantastic and exaggerated ambitions have invited human endeavor, but none so wild and quixotic as the attempt to abide contented within the realm of positively known facts. No one ever abode there for a single hour, and there is not enough such knowledge extant for a man to live on during his most simple day. The mind continuously colors and manipulates all life by its interpretations. Like loose type, the facts

are set by ventures of faith into gloomy, humdrum prose or into exalted poetry.

Now, a wholesome religion is simply that form of faith which alone has succeeded in making life worth while; which fills it with purpose, dignifies it with value, inspires it with motive, and comforts it with hope. 'Without me,' so religion says in an age of science as much as ever in all history, 'without me you grow to learn a little about the world you live in, your minds limited on every side by boundaries across which they look into the darkness of great mystery; without me you rejoice a little in the transient beauties of the world and more in human loves and friendships, you suffer much with broken bodies and more with broken family ties, and then die as you were born, the spawn of mindless, soulless forces that never purposed you and never cared. As with yourselves, so with your fellows — they came from nowhere save the dust and go nowhither save back to it again, and without me the whole world is purposeless, engaged with blind hands that have no mind behind them on tasks that mean nothing and are never done.'

The recuperative power of religion lies in the elemental unwillingness of men to live in such a world. The parvenues of science who a generation ago foresaw the downfall of religion, — 'In fifty years your Christianity will have died out,' said one, — are going to be as disappointed as was the fashionable society of Butler's day. For there is more to life than science ever can deal with, and so far as the eternal problems of our human lot are concerned, all the sciences together are like inch-worms clambering up the Matterhorn in an endeavor to discover the distance to the stars!

This does not mean that science has no effect upon religion. Science affects

religion tremendously. Science lays violent hold on old traditions, that like the bones of the Wise Men in Cologne Cathedral have been long hallowed in pious sentiment, and scatters them in scorn to the four winds. Science invades the realm of history, with no regard for the part of it called sacred, and like Antiochus Epiphanes rides on a war horse into the very Holy of Holies to see whether the tales of it be true. Science takes old arguments, long used in defense of the faith, and makes them as obsolete as bows and arrows at Port Arthur. Science with pitiless disregard of anything but the sheer truth, gives old cosmologies the lie, although the church weeps for her dead like Rachel for her children and will not be comforted. Science, an absolute monarch in her own realm, will let no sacred books, no sacred customs, no sacred history, escape the alembic of her investigations, and no consideration can thwart her progress toward one goal, the truth.

When, however, science has laid bare the last fact concerning the religious history of man, when she has cut the ground from under ecclesiastical traditions until the hearts of the priests melt like water, and has sent into eternal exile legends and myths grown hoary in popular belief, religion herself is perennial still. In the end she renews her vigorous youth, and rises relieved from burdensome incumbrances. Still her proper province is unravaged by an enemy. Still men, knowing all that science can discover touching the sense of moral obligation, curiously question whether, like Haeckel, they shall say by faith that duty is 'a long series of phyletic changes in the phenomena of the cortex,' or like Wordsworth, 'Stern daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty!' Still grief imperiously insists on an interpretation, some Paul upon the one side saying, 'Our light affliction

which is but for the moment worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory,' and on the other, some Thompson with his hopeless dirge,—

Nay, doth it use him harshly as he saith?
It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
Then grinds him back into eternal death!

Still our daily familiar business and the call to serve our generation force the question on us whether we are indeed fellow laborers with God, or whether Hauptmann put true words into Michael Kramer's mouth: 'The activities of the great world are the shudderings of a fever.' Still men curiously question whether they are souls with transient bodies, or bodies with transient souls, and the whole world of life with its abysmal mysteries insists on being interpreted. 'He must have been an ill-advised god who could make no better sport than to change himself into so lean and hungry a world'; so Schopenhauer. And Paul? 'Oh, the depth of the riches both of the knowledge and wisdom of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past tracing out!'

This prodigious difference lies not in the fact; it lies in the interpretation of the fact. It is not a contest of science; it is a contest of insight and evaluation, of vision and faith, and all the hosts of argument and reason which these marshal in their support. This involves no quarrel between faith and knowledge. There is no such quarrel. Here, as everywhere, faith is the only road to knowledge, for whether in astronomy or theology the facts are explained by ventures of theory first, which are verified as best they can be afterward. No one has put it better than the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: 'Science is grounded in faith just as is religion, and scientific truth, like religious truth, consists of

hypotheses never wholly verified, that fit the facts more or less closely.'

A true theology uses the same intellectual methods that a true science does, but theology and religion are not identical. Religion is the life, of which theology is the theoretic formulation. Religion puts on creeds like garments, and wears them as a science does hypotheses, until, worn out, they must be thrown aside for better. But religion herself still persists. For religion is a warm confidence in the testimony of a man's best hours that the spiritual life is real, and in the witness of the world's greatest souls that God is good.

Religion is living as though our life were no amateur theatrical display from which we may retire at will, but urgent business where fidelity and serviceableness contribute to a victory of righteousness that in the end will surely come. Religion is bro-

therliness inspired by the assurance that something in the universe abides forever, grows and bears fruit at last, and that this eternal element is not the lowest, dirt, but the loftiest, personality. Religion is a comfort of hope, a motive of purpose, a well-spring of character born of friendship with the Power not ourselves, and of cordial trust in Him and self-surrender to his will. The obsequies of religion are not yet due! Humanity is too deathlessly athirst for some such revelation of Eternal Goodness, and some such interpretation of life's deep significance as Christians have always found in Christ.

When science has answered her last question, man still will be saying,

Nature, poor step-dame, cannot slake my
drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness.

A HAY-BARN IDYL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

EVERY farm boy knows how much wild life ebbs and flows about a country hay-barn the whole round year. It is a point in the landscape where the wild and the domestic meet. The foxes prowl around it in winter, the squirrels visit it, mice and rats make their homes in it and cut their roads through the hay. In summer, swallows, phœbe birds, and robins love to shelter their nests beneath its roof, bumble-bees build their rude combs in the abandoned mice nests, and yellow jackets

often hang their paper habitations from its timbers.

For several summers I have had my study in one of these empty or partly filled hay-barns on the farm where I was born, and the wild life about me that used to interest me as a boy now engages me as a student and observer of outdoor nature. While I am busy with my books and my writing, the birds are busy with their nest-building or brood-rearing. Now, in early July, a pair of barn swallows have a nest in the peak

at one end, and a pair of phœbe birds have a nest in the peak at the other end. The phœbes, remembering perhaps their ill luck last year when their nest and eggs were buried by the hay-gatherers, have established themselves in an old swallow's nest far above any possibility of being engulfed by the rising tide of hay. They have evidently refurnished the nest, but its exterior is quite destitute of the customary moss. I see the row of heads of the young swallows above the brim of their nest. The swallows evidently look upon the phœbes as intruders. Perhaps the fact that the phœbes have appropriated a swallow's last year's nest rankles a little. At any rate, many times during the day the male swallow swoops spitefully down at the phœbes as they sit upon the beams, hesitating, in my presence, to approach their nest with food in their beaks.

The swallow is not armed for battle; in both beak and claw he is about the weakest of the weak; only in speed and skill of wing is he almost unrivaled; and he flashes those long, slender, sabre-colored wings about the heads of his plain unwelcome neighbors in a way that keeps them on the alert, but never provokes them to retaliation. The phœbes incline this way and that to avoid the blows, but make no sound and raise no wing in defense. They seem to know what a big 'bluff' the swallows are putting up, or else how unequal a wing contest with them would be. The phœbes are much more sensitive to my presence than are the swallows; they will not betray the secret of their nest to me while I am watching them: whereas the swallows sweep in boldly over my head through the wide-open doors, and, in a swift upward curve, touch at the nest and are out again like spirits, the phœbes enter slyly through small openings in the weather boards, and alight upon a beam and look the

ground over before they approach the nest.

The other day in my walk I came upon two phœbes' nests under overhanging rocks, both with half-fledged young in them, and in neither case were the parent birds in evidence. They did not give their secret away by setting up the hue and cry that nesting birds usually set up on such occasions. I finally saw them, as silent as shadows, perched near by, with food in their beaks, which they finally swallowed as my stay was prolonged. And the nests, both on a level with my eye, were apparently filled only with a motionless mass of bluish mould. As I gently touched them, instead of four or five heads with open mouths springing up, the young only settled lower in the nest and disposed themselves in a headless, shapeless mass. The phœbe is evidently a very cautious bird, though no birds are more familiar about our porches and outbuildings.

What a contrast they present in habits and manners to the swallows! A plebeian bird is the phœbe, plain of dress, homely of speech, with neither grace of form nor of movement, yet endeared to us by a hundred associations. The swallow has the grace of form and power of wing of the tireless sea-birds, and is almost as helpless and awkward on its feet as are some of the latter. The pair I am watching flash in and out of the old barn like streaks of steel-blue lightning. I watch them hawking for insects over a broad meadow of timothy grass that slopes up to the woods that crown the hill. The mother-bird is the more industrious; she makes at least three times as many trips in the course of an hour as does her mate; whether she returns with as loaded a beak or not, I have no means of knowing, but would wager that she does.

Among nearly all species of birds

the mother is the main bread-winner. I have recently had under observation a nest of young bluebirds, in a cavity made by a downy woodpecker in a section of a small birch tree, which I brought from the woods last fall and fastened up to one corner of my porch. The mother-bird had entire care of the brood, bringing food every few minutes all the day long. Not till the last day that the young were in the nest did the male appear, and then he took entire charge, and the mother either went off on a holiday, or else some untoward fate befell her.

I look up from my writing scores of times during the day to see the two swallows coursing low over the meadow of rippling daisies and timothy, tacking, darting, rising, falling, now turning abruptly, now sweeping in wide circles, and, having secured the invisible morsel, coming down-grade into the barn with the speed of arrows. A row of expectant heads, four or five of them, arranged in a row at the wide opening of the nest, await them. It is touch and go, no tarrying; the gnat or fly is deposited in an open mouth as swiftly as it is caught. The beaks of all the young open as the wings of the parent-bird are heard, and a subdued chippering and squeaking follows. That there is any method in the feeding, or that they are fed in regular order, I cannot believe. Which of the young will get the next morsel is probably a matter of chance, but doubtless the result averages up very evenly in the course of an hour or two.

The wing-power expended by the parent birds in this incessant and rapid flight must be very great, and one would think that all the insects captured would be required to keep it up. How fine and slight their prey seems to be! I may follow their course through the meadows with my head about as high above the grass as is

their flight, and not see anything but an occasional butterfly or two—a game the swallows are not looking for. They hunt out something invisible to my eyes, something almost as intangible as the drifting flower-pollen. Probably the finer it is, the more potent it is; a meal of gnats may be highly concentrated food. Now and then they probably capture a house-fly, or other large insect.

The phœbe and all the true fly-catchers hunt in a much less haphazard way; like the hawks, they see their prey before they make their swoop; they are true sportsmen and their aim is sure. Perched here and there, they wait for their game to appear. But the swallows hurl themselves through the air with tremendous speed and capture what chances to cross their paths—a feat quite impossible to the regular fly-catcher.

On calm days they hawk high; on windy days their prey flies near the earth and they hunt low. How random and wayward their course is, but what freedom and power of wing it discloses! A poet has called them skaters in the fields of air, but what skater can perform such gyrations or attain such speed? Occasionally on windy days they seem to dip and turn, or check themselves, as if they saw an individual insect and paused to seize it. But for the most part they seem to strain the air through their beaks and seize what it leaves them.

As the days pass the young swallows begin to grow restless. I see them stretching their wings with their bodies half out of the nest. A day or two later I hear a fluttering sound over my head, and look up to see one of them clinging to the outside of the nest and exercising his wings vigorously; for a few seconds he clings there and makes his wings hum; the flying impulse is working on him, and soon it will launch

him forth upon the air. Two or three times a day now I see this feat repeated. The young are doubtless all taking turns in trying their wings to see if they are as recommended. Then the parent swallows come in, evidently with empty beaks, and take turns in hovering in front of the nest and saying, 'Wit, wit,' approvingly and encouragingly, and then flying about the empty barn or making a dash at Phœbe as she sits with flipping tail on a beam. Presently they resume their feeding.

The next day there is more wing exercise by the young, and more hovering and chirping about the nest by the parents. Sometimes the latter sit quietly upon a beam, and then presently the male flies up and clings for a moment to the side of the nest, and squeaks softly and lovingly. I think the great event, the first flight of the young, is near at hand. I go to dinner, and when I return and am about to enter the barn, the mother swallow sweeps down toward me and calls 'Sleet, sleet,' which I take to be her way of saying 'Scat, scat'; and I know something has happened. Looking up to the roof I see one of the young perched upon it a few inches from the lower edge. He looks scared and ill at ease. I cast a pebble above him and away he goes into the free air, his parents wheeling about him, and leading him on in an evident state of excitement. How well he uses his wings on that first flight, swooping and soaring with but little appearance of awkwardness or hesitation! After a few moments he comes back to the barn roof and lights on the other side beyond my sight. During the afternoon the other three ventured out at intervals and flew about the interior of the barn for some time before venturing outside, their parents flying with them and cheering encouragingly.

When once launched on the wing, the next great problem with the birds seemed to be how to alight and come to rest. It was evidently a trying problem. They would make feints at stopping upon this beam or that, but could not quite manage it until, in a kind of desperation, they would flop down somewhere. In a good many things we ourselves find it more difficult to stop than to start. In the course of the afternoon they all went forth into the air with their parents, and, I think, never returned to the interior of the barn. At five o'clock I saw them perched upon the tops of dry mullein stalks in the pasture. As I approached them they took flight and coursed through the air, high and low, over the tree-tops and above the valley, with wonderful ease and freedom. After a while they returned to the mullein stalks, and again betrayed their inexperience by their awkwardness in alighting. It would be interesting to know how long they were on the wing before they began capturing their own food. I have seen the parent-birds feeding the young in the air. In August they will be perching upon telegraph wires, and upon the ridge-poles of hay-barns, with the instinct of migration working in their little bodies.

The exodus of the young phœbes from the nest was much less noticeable. I saw no preliminary stretching or flapping of wings, and no parental solicitude. Flying is not the business of the phœbe, as it is of the swallow, and its life is much more humdrum. The young came out at intervals one afternoon, and they lingered about the barn, going out and in, for several days, the family keeping well together. Later I shall see them about the orchards and fences, bobbing their tails and being fed by their parents.

A mow of last year's hay in the big

bay of the barn holds its pretty secret also. Two years ago a junco, or snowbird, built her nest in its side, and this year she, or another, is back again, a month earlier. It amuses me to see her come in with her beak full of dry grass to build a nest in a mow of dry grass. Her forbears have always built their nests in the sides of weedy or moss-grown banks in secluded fields and woodsides, and have used such material as they could find in these places. She is under the spell of these inherited habits, in all but the selection of the locality of her nest. In this she makes a new departure and, in so doing, shows how adaptive many of the wild creatures are. The bird has probably failed in her attempts to bring out a brood in the old places. I think three out of four of all such attempts on the part of ground-builders do fail. Within a few days, two sparrows' nests in the pasture below me have been 'harried' as the Scotch say. If they escape the sharp eyes of the crows by day, the skunks and foxes, or other night-prowlers, are pretty sure to smell them out at night. At any rate, my junco has decided on trying the shelter of the old barn. Here she is in danger from rats and cats and red squirrels, but at this season of the year she stands a fair chance of escape.

When she comes in with a wisp of outdoor rubbish in her beak, I should say she shows some nervousness, were it not for the fact that juncos always seem to be nervous. She flits about with her eye on me, and, after a few feints, flies up to her place on the side of the mow and disappears for a moment under the dropping locks of hay. Her nest is completed in two forenoons — a very simple and rude affair compared with the nest in May or June under a mossy bank by the wood-side. For two or three days, she is not in evidence, when one morning I dis-

cover that the nest holds two eggs. Two days later it holds four, and the next day incubation has evidently begun. As she sits in the shadow of her little cavity in the mow, only her light-colored beak shows me when she is on her nest. A heavy rope is stretched low across the barn-floor, and it is a pretty sight to see the bird approach the hay-mow along the rope, hopping nervously along, showing the two white quills in her tail, and wiping her beak over and over on the rope as she progresses. I think the beak-wiping, now on this side, now on that, is just another expression of her nervousness, or else of preoccupation, for surely her beak is clean. She gives no heed either to the swallows or the phoebe, nor they to her. Well, she is now fairly launched on her little voyage of maternity, and I shall do all I can to see that its issue is successful.

A week later, alas, it turned out to be the old story of the best-laid schemes of mice and men. Some serious mishap befell my little neighbor. One day she was missing from her nest from morning till night. The following morning her eggs were stone cold and the male bird was flitting about the barn and running along the beams as I entered, no doubt in an anxious state of mind about his mate. I could give him no clew to her whereabouts, and her fate is a mystery — captured, no doubt, by a hawk or a cat while out in quest of food.

The same day ill fortune overtook a queen bumble-bee who had a nest somewhere about the barn. She suddenly appeared on the ground in front of my door in a great state of excitement. I inferred that she came from under the barn. She seemed suddenly to have discovered that she could not fly, and was making vain attempts to do so, in a state of painful agitation. She buzzed and rushed about amid the

dry grass and loose straws like one beside herself. I went to her to give her a lift. She rushed up the twig I proffered her, then up my hand, shaking with excitement. From this coign of vantage she tried to launch herself into the air, but fell ingloriously to the ground. I saw that her right wing was badly mutilated, not more than half of it remained, and flying was out of the question. But the poor queen would not have it so. She could not be convinced that she could not fly. The oftener she failed in her attempts, the more desperate she became. She always had flown, and now suddenly her wings failed her. She would climb

up the taller spears of grass and make the attempt, and on stones and sticks. She could not accept her cruel fate. She finally rushed into the stonework, and I saw her no more. I am not certain that the queen bumble-bee makes a nuptial flight like the queen of the hive bees, but probably she does, and this one may have left her near-by colony for the purpose, only to flounder ingloriously amid the weeds. Probably some anarchist insect had frayed and clipped her wing in her nest, having no more respect for royalty than for her humble subjects. There is no sphere of life so lowly that such tragedies and failures do not occur in it.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH WE CALL AT THE GILBERTS'

ROBERT was indeed very sick. The attack might have been attributed to the shock of the sudden encounter with his wife, but the family doctor, hearing of it, shook his head. It was a coincidence, he said, nothing more; the machinery was worn out, and must have been upon the verge of breaking down this long while. Of course, it was impossible to say — sometimes these cases contradict all previous experience — Bob might live for several months, even for a year — or he might drop off to-morrow. The doctor would look in occasionally, but, frankly, there was

nothing he could do — nothing anybody could do. He looked at Lorrie and her mother standing, each with her cold hands clasped tight together, listening to him as if he had been, what surely all good doctors are, a kind of deputy-Deity — the doctor looked at the women gravely and kindly, and got into his buggy and drove away.

This sad news being presently spread abroad, all the friends of the family — and the Gilberts had made a great many warm and devoted and steadfast friendships — were quick to show their sympathy, though nearly every one privately was of the opinion that Bob's death would be a merciful release. The poor fellow never would have reformed, probably could not, and there was nobody who could be better spared; he

had never been anything but a care and a disgrace to his people, to everybody that ever had anything to do with him. But all that ought to be forgotten now. Persons who had long ago stopped asking after him, or recognizing him on the street, now called at the house, bringing kind-hearted offerings of books and fruit and jellies and bottles of wine and air-pillows. They came and insisted on taking Lorrie out in their motor-cars, whenever she could leave the invalid. Sometimes they saw him, for a few minutes; he had his days of feeling better or worse. Girls he had gone to school with, married women now with boys of their own, came to visit him, putting aside the fact that they had not spoken to him in years; but they always had liked Bob Gilbert, they said, he was so nice when — when he was all right. Even little old Miss Harriet Peck, the primmest mortal on earth, who would have run from the mere sight of Robert (even sober) a while ago, now ventured to the house and sent in her maidenly card with a tidy little nosegay of heliotrope and lemon-verbenia. She had been his Sunday-school teacher twenty-five years before.

'As soon as I'm well enough, I'll go around and see the old girl. It was very kind of her to come,' Robert declared. 'Everybody's kind, seems to me. I'll have lots of calls to make. You come with me, will you, Lorrie?'

'Why, of course, I'd love to,' said Lorrie, smiling bravely.

It was in the first week of Bob's sickness that they had one visitor whom it never would have occurred to them to expect. Robert, as the doctor had prophesied, rallied with uncanny swiftness, and already they had conveyed him to a cot on the side-porch, and his mother and sister were sitting there with him, in the mild sunshine, — it was in September, — Lorrie reading aloud from the morning paper, and

Mrs. Gilbert constructing the first of a series of fine outing-flannel nightshirts which she was confident she could make better and infinitely cheaper than the men's haberdashers. It was strange how quickly the household had adjusted itself to the idea of illness. Bob lay there quietly, comfortably, not looking so very sick. I am not sure that there was not an obscure content somewhere in the depths of his mother's heart to have him at home at last and secure; it was hard to believe that he could not go on forever in this state, being cared for, petted, watched over; she was almost happy as she planned his nightshirts.

As they sat there, they heard the bell ring, and heard the servant's footsteps going through the hall and some low-voiced talk at the front door. 'There's the postman,' Bob said. But some one came, apparently with an anxious caution, into the sitting-room, which opened with a long window on the porch; and directly their maid spoke from the door. 'It's a lady to see you, Miss Lorrie. She did n't give any card. She just said she wanted to see you,' said the girl.

Lorrie put down the newspaper, and rose with a faint grimace. 'They're always coming in like that, on tiptoe and holding their breath, as if—as if—Can't they *see* that the real kindness would be to behave as if nothing were the matter?' she said to herself impatiently. She went into the room, which was darkened by the vines and roof outside, and, making out only a silhouette of the visitor standing in an uncertain attitude by the door, spoke with a cheerfulness that, had she known it, was almost as artificial as the other's labored solicitude. 'How do you do? I can't see who it is; everything looks all black and green, coming in here out of the light — but how do you do, anyhow!' said Lorrie, gayly. 'Is it

Mrs.—?" Her lips stiffened on the words; she had gone up quite close to the other, but stopped stock-still with her hand yet outstretched.

"I guess you were n't expecting to see me," said Paula. She looked at Lorrie's hand, advanced her own awkwardly, then withdrew it and began to fumble with the clasps and chains of two or three silver trifles that dangled from her wrist — a purse, lorgnette, and what not. She shifted her parasol to the curve of her other arm, and pulled at the edge of her veil, glancing around the room with a kind of cringing resolution. 'I knew you'd be surprised to see me,' she repeated; 'I did n't suppose you'd want to, but I — I came, anyhow, Lorrie.'

'Don't speak so loud,' said Lorrie.

'I won't — I did n't mean to —' said Paula, faltering and shrinking.

'My brother is just outside the window. I don't want him to hear you suddenly. He's very sick,' said Lorrie, more gently.

'I know. I knew he was sick. I don't want to see him. I did n't come to see him,' Paula whispered hastily and urgently; she even retreated a step in visible fright. 'I don't want to see him. I came to see you, Lorrie.'

On a common impulse, they moved a yard or so farther away, into the hall. In the stronger light Paula examined the other half furtively, half openly, with a strangely mixed expression combining fear, curiosity, bravado, and something that might almost have been construed as regard. Her accurately fashionable dress, her little groomed and petted body with all its good points so carefully cherished and exhibited, noticeable enough elsewhere, somehow lost all distinction and significance in Lorrie's presence, and she herself seemed dimly to realize it, but without envy.

'Lorrie Gilbert, you have n't changed

a bit — not a speck!' she declared; 'my, I wish I had your complexion! It's the way you live, I suppose. Tell you, N'Yawk'll get away with anybody's looks, no matter how careful they are.'

'Hush! Bob will hear you,' Lorrie warned her again, and drew the door shut.

'Oh, you don't think he could, do you? I hope *not*. I — I don't want to see him, Lorrie,' said Paula, in a panic. 'I heard he was going to die — I don't want to see him. It's true, is n't it?'

'Yes, it's true,' Lorrie said. As she surveyed Paula, she found herself on a sudden thinking of her with all the old tolerance and pity. Poor Paula, poor dull creature with her vanity, her petty shrewdness, her unconscious brutality, her woefully cheap morals, poor Paula! It was like her to be afraid of Bob because he was dying, like her to come here to this house that was associated with an experience so shameful that no other woman could have even thought of it, much less seen it, without an invincible shrinking. Merciful Heaven! she had not entered it thus since that day, nearly ten years before, when Lorrie had taken her, sick and sorry, back to the hotel; she had not even seen Lorrie since the marriage. Here she stood, uneasy, ingratiating, not really callous, not really coarse, only immutably self-absorbed.

'Can't we go somewhere and talk, where he can't hear us?' Paula questioned; 'I'd love to have a good long talk with you, Lorrie. I came because I wanted to talk to you.'

'We can go upstairs to my room —'

'Well, are you sure he won't hear us? I don't want him to know I'm here,' said Paula, a little timorously. 'He looked awfully badly the other day. Did he tell you he had seen me? Did he say anything about me?'

'Yes, he said you were at the hotel. He said you were traveling for a firm of ladies' tailors,' said Lorrie, leading the way.

'Well, he did n't get it quite right, but that was near enough, for a *man*, I guess. Hello, it's your same old room!'

Lorrie silently brought forward a couple of chairs, but the other did not at once sit down. Instead, she flitted lightly about the room, inspecting and commenting on the pictures and bits of ornaments, new and old, the wallpaper, the curtains, the pincushion —

'I see you're doing that eyelet-work; that's your own work, is n't it? I've got a friend that does the most simply gorgeous Irish crochet. She's got her bureau-scarfs all made of it, and a handkerchief-bedspread, the squares all put together with Irish insertion, and pink China-silk lining showing through — perfectly elegant. The same thing would have cost forty-five dollars at McCutcheon's; I priced one. Say, you've changed your desk, have n't you? Did n't it use to be over there by the mantelpiece? Oh!' She paused by the desk, picking up a photograph in a silver frame that Lorrie always kept standing in the middle of the little shelf; her voice changed slightly as she said, 'That's *him*, is n't it, Lorrie? Is n't it Mr. Cortwright?'

'Yes.'

Paula carefully relaxed her smart, tightly drawn, dotted white veil, and pushed it up, and studied the picture for a long while. 'It's in that Rough Riders' uniform. He must have had it taken just before he went to the war.' She turned it over and read aloud, "*Dearest, from Phil.*"' Her face twitched momentarily. Then she set the frame down again. 'Law me, what fools everybody is when they're real young!' she said musingly. And there was a silence in the little room for half a minute.

Paula went to the glass and readjusted her veil with care. She sat down deliberately, facing Lorrie; and when she spoke, Lorrie noticed a certain assurance and maturity in her manner that had been lacking at the first. Nobody would conceive of a New York *corsetière's* establishment as a school for the development of character; yet one cannot become Madame Clarice, head saleswoman of a fashionable importing house, without having acquired some poise, initiative, and understanding of one's neighbor.

'Lorrie,' Paula went on, 'I suppose you may think it's funny my coming to see you this way, after everything that's happened. But I wanted to see you. I always liked you, Lorrie. I liked you even when I hated you — if you know what I mean. Girls are so funny.'

Lorrie had no declaration or confession to make in return; she sat without answering, scarcely even surprised.

'You don't hold it up against me, about Bob, do you? You don't hold that against me?' said Paula, with unexpected earnestness.

'You mean your being married to him? Why no, Paula. How could I dislike you, or feel any resentment against *you* about that?' said Lorrie, startled and distressed. 'Bob did you a dreadful wrong. The first thing we all thought of was that he must set it right. It does n't make any difference that he's my brother. We — I've never thought of such a thing as blaming *you* for it.'

'Well, I'd have hated it, if I'd been in your place,' said Paula, honestly. 'Why, I even hated the whole thing at the time, but I could n't help myself.' She leaned forward and spoke with emphasis. 'You know, Lorrie, there's one thing I've always wanted you to know, only I never had a chance to tell you, and somehow I could n't write it.

I never was good at writing; and I was afraid I could n't say it so you'd believe me. But it's just this: if I'd been left to myself, I'd never have hooked on to Bob Gilbert that way. I'd never have done it in this wide world. It was Momma that did it. I told her afterwards, often and often, that it did n't need to have been done at all. If I could have known beforehand that the baby was going to die — you knew it was born dead —?

Lorrie uttered a sound of assent. She could not have spoken articulately.

'If I could only have known that beforehand, I would n't ever have hooked on to Bob. There would n't have been any particular use, you see. Momma and I could just have gone away from here and come back again, and nobody would have been one bit wiser. I kept thinking: What am I going to do with that baby? And as it turned out, I did n't need to bother at all!'

Lorrie gazed at her, dumb. She was conscious with horror of a desire to laugh, yet there was a sob in her throat. Oh, it was too grotesque, it was too pitiable! About Paula's intention there was a crooked fairness immeasurably pathetic; yet by every word she said Lorrie felt all womankind to be humiliated and debased.

'If I could only have known, I would n't have let Momma rope him into getting married. But I did n't know. I could n't tell the baby was going to die,' Paula said over again; 'you believe me, don't you, Lorrie?' she asked, in earnest apology.

'Of course I believe you, Paula,' said Lorrie, with difficulty. The tears stood in her eyes.

Paula sat back with a long breath. 'I always wanted you to know. When the baby was born, and they found it was dead, that was the first thing I thought of. I thought: There now, all

the fuss was for nothing! Well, I did the best I could. I went to a lawyer, and got him to tell me what was the best way to get a divorce without having any talk, or having to tell anything. I had to pay him a lot, too. So I took his advice and waited three years, and then got it, you know; and I told the other lawyers that I wanted it fixed so that your brother could marry again if he wanted to, same as myself. I don't know whether they did it or not, but that's what I told 'em, anyway. And I want to say, Lorrie, that your brother's always been as nice a little gentleman as anybody'd want to know. He's *all right*, and I want you to know I think so.'

Lorrie had a sensation as of a person groping vainly in some unlit labyrinth. She had reached a point where she could not follow the processes of Paula's mind; at every turn some stone wall of complete incomprehensibility baffled her. Surely any other woman in Paula's position would have either hated Bob or loved him; it was incredible that she could pronounce him, with this obvious friendly conviction, 'all right.' It was incredible, but it was so!

'Now you tell me something about yourself,' said Paula, shifting her ground with surprising suddenness. 'I thought you'd be married by this time. Why did n't you, Lorrie?' She spoke with energy; it had the effect of an accusation, rather than an inquiry.

'I did n't want to. I don't want to,' Lorrie answered, gathering herself together after a moment's effort.

The other eyed her sharply. 'You've had some more offers, have n't you?' she demanded; 'I guess they don't come along so thick as they used to; but you've held your looks pretty well, Lorrie. I bet you've had some more offers. Don't that Mr. Kendrick want to marry you still? He used to.'

'Why — I — he — he —'

'I knew he did,' said Paula, triumphantly. 'Why don't you take him? He's always been crazy about you, and he must be pretty well fixed now. Of course, it's all right to keep a man hanging around for a while, so's he won't ever get to feeling sure of you,' she interpolated liberally; 'but you don't want to take *too* long about it. Men are kind of queer, and he *might* get tired of waiting, and go off to some body else.'

'You don't understand. I don't want to marry any one. I shall never marry any one. And I will ask you not to talk to me any more about it, Paula. You know I don't like you to,' said Lorrie, fairly incensed.

Paula, however, looked at her flushed and mortified face quite unmoved.

'I guess you think I've got my nerve,' she commented dispassionately. 'Suppose I told you that was one of the things I came here to see you about? To ask about you and Kendrick, I mean. Suppose I told you that, what'd you say?'

'I would tell you that it was a great piece of impertinence!' said Lorrie, at the end of her self-command. She tried to steady herself. 'It seems as if you can't be *made* to understand that this is n't a mere pretence with me. I *mean* it when I tell you I don't like it. It's an insult to Mr. Kendrick and myself both. He —' She choked; all at once she found herself angered to the point of tears on Van Cleve's account. He was *above* being gabbled about this way; above all this contemptible gossip about getting tired of waiting, and going off to some one else!

Paula, on the other hand kept her temper admirably; she had always been of an equable disposition, and doubtless the years she had spent catering to M. Levi Bloch's customers had taught her the value of a surface amiability, at any rate. 'Maybe it *is* an im-

pertinence. Maybe who you marry or don't marry is none of my business,' she said tranquilly; and rose with well-controlled movements. 'But I'll tell you one thing, Lorrie Gilbert, if you're holding off and meaning to die an old maid because of *him* —' she pointed with a negligent gesture of her parasol to the photograph of Lorrie's dead lover which was impassively witnessing this scene, from its stand on the desk — 'if it's because of *him*, you're making the mistake of your life. Would he have done it for you? Not much! *Not much*; he would n't have! Why, you were only one of a dozen with him. If you'd been married, you'd have found out about Phil Cortwright. He'd have got tired of you in a month —'

'Paula, *stop!* How dare — how can — how —' Lorrie's voice failed in stark anger. She could not get out another word; her whole frame trembled. She darted to the desk and snatched the photograph up, holding it against her breast with a fierce movement. She hardly knew what she was doing, save defending her most sacred memories against this sacrilegious voice and presence.

'If you scream out that way, your brother or somebody will hear,' said Paula, disturbed for the first time. She lowered her voice, glancing towards the door. 'He would n't want me to tell you, anyhow. He made me promise not to. But what does a promise like that amount to? I was in such a fix I'd have sworn black was white!'

She went closer to Lorrie and whispered something with a sort of cold vehemence.

Although she heard, Lorrie for a second did not understand; the words beat idly about her ears like the fluttering of a bat's wings at night. Paula spoke again; and then Lorrie gave a wild and inarticulate sound of denial. 'No, no!' — she gasped; and stared

speechlessly at the other, her color slowly fading.

'It's the *truth*. My God, Lorrie, don't look that way! I can't help it now. It's the *truth*.' Paula's own face showed ashen-gray through all her paint; the effort she was making taxed all her meagre reserves of character; but she spoke with a force of voice and manner that vanquished doubt.

'What call would I have to come here and lie to you? It's the *truth*. I can prove it. I've got letters from him. I can prove it if you don't believe me. Or you can go and ask your brother. Ask your brother, and see what he says.'

Lorrie made a negative motion with her head; she tried to speak with lips that moved as if of lead. The picture slid out of her hands to the floor. Paula seized her arm with an exclamation.

'Goodness, Lorrie, don't faint, whatever you do! For mercy's sake, don't faint! Somebody will come up here to see what's the matter, and then we'll have a *time*. Here, what do you take when you feel sick? Have n't you got any whiskey? What's that on the wash-stand? If it was ammonia, it might do. Gracious, I don't know what to do!' She held to Lorrie's elbow, gazing about in utter perplexity and helplessness. 'I never could do anything for any person that was sick. Would you like some water? I can get some if you'll tell me where it is,' she suggested uncertainly, as Lorrie slowly lapsed into a chair.

'No. Never mind.' Lorrie put up her hand to her forehead, and felt the chilly moisture beading there, with dull wonder. She drew herself upright, with an inconceivable effort, clutching at the ledge of the desk. Paula sat down opposite, surveying her uneasily.

'It's the *truth*'—she was reiterating, when Lorrie unsteadily raised one hand.

'I believe you,' she said.

For an instant, Paula seemed almost frightened at the ease of her victory; then she began volubly and eagerly. 'I expect you think it's funny about your brother. Well, it *is* funny. Because he never touched me. Bob Gilbert never touched me, he never had anything to do with me. I'm telling you God's truth, Lorrie. It was the other all the time. I was a fool, of course. I thought it was because of me he was coming here all the time, making out he was calling on *you*. I thought it was to get a chance to see me outside the hotel, you know. And don't you remember how he used always to take me home? I believed everything he told me. I guess you know how that was yourself. You believed him, too. We used to meet other places. I did n't know he was engaged to you, or thinking of it, till — till after everything had happened, and I — I was in that awful fix. Oh, I was a fool all right! I bet I was n't the first one he'd fooled either —'

'Don't!' said Lorrie, faintly. And Paula, looking into her face, was obediently silent. After some time, Lorrie said: 'Bob — ?'

'I never put it on him. Lorrie, I would n't have thought of *him* — why — why — I just would n't have thought of *him*!' cried out the other, violently earnest. 'I tell you Bob never came near me *that way*, and I never said he did. It was Momma. When I owned up to her what was the matter with me, she acted clean crazy. She kept tormenting me to know who the man was, and when I would n't tell her, she kept asking, "Is it *him*?" "Is it *him*?" one man's name after another, till she'd gone over all the men we knew. I kept saying, "No, it ain't. I'm not going to tell you who it was!" And then something in the way I said it made her think it was your brother, and she got

up and went off like a flash to your house and I could n't stop her.'

'She told us it was Bob. We believed it,' said Lorrie, her face contracting. 'We ought n't to have been so quick to believe it about him. I can see that now. But afterwards, why did he — ?' She looked at the other mutely questioning.

'That's what *I* could n't make out, when you wrote you'd got hold of him down there in Cuba, and he was going to come home with you and marry me. *I could n't* make it out; *I could n't think* why he did it! It looked like he was crazy too!' said Paula, sincerely; 'I had been expecting the real truth would come out when you got hold of your brother. At least you'd know it was *n't him*. But I did n't care much. I was feeling too awfully. There was n't any use *my* telling. *He* — the other one — the real one, you know — ' for some reason she shrank from pronouncing Cortwright's name again — '*he* would n't come back here and marry me. I'd written to him. Oh, yes, he *knew*. I'd told him — I'd written him over and over again. But he was through with me, that was all. He did n't care what became of me. He knew I would n't ever tell; he knew I'd be afraid to. And then he got shot, so that settled it anyhow. Then your brother came home, and your father brought him down to Clarksburg, that little place in Indiana where Momma and I were. I was glad it was just your father and mother that came; I did n't want to see *you*. They got a minister and a license right off. Before we were married, though, everybody went away and left your brother and I alone together — I suppose they thought we'd want to do some love-making,' said Paula, dully ironical; 'anyway they left us alone in the room. I said to him, "What are you doing it for?" Just like that. I could n't think of anything else. He knew

what I meant, of course. He said, "I found out about you and Cort. It was an accident — I did n't mean to — but I found out. I've got all those letters you wrote him. Here they are. You better burn 'em up."

'Then I said again: "But what are you doing it for?" He said: "I don't want my sister ever to know. It would kill Lorrie. You must promise me you won't ever tell Lorrie." He said more, but I forgot what it was now; it was about the same, I guess. He was afraid for you to know. So I promised him, and we were married.'

Lorrie heard her with a sharp pang of contrition. She really had no cause for self-reproach; her affection for her brother, her kindness, her forbearance, had been as constant as the sunlight. And about Bob's own self-sacrifice there had been nothing commendable, nothing heroic; it was merely foolish. Lorrie recognized that. Nevertheless it was with an aching regret that she cast back over all the years that they had condemned and misjudged him. 'Oh, poor, poor Bob! I would n't have died of it. People don't die of things like that,' she said. The idol she had served and cherished lay in fragments at her feet; but strangely enough, Lorrie faced the spectacle with far less pain than that with which she thought of Robert and his generous folly. How could they ever have believed it of him in the first place? It was clean out of his character, could n't they have *seen* that? she asked herself in futile sorrow and impatience. She wanted to go and get down on her knees and beg Bob to forgive her.

'Well, anyway, he did n't want you to know,' Paula said, answering her last words. 'After we were married he stayed around about a month, just for the looks of the thing, you know. But nobody ever suspected, even Momma, though she was right with us. I guess

you remember about his being taken with his lungs, and having to go to Colorado — you remember when that was? We've scarcely ever seen each other since. But he was always a perfect gentleman, Lorrie. He never said another word to me about *him*, nor threw it at me what I'd done, nor anything, not even when he was drunk.'

There was another long silence. Paula began arranging her gloves and veil preparatory to departure, and at last rose, shaking out her skirts with careful, preening fingers.

'Well, that's all. I guess I'll be moving,' she announced; and as Lorrie did not speak, paused, looking at her with renewed uneasiness and suspicion. 'Of course I have n't got any of the letters *he* wrote with me. I don't take 'em around when I'm on the road. But I can send and have 'em sent to you. They're all in my desk in the flat in N'Yawk. I'll send for 'em if you don't believe me, Lorrie.'

'I don't want to see them,' said Lorrie.

'You really don't need to, anyhow. You can just ask your brother,' Paula advised practically; 'it can't harm him now to know that you know all about it. He's too far gone. When I saw him the other day, I don't know how it was, but it just came over me that I ought to tell you. He's going to die, and I could n't help hating to think of Bob Gilbert dying and his folks still thinking that about him. I don't know why, but I just could n't bear the idea,' said Paula, stopping a moment to consider this phenomenon. 'And besides, I heard you were n't married yet, and I thought to myself, "I bet I know why!" And you know, Lorrie, it did seem to me too silly for you to give up that way, because of *him*. It seemed like you ought to know about him. Well, good-bye. Oh my,

excuse me! I've stepped right square on it! Is the frame broken? Why, is n't that awful! Do excuse me! I did n't see it.'

'It's no matter,' Lorrie said in an expressionless voice. After Paula had gone, she went with slow steps back to the room and picked up the broken photograph and the glass which the other's high French heel had ground to crumbs, and sat awhile, thinking of her destroyed illusions with a kind of compassion. Suddenly she felt that what she had just heard was no revelation; it was something she had always dimly known and tried with a pitiful defiance to keep herself from knowing. She viewed herself in a strange detachment. That girl who had been engaged to Philip Cortwright, that poor thing who had had to learn of his death in so cruel a way, who had kept faith with him all these years, who had resolutely turned away from other devotion — that woman had loved her hero; but she had never trusted him. There was a side of his life, a side of his character, she had steadily refused to see; yet she knew it was there all the time — oh, she knew it! Lorrie remembered with ineffable shrinking, having recited to herself the common, petty bit of feminine cynicism that all men — How could she ever have pretended to believe that? Why, their poor Bob, poor dull, weak, self-indulgent, characterless Bob, was too strong, too decent for *that!*

Hot humiliation suffused her anew. She got up with a violent movement, and went to her desk.

A while later, Mrs. Gilbert came upstairs to answer the telephone; she paused at the threshold, and, glancing in, exclaimed aloud, 'Lorrie! You're not building a fire? It's not cool enough yet for *that!*'

'No, I'm only burning some things,' said Lorrie. She was sitting before the

hearth with her chin in her hand, staring at the dying embers.

Mrs. Gilbert came farther in, eyeing the dismantled desk.

'Old letters?' she queried innocently. 'It looks as if you had rummaged all the drawers, and cleaned out everything. I thought I smelled smoke. Photographs are slow to burn, are n't they? Why, your mantelpiece is almost bare! You've changed everything — no, here's Van Cleve's picture in the same place. You're not going to burn *that* up, I hope, Lorrie.'

Lorrie looked up. Van Cleve's photograph, one of the few he had ever had taken, had always stood in the middle of her mantelshelf, and stood there now, its harsh features and direct gaze facing her — a homely picture of a homely man. Lorrie's eyes suddenly filled up; to her mother's surprise and alarm, she began to sob heavily. 'No, no, I sha'n't change Van Cleve, Mother — nobody can change Van Cleve. *He'll* always be the same — always, always.'

CHAPTER XXV

THE END OF THE TETHER

Of all the family, Robert himself was the least moved when it was made known that Paula had been there at the house, and the object of her visit revealed. He was surprised and disconcerted, and swore once or twice amiably, under his breath. 'Well, that's the last thing in the world I would have expected! What the mischief did she want to do that for? Oh, yes — yes, it's true. She's gone to work and told the whole thing, so there's no use *my* talking. But what possessed her?' he ejaculated in futile inquiry. His strongest emotion appeared to be a vexed embarrassment, which, however, gave way instantly to

concern on seeing his mother's face.

'Why, Moms, why, what's the matter? Don't cry that way!' he said in distress; 'you could n't help believing it. What else could you think? Wronged? Wronged who? Wronged me? Bosh, you did n't do anything of the kind! It's all right. It did n't make any difference about *me*. I'm a little glad now it's all over to have you know that I'm not that sort of a fellow. I would n't ever have treated any girl that way,' said Bob, earnestly, apparently thinking it necessary to clear up this point. 'I — why, I just would n't have wanted to, you know. I would n't ever have wanted to, that's all! I hoped it would never be known how it really was, on Lorrie's account. Seemed to me that was the least I could do for Lorrie. And I always liked Cort. And he was dead, you know — and you all thought it was me, anyhow —'

'Don't, Bob! And don't say anything more about that man!' Mrs. Gilbert cried indignantly through her tears. 'He was the one that took you away from us in the beginning, and — and led you into doing things you would n't have done by yourself. You know he did. He was a bad man, Bob, I always felt he was, only Lorrie cared for him, and so — But he was a bad man —'

'I liked him, anyhow, Mother. You must n't talk to me about Cort,' Bob interposed with so unwonted a gravity that she broke off, rather frightened. All the doctor's cautions crowded into her mind.

'I don't mean — that is, I —' she stammered, with a sob.

'I know,' said Bob, and took her hand affectionately into his own thin, hot grasp. 'You don't understand how men are sometimes, I believe. Cort and I were pretty good friends, that's all. I think perhaps women are n't ever friends the same way men are. A fel-

low that knows all about you, and likes you in spite of it — that's a friend. Like old Van, you know. He's the best friend I've got — and he knows me like a book!'

'Why, of course, Bob — of course Van Cleve likes you! But that's *different*. It's not the same thing at all!' cried his mother, puzzled, and resentful of this classification; 'you talk about yourself as if you were — as if you were —'

'No good? Well, I'm not!' Bob said easily; 'at least I have n't been up to now. But thank the Lord it is n't too late! This last attack has been a good lesson to me, Moms. I mean to brace up. When I get well and get out of this bed, you're all going to see a big change in me. There's room for it. I'm going to brace up and *work* and — and make something of myself!' The face he turned towards her was full of enthusiasm; he looked, for a fugitive instant, like a boy again.

'Lorrie says Van Cleve ought to know about this, too,' Mrs. Gilbert said after a while; 'she wanted you to tell him.'

'Van? Oh, I don't know. He does n't mind. I don't see why he need be told,' said Robert with indifference; 'however, if Lorrie wants me to — And, after all, Van took a deal of trouble going down there to Cuba to get me, and I suppose he has a right to know about it; it can't make any difference to Paula now. She knows that he knew all about her at the time — as much as any of you knew, that is.'

It was, nevertheless, with a certain constraint that they all welcomed Van Cleve when he came, as usual, that evening. Lorrie was not there; she had a headache — she was not well — she had been very much upset by something that had happened in the morning, he was told. Mr. Kendrick's face fell noticeably at the news. He came to

see Bob, it was true; Van would not have considered his day ended without looking in on Bob; the people who called him a skinflint — and he may have become something of a skinflint by this time — would have been dumbfounded could they have seen him in this environment, at the side of this broken-down wreck of a friend. But even with Bob there, the house was empty for Van Cleve without Lorrie, and he could not help showing it. 'She's not going to be sick?' he asked anxiously; 'I mean she'll be all right to-morrow, won't she?' And, though reassured on this point, he was still frowningly occupied with the state of Lorrie's health when the Professor and Mrs. Gilbert, with an unnatural awkwardness of which Van was quite unconscious, got themselves out of the room. Suddenly he found himself alone with Bob, who looked at him apprehensively from the couch.

'You would never guess who was here to-day, Van,' he said hesitatingly. 'It was — well, it was Paula.'

'Paula? You don't mean — ? Paula! Is she here? Here at the house?'

'No, she's at the hotel still. But she came out this morning.'

'To see you?' Van Cleve asked rather blankly. His first thought was that Bob's wife must have wanted to patch up a reconciliation with him, before he died; and he wondered uncomfortably if he himself would be obliged to meet her.

'No, no, I did n't see her. She did n't come to see me. It was Lorrie she wanted to see. She wanted to tell Lorrie something —' Bob went on with the tale haltingly, and not very clearly, as could be judged by the perplexity in his friend's eyes.

Van did not interrupt; he had the gift of not interrupting; but at one stage of the narrative, as Bob paused, he said not without satisfaction, —

'I always thought that girl was a bad lot. Now she tells you the child was n't yours at all, hey? If you'll remember, Bob, I suggested that to you once, but you would n't pay any attention to me. I dare say she had no idea who its father was —'

'No, no, Van Cleve! It was n't *that!* Don't think *that!*' Bob cried out with tragic earnestness, raising himself painfully. 'You've got it all wrong. Don't think a-thing like *that*. You — she — I —' he began to cough pitifully.

'Here, lie down. You know the doctor said you were n't to bear your weight on that side,' said Van Cleve, alarmed. 'Lie down, Bob. Where's that stuff you take? I'll get you some of it. Never mind, you can tell me the rest after a while. You keep quiet now, old man.'

Bob dropped back on the pillows, exhausted, eyeing the other with affection and a certain wonder and confusion of mind, as Van Cleve carefully measured out and administered the medicine, using his big, strong, steady hands with surprising delicacy.

'I can't always make you out, Van,' he said. 'You're so hard sometimes I feel as if talking to you was like dashing myself against a rock. And then again you're — you're so solidly *good!* I can't make you out.'

'Oh, I think I must be about like everybody else,' said Van Cleve, embarrassed. 'You'd better not try to talk any more to-night. It'll keep till next time, won't it?'

But no, it would n't keep, Bob strenuously assured him; so Van Cleve, anxious not to let him excite himself further, sat down again with folded arms, and at last heard the whole.

He sat so long in silence afterwards that Robert, gazing at his overcast face, began to plead with a childish fearfulness. 'Look here, you — you don't think I did wrong, do you, Van?

After all, it was — well, it was worse for me than for anybody else. I was going to tell you the whole truth down there at Siboney, on the boat that morning, you know. I had just found it out from those letters I took off of poor Cort's dead body. I was starting to tell you when it came out that you and all the rest, Lorrie and everybody, thought — thought *I* was the one. I did n't know why Paula fastened it on me; but all at once I saw that I — that — well, that *I* could take the blame perfectly well —'

'I don't see why you should. I don't see what good you expected to do by *that*,' said Van Cleve.

Bob looked at him in helpless appeal. 'I wanted to make it easier for Lorrie, Van. I did it to save Lorrie.'

'To save her from what?' said Van Cleve.

'Why, Van Cleve, you know what I mean. Why, you gave me the most awful roast at the very time for the way I'd treated Lorrie — what I'd made her go through — what she'd had to stand for me. And I knew it was all true; you did n't put it one bit too strong, I knew that. I deserved every word of it. I just thought of Lorrie worrying around over a dead beat like me — poor Lorrie sitting there all alone in Tampa, crying her heart out — and Phil in his grave! I thought I could afford to do that much for Lorrie, after all she'd done for me. I thought I could save her *that* anyhow.'

'Save her what?' said Van Cleve again. He got up and walked twice or thrice up and down the room, while the other's troubled gaze followed him. 'Do you know you've let Lorrie waste nearly ten years of her life — ten of her best years in devotion to the memory of that cheap seducer — that mean, flimsy, sensual —' He caught sight of Bob's face, and stopped. 'Very well, I won't say anything more

about him, only that you yourself must know in your heart, Bob, that he was n't worth a minute of it. She'd have wasted all the rest of her time, if this Jameson woman had n't come here and let her know the truth about him at last. You call that saving Lorrie? I don't, Bob.'

'I know — I know — I've sometimes felt it was n't all right somehow — when I saw the way she felt,' said Bob, tremulously; 'but I could n't possibly know it was going to turn out that way. I could n't tell what was going to happen. I did n't stop to think that far ahead — I did n't have time to.' He paused, collected himself, and went on in a firmer and more assured voice: 'And anyhow, Van Cleve, I want to ask you this: if *you* had known about it — about Cortwright and Paula — what would you have done? Would you have told Lorrie?'

Van Cleve halted abruptly in his tramping. 'Me? It's not a question of me, or what I'd have done, or not have done,' he said angrily, defiantly, uneasily.

'But *would* you?' persisted the other.

'I — I — well then, no, I would n't have!' shouted Van Cleve; 'it's not my habit to go running around, telling stories about dead men, or blabbing other peoples' secrets. I'd take somebody that could talk back. But you're different — I mean you were in a different position — I mean —' He halted again, floundering.

'Well, then, you see how it was — you see how I felt?' Robert said hopefully. And he went on explaining, piteously earnest. 'Of course I know it would n't have been exactly the same for you as it was for me, Van. You're in a different position, as you say. That's the only thing that has worried me. I sometimes felt as if it was n't right when — when I saw how Lorrie felt. And I've always been hoping

that Lorrie would get over it, and then you and she —'

'I was n't thinking about that,' said Van Cleve, fiercely. Even as he uttered the words, he became suddenly aware that that was precisely what he had been thinking in some inner recess of his mind. His face flushed darkly; he went and sat down by Bob's cot again.

'I suppose that was really at the bottom of what I said just now,' he said, humiliated. 'Not that Lorrie would marry me, anyhow, you know, Bob. But I might have had a better chance. I did n't mean to be rough with you. I know you were doing it for the best. I think now we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves because we were so ready to be deceived — so ready to think evil of you. It must have been hard for you to stand, Bob. There are people that don't think any too well of *me*; I know how you must have felt.'

'No, you don't, because you are n't like me,' Bob retorted with a curious and touching lightness. 'It never did make much difference to me, Van — just once in a while, you know. It would have been hard for a man like you — I can understand that. But *me* — why, it did n't matter so much. Sometimes I've thought I'd like to have all of you know how it really happened. But you see I'd given all of Paula's letters back to her, so I couldn't prove anything. And I was n't going to call on *her* for proof; and none of you would have believed me, if I'd sworn to the truth up and down. So I had to let things go as they were.'

He offered this explanation with a simplicity that cut the other to the quick; yet Van Cleve knew that none of them had ever been consciously unjust or merciless to Bob. They had all tried their best to do what was right, and the result was a miserable muddle, wherein everybody was somehow more or less in the wrong! 'Why, I would

have believed you, Bob,' he said huskily; 'we would all have believed you. Your bare word would have been enough at any time. What put that notion into your head?'

'Would you, Van Cleve?' said Bob, pleased; 'well, that's good to hear. People generally have n't got very much use for me, you know, and what I say does n't go very far with them.'

Van Cleve went away from the house, feeling oddly as if one important chapter in the lives of every one of them must be closed; indeed, it was not a chapter of Bob's life, it was the whole book that was nearing the end. 'If there is a Judge anywhere, He must be hard put to it to know what to do with a soul like Bob's. But you might say that of all of us — all of us,' Van mused, with no irreverence, in spite of the everyday words in which he clothed his thought. He began to recall the first days of their friendship — oh, those two lads with their dreams, their foolish, splendid dreams! And now Bob was dying, and Van was on the highroad to forty, and the hair was graying on his temples; his pockets, that had been so empty, were full nowadays, but his heart — perhaps best not talk about that. Then he found himself thinking of Cortwright, thinking, as he realized with a sort of passive wonder, without enmity. He could not cherish rancor now; Lorrie knew. She knew him now, with all his shabby sins and follies; it seemed to Van the most bitter and complete of punishments for Cortwright, alive or dead. Alive or dead, Van could wish him nothing worse. If he had been of a fanciful turn of mind, Van Cleve might have pictured Cortwright's wraith, that had walked by Lorrie's side, and beckoned her with its chill, shadowless hand, and interposed reproachfully between himself and her, all these long years — I say Van Cleve might have

made a fine picture of that wretched presence going shuddering off into darkness and oblivion and its own dismal hell of memories. But as it was, he only hoped in honest and prosaic terms that she would get over the shock of the revelation soon, and that it would n't pain her too much, and — and that she would begin to think of him a little now.

During the succeeding weeks Bob's case progressed as had been foretold, with faint rallies, alternating with imperceptibly accelerated declines. The family could not hide it from themselves; yet Mrs. Gilbert still worked away at coverlids and bed-shoes and little sick-room conveniences; they still talked of next spring, next month, next week. It was habit. Robert had been a care to them so long, in one way or another, that they could not envisage a future without him, a time when he would no longer be on their minds to be loved, excused, petted, shielded. He himself was never plaintive, never fretful; and the end, when it came, was mercifully quick and quiet.

Van Cleve, at his office, was called to the telephone one morning, towards the end of the winter; he had been at the house the night before and had left Bob feeling better than for days, quite gay, and laughing over the comic papers some one had sent him. It was an instant before Van recognized Lorrie's voice, begging him to come out, in a hurried and frightened tone; Bob had had a good night; but somehow they did not think he looked so well this morning; he had been wishing Van Cleve would come; he seemed not to realize that it was daytime — early in the day; they had sent for the doctor —

Van Cleve got into his overcoat and hurried out; the winter day was dingly thawing, with a wan sky overhead, and the streets in a discolored slush. Van met the doctor picking his way down

the Gilberts' unswept steps, between the treacherous, sliding lumps of ice and snow; they spoke together for a moment. Lorrie was waiting, and drew him into the hall. She was not crying, but her face trembled as she began to speak in a guarded voice. 'The doctor told you, did n't he? He has just seen Bob — he says it may be any time now. It's so strange — we thought Bob was better for a little while this morning. And then all at once — no, he's quite right in his head, he'll know you, it's nothing of that kind. He's just like himself, and does n't seem to be in any pain either. But, oh, Van Cleve, poor Bob — it's such a pity — it's always been such a pity!' She stifled a sob against the front of his rough ulster which he had got half off; Van stroked her shoulder in an awkward, comforting caress.

He followed her into the sick-room.

Bob was lying there, propped on his pillows in the bright, fresh, pretty place they managed always to keep about him, looking somehow a little different from the way he had last night, as Van swiftly noted, but certainly no worse. Van Cleve went up to the bed, where the father and mother drew aside for him, and sat down close beside it, taking the other's hand; he said with that false heartiness that seems as if it never should deceive anybody, least of all the person for whom it is intended—Van said, 'Well, Bob, how are you coming on, hey?'

Bob raised his head a little and looked at him with his old, sweet, boyish smile, confiding and gay. 'Why, I'm about even, Van, old fellow!' he said. His head dropped back with so gentle and natural a movement, it was a full minute before any of them saw that he was dead.

(*The End.*)

EVOE!

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"*Many are the wand-bearers, few are the true bacchanals.*"

I

MANY are the wand-bearers;
Their windy shouts I hear,
Along the hillside vineyard,
And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
The ivy-wreathen spear.
But the God, the true Iacchus,
He does not hold them dear.

II

Many are the wand-bearers,
 And bravely are they clad;
 Yes, they have all the tokens
 His early lovers had.
 They sing the master-passions,
 Themselves unsad, unglad;
 And the God, the true Iacchus —
 He knows they are not mad!

III

Many are the wand-bearers;
 The fawn-skin bright they wear;
 There are among them mænads
 That rave with unbound hair.
 They toss the harmless firebrand —
 It spends itself in air:
 And the God, the true Iacchus,
 He smiles — and does not care.

IV

Many are the wand-bearers.
 And who (ye ask) am I?
 One who was born in madness,
 “Evoe!” my first cry —
 Who dares, before your spear-points,
 To challenge and defy;
 And the God, the true Iacchus,
 So keep me till I die!

V

Many are the wand-bearers.
 I bear with me no sign;
 Yet, I was mad, was drunken,
 Ere yet I tasted wine;
 Nor bleeding grape can slacken
 The thirst wherewith I pine;
 And the God, the true Iacchus
 Hears now this song of mine.

A SHEPHERD OF ARCADIA

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; —the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence, — this is Greece!

RENNELL RODD

I

LAMBRO the shepherd had come down from the hills of Poros to the village, as he usually did on Sunday mornings. Under his long frieze cape he carried two little new-born kids, one under each arm. He had been told that a woman near the Rock of the Cross wanted them, and he was on his way to see if it were so. After that, when he should be free of his burden, he could exchange a few words with the men at the coffee-house and buy his provisions for the coming week, before returning to his sheep and goats in the *stani* high up on the hills, far above Boudouri's monument.

Lambro was not a Poriole, but he was better known in the village than many a native. Old Louka who has the boats, Petro the hunchback shoemaker, and Kyr Apostoli the baker, all wished him good-day as he limped past, and even Kyr Vangeli the schoolmaster stopped in the midst of an animated political discussion with the doctor, to call out, 'Health to you, Lambro.'

For twenty years now, ever since he had been a weakly child of seven, lamed long before that by the kick of a mule, Lambro had made the journey backward and forward from Valtetsi, his native village in Arcadia, to Poros, twice a year, with the flocks and the other shepherds.

Other changes might happen in the island, other customs fall into disuse, but from time immemorial the day of Saint Demetrius in October sees the shepherds and their flocks arrive in Poros and on the mainland opposite, for the winter months; and Saint George's day in April, when Summer is close at hand, sees them start on their return to Arcadia. They come with their flocks, with their big fierce sheep-dogs and their strong little horses laden with the long poles for building the winter huts on the top of the hills, and the goat's-hair cloths which are thrown over the poles to form the roof and the walls; laden also with cocks and hens and chickens, as well as with all the primitive household utensils. They come, old men and young men, with their women and their children, from the big ones who can run and shout and help the dogs to keep the flocks together, to the babes slung in their leathern cradles over their mothers' shoulders. They come in long straggling procession, some riding, some walking, some laden, some free; old women carrying in their arms new-born lambs which cannot keep up with the rest; young men striding along with their bright colored 'tagaria'; and before the mind's eye rises unbidden the picture of the patriarchs of old, at the head of their tribe, moving with their tents and their flocks and 'all their substance' toward the land of Gilead.

Lambo's mother had died at his birth, and his father had been acci-

dentially shot before that, so he had never made the journey as an infant, but his uncles brought him along with the rest as soon as he could be of any use, and he remembered his old grandmother carrying him on her back when he was stiff from riding so long on the mule in their six days' journey from Valtetsi, over the hills and the plains of Arcadia and Argolis.

As he grew older he grew stronger; the simple life always under the open sky, the good air of the hills, the strong race of which he came, all helped him, and by the time he was twelve years old, his uncles found him as useful as any lad of his age, in fact more so, Nature having gifted him with good brains and a good memory. He always limped very perceptibly, and at first the other lads used to tease him mercilessly about his crooked walk, but as time passed, they had thought it wise to leave him alone. If his leg was lame, his arms were strong! Now, at twenty-seven, in his short linen kilt, so like the tunic of the ancients, with a red cotton handkerchief knotted round his dark head, long-limbed and broad-shouldered, he was a fine man, though a 'marked one' as he would say of himself with bitterness.

He had disposed of his kids, and was crossing the open market-place, when he met a woman in a black gown, with a black kerchief over her head, carrying a bundle of herbs in one hand and a small bottle of *retsinato* wine in the other. He looked at her, hesitated for a second, and then came to a sudden stop before her.

'Good-day, Kyra Laskarina.'

'Good-day, Lambro.'

'Why in black?'

'For the old man.'

'Bah! When?'

'Last week. We buried him on Tuesday. Did you not see the funeral crossing the Narrow Beach?'

'I was on the other side of the hills that day. And of what did he die?'

'Of nothing; of old age.'

'Was he ill many days?'

'Many days! Why, he was quite well, and sat out in the sun all that same day. Only in the evening he would not eat. I cooked him some *lappa* but he scarcely touched it, and then he would not go to bed. "If I fall," he said, "I may never rise again." So he sat all night in his chair. I kept a little fire in the *manghali* and pulled my mattress there, so as to be near him if he wanted anything. When the day was dawning, he stirred once and said, "Chryssi," — it was my mother-in-law's name you know, — and that was the end. He went out — like a candle.'

'Well, well, he had eaten his bread. Life to you, Kyra Laskarina!'

'I thank you.'

'Your man is well? — And the children?'

'They are well. They salute you.'

'And now that the old man is dead — the girl — your niece —?'

'Francesca?' replied the woman a little sharply, 'She stays with us, of course. Where else should she stay?'

'Of course — of course,' assented Lambro hurriedly; then after a second, 'Now that Easter is past, if you would like any *yaourtzi*, Kyra Laskarina, I have plenty.'

'I thank you; since you are so good, I will send for some; my man likes it.'

'Good-day, Kyra Laskarina.'

'The good hour be with you, Lambro.'

Before he had taken many paces — the heavy lame paces which made the one shoulder dip below the other at each step — a girl holding a black kerchief loosely over her fair hair, ran past, nodding a smiling good-day to him as she went. She joined the woman and disappeared with her under the dark arch leading up to one of the rocky streets

behind the market-place. Lambro turned round and followed her with his eyes as long as she was in sight.

It is true, most men in Poros did the same when she passed them; for Francesca, as they said, was as white as though the sun had never looked at her, and smiling always, and sweet-eyed, and her hair gleamed like ripe corn under her white kerchief, and you could look, and look, and never be satisfied. But Lambro frowned a little as he looked. Who was he to be gazing after a pretty maid? A marked man, a man set apart, — not as the others were. Had he not heard it often enough? Had he not grown up with its echo in his ears? He gave his shoulders a little impatient shake and passed on.

He had never been a man of many words, but the men found he had even less than usual, this fine spring morning, as he sat with them outside Sotiro's coffee-house, before starting back for the hills. 'Had the lambing season been successful this year?' 'Not so bad.' 'He would soon be returning to Arcadia again, would he not?' 'On Saint George's day as usual.' 'His uncles had not come with the rest this year?' 'No; they were too old for the journey now.' 'And he had charge of all their sheep?' 'Yes; it was he. Who else? since God had given them no sons.' 'But some of the sheep must be his own surely?' 'A few.'

At last, when they considered that they had said enough for good manners, they fell to talking of their own village matters: of Yoryi who was returning to America and taking his eldest son with him this time, of strangers who had come to the island for Easter, of the chances of a good oil year, and of Panayoti who had found trouble because he had begun his charcoal-burning without the written permission.

Lambro finished his black coffee, drank his glass of water, got slowly up

from his chair, wished the men good-day and left them. His week's provisions were soon bought and packed in his *tagari*, and it was not yet noon when he left the more populous part of the village behind him, and set out along the quay toward the Narrow Beach and the hills.

In the courtyard, set a little back from the sea-wall, he came upon Viola, the daughter of old Stamo, and her husband Mantho, sitting under the big pine that grows among the mulberries, playing with their little one. They called out good-day to him, and Viola asked him in to see the child, and to feel how heavy it was, but he said it was late and with a gruff, 'May it live to you,' he limped on, his head bent, and his long crook trailing behind him.

II

Up on the hills, on the afternoon of that same day, Lambro sat carving a new head for his *glitsa*, his long curved shepherd's crook. He worked deftly enough, but his imagination did not soar beyond the time-honored design, the head of the very primitive-looking dragon, the scaly body, and the tail curled round and round itself.

His yellow sheep-dog, Mourgo, was stretched on the ground beside him, bruising hosts of tiny spring flowers with his big body and thereby bringing out the aromatic scent of the camomile. The higher slopes, with their velvety, pine-covered outline, rose behind the incline which sheltered the stani. The gray thyme bushes, that constantly recurring *leitmotif* of the Greek hills, were relieved here and there by the vivid green of the dog-onion, and the pink and mauve of the hill-rose bushes rising at this season out of a thick carpet of yellow brown-hearts, of honey-flowers, and of purple grape-hyacinths. The gray goats walked to and fro,

picking and choosing among the fresh green shoots, their bells tinkling as they browsed.

Lambro smiled gravely as he worked, for on the rock beside him, her black kerchief fallen back from her shining hair, her hands clasped loosely on her knees, sat Francesca.

Her aunt had bethought herself of the promised yaourtzi, and Francesca had been sent up to the stani for it. Though early in April, it was hot climbing while the sun was still so high, and Lambro had advised a rest before she began the descent; so, nothing loth, she was resting.

About them was the silence of the heights, the silence which can be felt, the fragrant pine-scented silence, broken only by the liquid sound of the goat-bells, and now and then by the faintplash of a distant oar. Above them, one solitary little white cloud was resting on the uplifted knees of the Sleeper, and below them, very far below, was the sea.

And, oh, the blue of that island sea! The deep, transparent, liquid, purple blue! The blue that spreads as far as the eye can reach, that never turns gray or misty in the distance, nor mingles with the horizon, but ends in a distinct and yet a soft line. A line beyond which those who have eyes that divine, know that the blue goes on and on till it washes the shores of other islands and turns purple where their rocks dip into it.

'So you have lost your grandfather?'

'Yes, it was last week he died.'

'And you grieved much for him?'

'No,' said the girl simply, looking up as she spoke, 'I did not grieve. You see, it is long, now, that he has been as one who is again a child. He sat in the sun and talked to himself all day; often he did not know even us of his house, and you could not tell him anything. Also,

my aunt had much work with him when I was out sewing and could not tend him, and sometimes it made the food late; then, when my uncle came, he would get angry; and that made quarrels and loud talk.'

'Is not your uncle a good man?'

'He is not bad, but he makes much noise and trouble like all men,' answered the girl from the wide experience of her nineteen years. 'Not all, though,' she added after a moment. 'My father — God rest his soul — was different.'

'He was from another place, your father?'

'Yes; he was from Zante. He came to Athens when he was young, and worked at a printing-office. We lived there when I was a child, but when he died, my mother came back here with me to her own people. But the next year she caught cold, when she was washing at the garden over there,' — and Francesca pointed to a spot on the mainland where the trees grow down to the seashore, — 'and in five days — she died!'

'Life to you,' said Lambro.

'I thank you. She had never been ill before. In Athens she was always out washing at the big houses; even to the Palace she went, once! But my father was often ill, and I used to stay at home with him; and though I was but a little maid, he would talk to me, and tell me many things; so many things, that sometimes, now, I fear that I forgot them.'

'What was his name?'

'Marino Bordoni. He showed me a big book once in which there was much writing; and in it he had also written my name, "My daughter Francesca, born on the seventh day of September, at the half hour after nine in the evening."'

'Your father must have been an orderly man.'

'Yes; he kept all his things himself;

and he had much learning; also, he was well born, he came of "a house." His father, and his grandfather before him, had been lettered men; he knew all their names and those from whom they sprung. In Zante, you see, the Turks have never been, and nothing was destroyed, and all the papers and books were kept, so my father knew everything about his "house." He told me that a great many years ago, long before the Revolution even, when the Venetians were still in the islands, the first one of his house who came from Venice and settled in Zante was the son of a man who painted beautiful pictures, much more beautiful than those in the churches, and that a king had asked him to go to his palace and paint some for him! My father said our name, Bordoni, was not written as it is now; that it has changed since then, a little.'

Lambro listened in silence. Ancestors, whether celebrated or not, were unknown luxuries in Poros, and in Valtetsi also. Sometimes one knew one's grandfather's name if he happened to have lived long, or if one were a first son and had been named after him; more often one did not.

"My father," continued Francesca, "often said that if he had had a son, he would have used all the money from the last bit of land which he sold when he left Zante, to give him an education, so that he should bear the name; but I was only a girl; and a little one who died was a girl also. God did not give him a son."

"So he left the money of the land to you?"

"He meant it for my dowry; but when my mother's second brother, my uncle Yanhi, went to America, he begged my father to give it to him, saying that he would make it twice as much; but he died there, and we never saw the money again. So now," and

Francesca heaved a deep sigh, "I have no dowry."

"That is a pity," said Lambro gravely; "your father should not have given the money. If he could help his brother-in-law it was well; but you were his child, and the first duty to women-children is to put aside something for their dowry."

"He did it that greater gain should come," replied Francesca, "and he loved me much, did my father; he tried to teach me many things himself, but my mother was always angry and threw away the books, and made me work in the house."

"That you should learn to be a good housewife, yes," said Lambro, "that is always needful; but it was a sin to throw away the books; learning is good, even for a maid. Why did not your father tell her to cease?"

"My father was as I am; he did not like noise and many words."

Lambro was silent. He came from Valtetsi, and he could not understand that a man should not be able to impose his will on a woman, nor that he should of his own accord abdicate the place of master in his own house, for the sake of peace.

"If my mother had lived longer — God rest her soul — we should have been two to work, and in time we should have put aside something for my dowry; some clothes at least, and perhaps the mattresses, and a chest of drawers; but now there is nothing."

"Your uncle —" began Lambro.

"My uncle can do nothing. I live with him of course, and there will always be a piece of bread and a mattress to lie on, but he is a poor man and he has his own children. For marriage — no — it will not be possible; I shall die a maid."

Lambro seemed to have come to a hard knot in the wood; his short-handled knife went over and over the

same part of the dragon's tail, then it slipped from his hand and fell into a lentisk bush at his feet.

'It is not always needful,' he said slowly at length, 'to have a dowry, when a maid is a joy to look at—' He paused and turned away to reach for his knife; then with his face averted he finished the sentence, 'as you are.'

Francesca laughed a little. 'That is good to hear; but men always want a dowry as well. There is a girl who is staying at Kyra Sophoula's, next door to us; she is a cousin of Yorgi the carpenter, Maroussa's husband; and she came here from Piraeus because she has been ill for a long time, to see if she would be better in the island. Well, she is whiter of skin than I am, and her hair is much fairer; but, for all that, she is to have five thousand drachmæ when she marries, besides all her clothes.'

Lambro was a simple man of the hills, and certainly knew nothing of the far-famed 'Venetian gold' which Francesca had inherited from her remote ancestors, but he was a Greek and certain comparisons came naturally to him.

'Her hair may be fairer,' he said, his head still bent over his work, 'but yours is golden as the sun when it is setting.'

Before she could answer, he laid aside the half-finished crook and rose to his feet. 'Will you not eat?' he added hurriedly. 'It is a long way up here, and the bread is fresh; my cousin's wife in the next stani baked it yesterday.'

Francesca nodded assent.

'It is strange,' she said, 'but I am always hungry.'

'That is a good thing,' approved Lambro; and he laid before her the big black loaf, and yaourtì heaped on a cracked plate; not the ordinary yaourtì of the towns, which is sold in bowls, but the thick creamy yaourtì of

the shepherds, which is hung to drip in bags. He cast a glance at her clean cotton frock, and fetched from his hut an old newspaper which he spread awkwardly enough on her knees, under the plate.

'You have newspapers up here?' she asked with astonishment.

'I get one on Sundays always when I go to the village, and,' he added, with conscious pride in his voice, 'I have also three books in there; of those little ones which are the color of a brick, and cost forty lepta each; they teach you many things.'

'Then *you* also have learning?' said Francesca, as she broke off a piece of the black bread.

'Not much; but the little I have,' touching the leg which was shorter than the other, 'is the only good thing which I owe to this misfortune.'

Francesca dipped her bread into the creamy mass of the yaourtì, and looked up at him with inquiring eyes.

'You see,' he continued, 'I was not as other boys were. Now,—glory be to God,—though I always remain a marked man, still I am strong; I walk crooked, but I walk far, and without weariness. On the first day of the long journey, when we leave Valtetsi in the early dawn, and reach Yéress, where we sleep, at the setting of the sun, some of the others are often weary, for months have passed since they have walked for so many hours; but I am not weary; and when at the close of the fifth day of journeying, we come to the foot of the mountain of Ortholithi over there,' and Lambro pointed to the West, 'I am glad to lie down and sleep,—yes,—but weariness has not overpowered me. But when I was a child, I could not walk and run and climb rocks like the other lads, and they mocked at me.'

Francesca flushed hotly.

'They were bad!' she exclaimed.

'Was it your fault that you could not run?'

'It was not my fault, but it is so with boys always. We had an old schoolmaster in Valtetsi; he was a very old man; he had been a youth in the Revolution; he could scarcely see to read, but he was a good man, and they did not put a younger master in his place. It was always he who carried the flag going and coming from the Doxology on the twenty-fifth of March. Well, this master, Kyr Lazaros they called him, was good to me; he kept me by him when the other lads would not have me, and he taught me many things that they did not have time to learn. I have not much learning — no — but I can read easily, and sometimes up here it is a good thing.'

Francesca stood up and shook the bread crumbs from her dress, then she laid the empty plate on a flat stone beside her. Lambro went on dreamily, his eyes fixed on the hills of the mainland opposite, —

'Sometimes I think that we of Valtetsi know more of those times of the Revolution than others, because of Kyr Lazaros. You see, he did not read about them; he remembered. When he talked we all understood what it meant to have been born in those days, and that those were real troubles, not our childish ones! He talked to us of fleeing from the Turks across the mountains for days and days, of hunger, of wounds, of fear, of women who had to throw their infants over precipices, so that their cries might not betray the hiding-place of all the others.'

Francesca shivered. 'Ah, the unfortunate ones!'

'He made us see what men those were; those who with Kanaris had thought nothing of giving up their lives, and not in fair fight, — for even a Turkish sword can make short work sometimes, — but with the risk of

being blown to little bits by a *bourlotto*, and their fragments strewn to the four winds. Sometimes after school, I remember, the fathers would gather round Kyr Lazaros in the coffee-house, and ask him about those times, and he would answer, "Why need I tell these things? Open the first history book, and you will see it all better than I can say it!" But they did not care for the books, and they would listen to him for hours.'

'Some day,' said Francesca, 'I will come up here again and you will tell me more of the old schoolmaster and of those times. Now I must go down. See, the sun is getting close to the knees of the Sleeper!' And she pointed to where the mountain rose out of a sea which was already taking a golden tint, broken up by long quivering lines of dark green where the pines of the towering rocks above were reflected in it. She tied her kerchief over her hair and looked up at him.

'You sleep in the little hut there?'

'Yes.'

'And the rest? Your cousins and the other shepherds and their wives, where are their huts?'

'Not two gun-shots from here.'

'And you never fear aught at night all alone?'

'What should I fear? It is only in deep winter, when there is great cold, that a wolf ever ventures so low as this; and,' he added, laying his hand on the big head of the dog, who had risen when he rose and stood beside him, 'if he did, Mourgo here would have two words to say to him!'

'I did not think of wolves.'

'Of what, then?'

'They say there are terrible things sometimes at nights; last summer at the big beach where the fig trees grow, they said there was a tall black figure, and sometimes it looked like a man and sometimes it looked like a dog, but

always its eyes shone like fire. Heracles saw it once, and though he made his cross and repeated over and over again, "Holy Virgin be close to me! Christ help me the sinner!" till it disappeared, still when he reached his house he fell on his mattress and was ill for many days. After that, no one would go there when darkness had fallen, and the people who lived near used to scratch the Pentalfa outside their doors at night, so that the black thing should not get in. Some said it was a vampire. Do I know?"

"All those are fables; some one was too lazy to guard his figs after dark, and brought out the tale to frighten away the thieves. You know, "It is fear guards the lonely places."

"It may be," she said, "you have more learning; you know better." Then, stooping, she lifted the little wooden pail, the vethoura of yaourtì in her hand. "Now, I go—Addio, Lambro!"

"The good hour be with you!" he answered, leaning on his crook and looking after her as she slowly began the descent between the lentisk bushes.

He stood there motionless till she was hidden from his sight far below by the pine wood of the red house; and even then he waited till he could distinguish a tiny figure that came out, beyond the wall, on the sea road below.

That night Lambro did not sleep much. He laid himself down in his hut, wrapped up in his cape, as soon as it was quite dark, after the habit of the shepherds, but he was soon afoot again, long before it was time to turn out the sheep for their midnight meal. From the higher slopes of the hills, the night breeze came laden with the aromatic odor of wild herbs, of thyme, of wild mint, of the lavender which grows tall like heather; and nothing broke the stillness but the silent little noises of the night, among the pine trees below. There was no moon, but the starshine

gave almost as much light. It was one of those nights all dark blue and gold, with stars thickly sown over both sky and sea. Many of the larger and brighter planets, with their long shimmering reflections in the silent bay, looked like little moons, and Lambro fell to thinking of what Metro, the one who had studied many things and was now abroad in foreign countries, had once told him of their size: that they were larger than the whole of Greece, some of them even larger than all Europe and America together, and that wise men had said that there were mountains and plains and seas and rivers in them, and even perhaps people. But as he pondered, he shook his head, then spoke his thought out loud to Mourgo for company's sake.

"And even were they large enough, would not their plains and their trees and their people, too, burn up in yonder great light? Eh, Mourgo, my old one? It seems that the learned also have their fables!"

Mourgo shook himself, and probably finding the remark needed acknowledgment, laid his big head on Lambro's knee. Unconsciously the man let his hand fall on the dog's short ears.

"And yet, there are some folk, Mourgo, as far from a poor marked man, as though they lived up there in the stars!"

Mourgo, not being accustomed to caresses, moved his head luxuriously under his master's touch and woo — oo — oof — ed.

And they sat there, under the stars, for a long time, the man and the beast.

III

On the following Sunday, when Lambro went down to the village, he did not see Francesca. She had been ailing, some one said in his hearing, and he loitered about after buying his pro-

visions, in the hope of hearing something further. Twice he went into the small shop which modestly calls itself 'A Little of Everything,' for something which he had forgotten, once into the chemist's for some quinine for his cousin's child in the next stani. He walked up to the fine new school-house with the white columns, and exchanged a few words with Kyr Vangeli who was standing on the steps. Then he returned to the quay and admired a big fish which had just been caught, and which a boy was carrying up to the red house on the hill, by a bulrush strung through its gills. It was said that they were expecting strangers there, from Athens, and were likely to buy it.

Suddenly old Kyra Sophoula who was sitting on the ledge of the fountain, waiting for her pitcher to fill, called out to him, —

'Health to you, Lambro! Why may you be roaming about like an unjust curse this morning?'

He remembered, then, that she lived next door to Francesca; also that she talked less than other old women, and he made up his mind to inquire of her. She looked up at him with a little smile among her many wrinkles. Some old women forgot that they have ever been young, but Kyra Sophoula had a good memory. It was nothing serious at all that ailed the girl, she assured him, just a little fever; who did not have a little fever now and then? It was not as if Francesca had it every day, like Yoryi's cousin, the poor girl from Piraeus.

Lambro had not a bad heart, but just then he did not care at all whether the girl from Piraeus had fever every day or not, if only Francesca might keep well. However, he was forced to extract the best consolation he could from the old woman's words, and return to the hills.

Sunday came round once more, and he was down at the Colonna, where the

little tables surround the broken shaft left standing from ancient days, before any of the usual frequenters of the place had come; but ill luck attended his endeavors, for though he spoke to well-nigh all the people he knew, he could learn nothing, and though he lingered round the fountain till the women assembled there stared at him curiously, Kyra Sophoula did not appear. Of course a visit to the house where Francesca lived, or a direct inquiry, would have been totally against the Poros code of etiquette in such matters; and though he cudgeled his brains for a plausible errand that might take him to her uncle's, Arcadian wits are slow and he could find nothing.

So, once more he turned his face to the hills. But he walked very slowly, and the clock of the Naval School struck the hour of noon as he reached the wall of the red house on the hill.

The master of the house, who was standing at his gate which opens on the sea road, stopped Lambro to ask if he could bring them some yaourtì the next day.

'We are expecting strangers from Athens, by the afternoon steamer,' he said, 'and as we want them to fare well, we must have some of your yaourtì for the evening; there is no other like it.'

Lambro smiled, well pleased, and promised that he would bring the yaourtì himself before sunset.

'Will you do me the favor,' added the master, 'to tell me exactly how you make it? I want to have the recipe for when we are in Athens, and we cannot get yours.'

'At your orders,' answered Lambro, and proceeded to give the intricate roundabout directions of his class, which the master wrote down in a little red note-book. Beside him, under a mimosa tree, in the full glory of its yellow bloom, stood a young girl playing with a little white dog, and Lambro

smiled gravely to see it seize hold of the hem of her skirt between its teeth and shake it vigorously. Her hair, he noticed, was something like Francesca's, only Francesca's was brighter.

When he had duly dictated all the directions, he renewed his promise for the morrow, saluted, and began the climb up the path between the aloes and the low wall which marks the boundary of the pine wood behind the red house. He was tired, and dragged his lame leg heavily behind the other, and the master remarked to his daughter that poor Lambro seemed lamer than ever this year.

It rained that afternoon, and Lambro sat for a long time inside his hut, listening to the drops pattering on the bushes outside. One of the three little books of which he was so proud lay open on his knees, but he did not turn the leaves. The clouds cleared away before night, and the stars came out, but perhaps because he had sat for so long under cover that day, Lambro did not sleep much. He walked to and fro between the gray rocks and the lentisk bushes, and talked to Mourgo, who whined sympathetically but never interrupted.

IV

In the early afternoon of the next day, he put his yaourtì in its bag to drip, and sat idly looking over the bay dotted with white and red-sailed fisher-boats. Everywhere was the clean washed look and the strangely vivid coloring of the day after the rain. There was the soft golden-green mass of the pines up the nearer slopes, the dark brown-green of the hollows, the gray-green of the trees in the middle distance, and the blue-green of the farthest ones along the Monastery road, where they mingled with the red earth and dipped their roots into the sea.

Lambro's knife and the unfinished crook-head lay on the stone beside him, but he did not take them in his hands. The tolling of a bell came up to him clearly from the village below, and the gun-shots of the sailors' practice from the Naval School. Along the strip of the Narrow Beach moved a line of black dots which he knew must be a funeral procession slowly wending its way toward the walled-in cemetery beyond, and so pure was the atmosphere that he could plainly distinguish the reflections of the priests and the people in the sea below.

Later on in the day, he threw his frieze cape over his shoulders, as the air was fresher after the rain, took up his crook in one hand and the large bag of yaourtì in the other and set off on his errand to the red house. But as soon as he got down to the lower slopes he flung off his cape, for the sun was burning his back. 'It will rain again,' he muttered; 'the sun burns too hotly for April.' The sudden heat had parched his throat and he made up his mind to stop at the little house above the lemon orchard and ask Varba Miltiadi to let him drink; but when he reached the first pines, he saw that the hollowed stones placed at the foot of the bigger ones for the resin were filled with rain water; so he stooped and drank from them, making a cup of the palm of his hand. Then he rose and went on again, but as he came in sight of the little door, between two tall aloes, in the wall at the back of the red house, he noticed a man, a stranger to him, making his way slowly and hesitatingly over the slope.

When this man caught sight of Lambro coming down the hill above him, he stopped short and waited.

'Will you not tell me, brother,' he called out as soon as the shepherd was within hailing distance, 'am I going the right way for the lighthouse?'

Lambro limped over the ground which divided them and came close down to the wall, looking at the man curiously. He was a tall stout man, wearing the full blue breeches swinging between his legs, and the cross-over vest of the older islanders. Lambro had never seen him before.

'You are going rightly,' he answered, 'but it is a long way from here; do you come from the village?'

'I come from there now, but I am from Hydra; I arrived in the steamer this morning. My cousin keeps the lighthouse and I am going to see him. A hundred times have I promised to do so, and only to-day do I succeed!'

'Ah!' said Lambro, 'You are a cousin of Andrea; I know him well; he is a good man.'

'Is the road hard to find to the lighthouse?'

'It is not hard, no; you must go up past that big olive tree with the twisted trunk, which you see there, then over the hill by the footpath behind Boudouri's Monument —'

'Boudouri? That is a name from our parts! Who was this one?'

'It was before my time,' replied Lambro. 'They say he was a director of the Arsenal which was here then, and they promoted others who deserved it less, before him, so his pride suffered, and he killed himself, and they buried him there on the hill over the sea.'

The stranger nodded his head approvingly.

'That is how we are in Hydra; we have much pride.'

Lambro continued his directions, —

'After you pass the Monument, you go down through the trees till you come out on to the Beach of the Little Pines; after that you mount again and keep straight on over the hills till you see the lighthouse. Keep the sea always in sight on your left hand, and that will guide you.'

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'I thank you; there was one who would have come with me; he knew the way; but his wife went to a funeral, and he could not leave his shop.'

'Yes, true,' said Lambro carelessly; 'I heard the bell toll, and I saw the people passing over the Narrow Beach when I was up at the stani.'

'A girl died last night,' said the stout man, bending with difficulty to fasten the long narrow garter, which had come untied, under the knee. 'The poor one had not closed her twenty years, so they told me. I saw her in her coffin when they brought her out of a house beyond that dark arch behind the market-place. She had yellow hair which shone like gold in the sun. It is a sin that Charon should have taken her so young! The unfortunate one!'

The stranger from Hydra received no answer. He finished tying his garter and stood upright again, very red in the face from his exertions.

Lambro was not looking at him; he was staring fixedly at the wall opposite them. By some mischance the bag of yaourt must have fallen from his hand, for it had burst open on a stone and the thick creamy substance was slowly spreading itself over the red earth.

The stout man thought that this shepherd must be more than ordinarily slow-witted.

'Why brother! Look there!' he cried, 'Your yaourt is all spilt! A pity, all that good milk! How came it to fall?'

Lambro continued staring at nothing.

'Was it perhaps I, who pushed you with my elbow as I stooped?'

'No,' said Lambro at length very slowly, still keeping his eyes fixed on the blank wall, 'no,—you did not push me; it does not matter.'

'It is certainly a pity, but —' and the stranger spread out his hands and laughed a little — 'what is to be done? It cannot be picked up with a spoon!

Well — good-night to you, and thank you!'

'Good-night!'

V

Lambro was up again at the stani before dark, but he never quite remembered afterwards which path he had taken. He dismissed his cousin's lad who had been minding the sheep and goats in his absence, watered the flocks, and closed them in the fold for the night. When all necessary work was over, darkness had fallen on the hills, and Lambro limped slowly across the thyme and lentisk bushes which separated the fold from his hut.

Suddenly, before he reached it, he threw up his arms and stood so for a few seconds, his hands outstretched to the dark sky, every line of the figure one hopeless appeal to the cruel Powers above. Then he threw himself down at full length and dug his fingers into the red earth.

At first there was a long silence, then little choking cries, —

'My God! — My God! — What is this thing which Fate had written for me? Oh, my golden one! My soul! Why did Charon take you?' Then once more! 'My God! — My God! — My God!' And as though every repetition of the word brought revolt in its train, 'Is this a God, to commit such a crime?'

Mourgo sniffed and whined over the figure lying prone before him, and attempted to thrust his nose under the clenched hand, but his master lay there under the stars as one utterly strange to him. He was beyond comfort from any near presence save one.

When the earliest tints of dawn showed over the Monastery hills, he crept away to his hut for the sake of the greater darkness there. He fell asleep at last, for he was young and

had walked much the previous day; also it was the first time he had tasted of grief, and every fibre of his body was exhausted.

The sun was high in the sky when he awoke, half dazed and faint from lack of food. He cut big slices of black bread, and of the white *touloumi* cheese, and ate them ravenously. Mourgo, satisfied that his master was himself again, careered clumsily around, giving vent now and then to a contented 'woof.'

After he had eaten, Lambro put some more *yaourtzi* to drip for the people of the red house, and, as he did so, he thought of the fair-haired young girl and the little dog that tugged at her skirt, and smiled at the recollection. When had he seen them? He could not remember; but it must have been many days ago, he thought.

Then he gathered his flock together and sat down on a big rock, mechanically taking up his carving.

The mountains at that hour were a faint blue against a fainter blue sky, reflected in a shimmering blue sea. Except the white of the houses down below, and the green of the pines, all things were blue. Lambro lifted up his eyes from his work, and as they fell on the familiar outlines of the hills and the reflections in the bay beneath them, it came over him with a sudden irresistible force of finality that this was a new world to which he had awakened, — a world in which the sun shone and warmed the body, but brought no warmth to the heart! A world in which good bread would taste bitter on his lips! A world in which he might live many years still, if so it was written for him, but where nothing would ever matter any more.

He thought of the return journey to Arcadia, and the length and monotony of it wearied him unspeakably, in advance. Should he ever undertake it, he wondered? But yes; naturally he

would. What else was there to do? Had he not always started on Saint George's Day? And when they reached Valtetsi, he and the others, what then? There would be his uncles to greet him, his cousins, the people he had known all his life long; there would be much talk of the winter and all it had brought. Already he shrank in fancy from it all: from the talk and questions, and the village news, and the laughing of the young girls, and the familiar faces and voices. And afterwards? A long hot summer, and in autumn, back again to Poros; to a Poros quite empty — horribly empty!

Was it possible that he had always led this life? Like the shuttle of a woman's loom, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards? And was it written that it should continue so for many years? How did other men live who were not shepherds? The fishermen, the boatmen, the husbandmen, those who kept shops in the towns and villages? But he only knew how to tend his sheep and goats, and how to make his cheeses and yaourt. And even were it otherwise, the sea, the boats, the ships, the lives spent under roofs in houses, all seemed equally black and barren.

The unfinished crook and the knife slipped to the ground, and he sat with his arms across his knees and his fingers empty. God! What was wrong with the world? Could one yellow-haired slip of a girl, who had gone out of it never to return, make all this unspeakable difference?

Mourgo, who was lying in the sun, lifted his big head off his paws and listened. Suddenly he rose and bounded to the edge of the little plateau; there he leaped upon a gray rock which overlooked the slope, and barked loudly and continuously.

Some one as yet out of sight was coming up.

Lambo did not even raise his eyes; he did not want speech of any human being. Mourgo barked again, and the echoes of the surrounding hills repeated the bark in a diminishing scale of sound. Then, from below the rock, a voice arose, clear and piercing.

'La — a — a — mbro! La — a — a — mbro!'

But Lambo did not stir; only as he sat there, his eyes opened very wide, and a great shiver ran through him.

'La — mbro! Are you there?'

This time he sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing with a wild intensity, his lips apart, and both hands at his breast.

Good God! What hellish likeness of voice! Who — what — was coming over the edge of the plateau?

Over the gray rock there was the shadow of a black gown, a flash of sunlight on bright hair, and Francesca stood before him.

'You are here, then?' she cried, 'I thought —'

But in one bound the man was beside her. He seized her almost fiercely, and holding her very tightly in his arms, let his head drop on her breast.

'My little heart! My soul! You are not dead then! Not dead! Not dead!'

Francesca neither started nor struggled to free herself. She stood very still and a light came into her eyes.

'The girl who was buried yesterday, — the girl from town, who was ill so long, — did they tell you it was I?'

Lambo bent his head.

'And you —?'

'The world had finished for me when I heard.'

She freed one hand and raised his head, till her eyes looked into his.

'And now —?'

'Now I have you, and though I be twenty times a marked man, no one shall take you from me!'

Over her face there swept a look of great tenderness, and there was a

break in her voice, as she answered, —

'My poor blind one! Have you not seen that though both your legs were lame, and you lacked both arms, yet it is you I would choose before the strongest and the finest man in all the world!'

'Francesca! — My Francesca! —'

Lambro had no words, but his eyes spoke for him, and she bent her head over his, and gave him her lips.

Later on, when they were sitting hand in hand on the flat rock, with nothing to disturb the warm thyme-scented silence about them but the

tinkling of the goat-bells, Francesca turned to him despairingly: —

'But, oh, my Lambro! What will they say in your country? What is this bride you are bringing to them? Not one lepton have I of my own! Not a pot nor a pan, not a chair nor a table, nor even a mattress! No black silk dress for Church on the first Sunday! Nothing! Oh, what will they say?'

'Neither do I know! neither do I care! One thing only I know well: that you are my golden love, and my life, and my soul! and that nothing else matters in the world!'

MEXICO AS IT IS

BY LOUIS C. SIMONDS

[The conclusion drawn from the facts here given represents the author's personal convictions and is based upon existing conditions, without special regard to continuous relations of the United States with Latin-American countries. The interesting summary of the facts themselves may be accepted by Americans of all shades of opinion concerning our Mexican policy.
— THE EDITORS.]

I

It seems that a crucial point has been reached in the relations between the United States and Mexico.

The *ad interim* government of General Victoriano Huerta, which succeeded that of Señor Madero, has not been recognized by the Washington government, and this fact has caused, in pro-administration circles in Mexico, a certain degree of resentment, which is the keener in that practically all the European nations, from England to the diminutive republic of San Marino, have accorded recognition to the new régime in this country. The

state of official feeling on the subject was manifested by the announcement of President Huerta that the presence in Mexico of Mr. John Lind, President Wilson's unofficial representative, was not desired unless he brought with him proper diplomatic credentials, and a formal recognition of the administration now in power here¹ as a government *de jure* as well as *de facto*.

For nearly three years now Mexico has been in the throes of revolution. It is an ominous fact that the long peace which General Porfirio Diaz had given to his country was broken in the very year in which Mexico celebrated the centenary of her emancipation from Spain, and soon after the termination of the festivities with which that event was commemorated, festivities attended by special embassies from the United States and the chief European nations. Hidalgo raised the cry of re-

¹ The author is a long-time resident of Mexico.

volt against Spain in September, 1810. The revolution which finally overthrew General Porfirio Diaz broke out in November, 1910. Here, apparently, was disheartening evidence that a century of independent life had not cured Mexico of the revolutionary habit.

For some time before the outbreak of the revolution of 1910, certain classes of the population had chafed under the mild paternalism of Diaz, and this impatience rose precisely in proportion as the rule of the aged statesman became more lenient. It is not necessary to inquire how far the promoters of this discontent were sincere and how far they were actuated by motives of selfish personal ambition and greed. Señor Francisco I. Madero, whom social and pecuniary prominence marked out for the leadership of the movement, was, I am convinced, an idealist, personally disinterested and inspired by motives — no doubt mistaken motives — of the purest patriotism.

Both Señor Madero and his followers contended that Mexico was now fully fit for the advanced type of democracy outlined in her Constitution, and that her people were qualified to exercise the political rights from which, it was alleged, General Diaz was barring them.

Subsequent events do not seem to have borne out these contentions. The truth is that Mexico's greatest misfortune is that she adopted a constitution unsuited to her needs and to the genius and character of her people. The instrument in question dates from the year 1857, when feeling ran high between Clericals and Liberals. The latter, having for the time the upper hand, and admiring the greatness of the United States, but lacking a philosophical insight into the causes of that greatness, patterned the new Mexican Constitution very largely on the Constitution of the United States, over-

looking the fact that the Mexican people, of whom eighty per cent are still illiterate, could not be expected to make an intelligent use of a political system devised for the most advanced and enlightened of modern democracies.

General Porfirio Diaz undoubtedly realized the inadaptability to Mexico's needs of the Constitution of 1857. But not even he, with all the immense authority which he at one time wielded, ever ventured to propose a radical reform of that Constitution, so as to do away with the Federal system and establish in its stead a strong centralized government, with a restricted suffrage. And he did not venture on this step, because he knew that to the Liberals of Mexico the Constitution of 1857 has ever been a fetish, and that to attempt to modify it radically, even though avowedly it remained largely a dead letter, would be to precipitate a civil war.

De facto, General Diaz did establish a strong centralized government, and, as for popular suffrage, he practically nullified it. But where the facts and theories of government are in chronic conflict, there can be no enduring political peace. A clamor will be raised from time to time for the strict enforcement of the Constitution, and reproaches will be launched against the government for its non-observance. Such, in effect, was the outcry that gave force to the movement headed by Señor Madero.

The masses of the people in many states of the Federation had been estranged from the Diaz administration by a long experience of local oppression and exactions. So far as they were concerned, the Diaz government was good in vain, if they felt few or none of its benefits. And here was illustrated another of the drawbacks of contradiction between the theories and facts of government. For, where a constitution gives a people in theory

the amplest liberties, of which, nevertheless, they are incapable of availing themselves in practice, the result will be that, *de facto*, they will enjoy no other liberties but such as their rulers choose to grant them. The authorities, from highest to lowest, will be a law to themselves. In Mexico there has been no more prolific source of discontent than the endless arbitrarinesses of the petty local caiques known as *jefes políticos*. General Diaz did, from time to time, correct the more flagrant of such abuses when brought to his notice. But he never took radical measures for the extirpation of the evil; and this must be accounted one of the weak points of his administration. He may have felt, particularly in his later years, that the task was beyond him.

Be that as it may, the discontent of the people, provoked by local irregularities, favored the propaganda of Señor Madero. Traveling from end to end of the country, he delivered public speeches in which the Diaz administration was denounced with extreme and unjust violence. Arrested, at last, for sedition, at Monterey in June, 1910, and removed to the city of San Luis Potosí, he was later admitted to bail and escaped into Texas in October, 1910, to make the final preparations for his revolution. But before his arrest, the purposes of his propaganda had been accomplished, for, from Sonora to Yucatan, the common people had been made to believe that General Diaz was responsible not only for the local abuses of which they justly complained but even for the limitations of their individual lot, and had been led to look for almost millennial conditions when the Diaz administration should be overthrown. This hallucination gained even on the more educated classes, and when the Madero revolution won its first successes in the State of Chihuahua, it was said that ninety

per cent of the population were either open or secret partisans of the movement.

General Diaz resigned the Presidency on May 25, 1911. He was in a position to have kept up the struggle, for the bulk of the army was still loyal and the exchequer was full. But he was aware of the strength of popular sentiment, for the time being, in favor of Señor Madero; he sincerely wished to obviate further bloodshed; and he was also moved by the consciousness that, if he held out, his tenacity would be attributed not to a desire to restore order, for the country's good, but to a selfish reluctance to relinquish the power which he had so long wielded. 'I resign the more readily,' he said in his note to the Chamber of Deputies, 'in that, by retaining office, I should be exposing the country to further bloodshed, to the loss of its credit, to the destruction of its wealth, to the extinction of its activities and the risk of international complications.' There was dignity, and pathos, in the closing words of the note:—

'I hope, Messrs. Deputies, that, when the passions excited by this as by all revolutions shall have subsided, an ampler and more dispassionate survey will lead to a truer estimate of my acts, allowing me, when I die, to carry with me the consoling sense that I have in the end been understood by my countrymen, to whose welfare I have devoted and will continue to devote my entire energies.'

Immediately after his resignation, General Diaz left the city and sailed for France, where he has since chiefly resided.

Thus the best administration which Mexico had ever known came to an end. It had defects and shortcomings; but, in any event, seeing that Mexico had borne the Diaz dictatorship for thirty years, and had derived undeni-

able advantages from it, was it worth while, when, in the nature of things, it was bound soon to come to an end, to sacrifice all those advantages, which were real and positive, for the sake of shadowy and chimerical benefits, none of which has, in point of fact, been attained? The responsibility of Señor Madero, in this connection, at the bar of Mexican history, is unquestioned.

General Diaz was succeeded by Señor Francisco L. de la Barra, some time ambassador of Mexico at Washington, who held office as *ad interim* President, pending elections. These were held on October 1, 1911, with the result that Señor Madero was elevated to the supreme magistracy by the almost unanimous choice of his fellow countrymen. He took the oath of office on November 6, 1911.

The history of Señor Madero's brief administration is a signal confutation of the illusion that the character of a people and the broad facts which make the governments of the earth what they are can be changed by a sudden upheaval such as an armed revolution. If Señor Madero was candid, he must, soon after his inauguration, have formed a juster appreciation of the difficulties against which Porfirio Diaz had had to contend and have been disposed to view with greater tolerance the shortcomings of the Diaz administration.

The elevation to power of a legally elected President, far from putting an end to the revolution, seemed to throw the country into worse disorder.

In his eagerness to overthrow the Diaz régime, Señor Madero had accepted the coöperation of very promiscuous elements. And the results were what might have been expected.

Some of the revolutionary leaders, little better than freebooters, were not willing, once their atavistic appetite for a life of adventure had been whetted,

to return to peaceful avocations, simply because Señor Madero, having attained his object, wanted them to.

Other leaders, of a higher stamp, felt that the recognition of their services to the cause had been inadequate. It is always so in the Latin-American republics. Their revolutions breed a race of *caudillos*, for whom the victorious party have to provide and who rate their own deserts high.

Then jealousies and divisions sprang up among the intellectual leaders of the *maderista* revolution, resulting in open estrangement between Señor Madero and the Vázquez Gomez brothers, who, by not a few of the revolutionists, were considered factors in the movement almost as important as Señor Madero himself.

Emiliano Zapata and his followers, in the State of Morelos, alleging that they had been led to expect an immediate distribution of the land, and, when they found out that no such confiscatory policy was contemplated, declaring that they had been grossly duped, continued their campaign of pillage and murder.

In the State of Chihuahua, Pascual Orozco, Jr., who had been Madero's chief lieutenant in the anti-Diaz movement, headed a formidable insurrection against his former chief, and although he was defeated in the regular engagements, his forces broke up into small groups which gave infinite trouble to the government by their harassing guerilla tactics in a mountainous country.

In the State of Durango petty leaders or *cabezas*, who had supported Madero, now turned their arms against him, asserting that the promises of the revolution of 1910 had remained unfulfilled.

To mention all the sporadic disorders in other states, in nearly every case started by former supporters of

Señor Madero, would be an interminable task. Suffice it to say that, when Señor Madero ceased to represent the idea of rebellion, and came, as President, to represent the ideas of authority, law, and order, he found arrayed against him the very forces which he had brought into existence to combat and overthrow General Diaz. He found that he had his own revolution on his hands! Never was retribution more swift or striking.

It must be owned that Señor Madero, as President, started out with a sincere and honest endeavor to govern according to the Constitution. But seldom has a sorrier travesty of democracy been witnessed. Elections were followed by interminable recriminations, and charges and counter-charges of fraud and intimidation; sometimes, too, by the open revolt of the defeated candidates. Governors of states refused to make way for their duly elected successors, and barricading themselves with their followers in the executive mansion, defied the agents of the law to oust them. Other disappointed aspirants to office importuned President Madero, against the clear precepts of the law, to help them set aside electoral results. The Mexicans seem at present to lack that virtue which is the *sine qua non* in a democracy—the faculty of acquiescing in the will of the majority until the next election gives them another chance of obtaining a reversal of the popular verdict.

Then, some adherents of the former administration, who had looked apathetically on while the Diaz régime was tottering to its fall, took advantage of the unlimited liberty which President Madero afforded to the Mexican press, to found opposition newspapers, in which, day by day, his administration was violently assailed and the army was openly invited to repudiate the constituted government.

The administration of Señor Madero being an accomplished fact, patriotism, it should seem, ought to have dictated to enlightened Mexicans the duty of giving to that administration at least the support necessary to enable it to carry on the fundamental work of government.

But opposition in Latin America knows little of this sacrifice of personal sentiments to the public good. The adversaries of President Madero aimed simply at rendering his position untenable and bringing about his downfall, regardless of consequences. They did not, apparently, reflect that a legally constituted government, however deficient, can seldom be overthrown by violent means, without bringing on the country evils greater than those which it is sought to remedy.

And when the deficiencies of Señor Madero's government are mentioned, the question arises whether they are not largely another name for the difficulties thrown in his way by his enemies. He failed not so much because his administration was deficient as because the Mexican people were not prepared for the régime of ample liberty which he sought to give them.

II

Two military uprisings, properly so called, against the Madero government had preceded that of which Mexico City was the theatre last February.

One was started in the North of the Republic in December, 1911, by General Bernardo Reyes, former Governor of the State of Nuevo León, and Minister of War in General Diaz's Cabinet from 1900 to 1902. But this movement was wholly abortive, and its leader, recognizing the utter collapse of his attempt, voluntarily surrendered to the government and was placed in confinement.

The other military insurrection occurred in October, 1912, at the port of Vera Cruz, and was headed by General Felix Diaz, a nephew of Porfirio Diaz. This second uprising was more formidable than the first, but it, too, failed. The city of Vera Cruz was recaptured by loyal forces and Felix Diaz was taken prisoner.

According to precedent and established usage in Mexico, the leaders of these movements, when once captured, would have met with short shrift. But Señor Madero adhered consistently to his principles, and to those who advised him to take summary measures, he replied that the prisoners should have the full benefit of the law.¹

In February last both General Bernardo Reyes and General Felix Diaz were being held as prisoners in different penal establishments of the capital. In the early morning hours of Sunday, the 9th of that month, they were liberated by their partisans from their several places of confinement, and at the head of some forces of the garrison and some civilian adherents, they started a new military uprising against the government of Señor Madero.

The attack on the National Palace failed, owing to the loyal attitude of General Lauro Villar, the military commandant, who rallied the vacillating troops, and General Reyes was shot and killed during the assault.

General Felix Diaz, at the head of the remainder of his forces, then proceeded to the Ciudadela or Arsenal, stormed it and threw up barricades in the adjoining streets.

¹ General Felix Diaz, though the nephew of President Porfirio Diaz, was not in sympathy with the latter's administration. He was always, during the Diaz administration, regarded as an opposition factor; in various ways he encouraged the *anti-porfirista* sentiment; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that he contributed indirectly to the downfall of his distinguished uncle. — THE AUTHOR.

During the next ten days—the *Decena Trágica*, as it has been called—the capital was swept by shot and shell, in encounters between the loyal forces and the insurgents.

The Government failed to capture the Ciudadela, and the way in which hostilities were finally brought to an end on February 18, by a compact between General Victoriano Huerta, the Federal commander, and General Felix Diaz, the leader of the rebels, is still fresh in the memory of all who have been following Mexican events.

President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez were deposed, made prisoners, and met with a violent death while being transferred in automobiles from the National Palace to the penitentiary during the night of February 22 last.

General Victoriano Huerta, by the designation of Congress, assumed the provisional Presidency of the Republic.

And thus tragically ended this latest experiment of civilian rule in Mexico. With the single exception of President Juarez, no civilian executive in Mexico has succeeded in maintaining his hold on power. And Porfirio Diaz was up in arms against Juarez when the latter died in 1872.

It is, indeed, unfortunate for the future of civil rule in Mexico, that the first civilian president for many years (the last previous one, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, was expelled by the Tuxtepec Revolution headed by General Porfirio Diaz in 1876) was not a man of greater tact and ability, and of stronger character, than Señor Madero, for the disastrous result of the latter's presidency will naturally confirm the belief that none but a military man can govern Mexico.

A pathetic interest, in view of the circumstances of President Madero's overthrow, attaches to the following passage of his message to the Mexican

Congress, at the opening of its spring sessions on April 1, 1912:—

'I desire to be allowed at this moment, solemn by reason of the circumstances, solemn by reason of the place where we are gathered together, to raise my voice in praise of our military men, who, from the humblest soldier to the highest officer, have demonstrated to the world that the Army of Mexico is no longer a sort of praetorian guard, making and unmaking governments and filling the country with sorrow and ignominy, but an organization of self-denying upholders of legality who make use of the arms which the Republic has placed in their hands for no other purpose than to defend the law and maintain the national honor unimpaired.'

Sefor Madero should have remembered and applied, *mutatis mutandis*, Solon's famous answer to Croesus.

But, however the revival of a praetorianism, characteristic of the days of Bustamante and Paredes, may have been regarded by thinking Mexicans, the great majority, in Mexico City at any rate, bowed to the accomplished fact and hoped that President Huerta would, at least, give the country the earnestly desired boon of peace. General Huerta himself declared, on taking office, that to that end all his efforts would be bent.

Unfortunately, after the lapse of six months, the object in question has not yet been attained.

The State of Sonora was the only one which in its sovereign capacity as a member of the Federation, by the united action of its executive and legislature, refused to recognize the Huerta régime. But, in addition, the Governor of Coahuila, Don Venustiano Carranza, revolted, and insurrectionary movements of greater or less importance are or have been on foot in the other northern States, viz., Chihua-

hua, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas. The Constitutionalists, as the new revolutionists call themselves, are in complete possession of the State of Sonora, with the exception of the port of Guaymas, and all efforts of General Pedro Ojeda, the Federal commander, to advance northwards from that port, with a view to recovering Hermosillo, the state capital, have hitherto proved unavailing.

The strength of the rebels in the other northern states is variously judged. In the early stages of the uprising against the government of General Huerta, the Constitutionalists made repeated efforts to capture Saltillo, the capital of the State of Coahuila, but they were repulsed on every occasion. On the other hand, they took and still hold the border city of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, in that state. In the State of Tamaulipas, the rebels captured the port of Matamoros, but have since, it seems, been driven out.

As I write news comes of a determined attempt of the Constitutionalists to take the city of Torreón, the emporium of the rich cotton-growing region of La Laguna, an attempt which, so far, seems to have failed.

But one unwelcome fact speaks for itself. The first measure of the Constitutionalists, in inaugurating their movement against the Huerta administration, was to cut the railway lines between this city and the American border, and they have so far baffled every effort of the Federals to reestablish communication by either the Laredo or the El Paso route.

It is possible to discern, beneath the apparent cause of the Constitutionalist uprising, a deeper, more fundamental, more abiding cause, which is the growing disparity between the northern states and the rest of the Republic. Because of their proximity and facilities for intercommunication with the

United States, the inhabitants of the northern Mexican states have developed characteristics differentiating them, to some extent, from other Mexicans. They are more enterprising, more self-reliant and independent, have greater political capacity than the inhabitants of the central and southern states. The northern movement is not yet a secessionist movement, notwithstanding gratuitous statements to that effect in some of the Mexico City newspapers; but it may develop into one, unless the conflict be brought to a prompt termination.

Armed opposition to the Huerta régime has not, however, been confined to the northern states. Among other states in which rebel movements have occurred or are still in progress may be mentioned: Durango — the rebels took and still hold the state capital; Zacatecas — the rebels captured the state capital, but afterwards abandoned it; San Luis Potosí — the insurgents have repeatedly cut the railway line connecting the state capital with the important port of Tampico; Michoacán — towns of some importance, such as Uruapan and Pátzcuaro, have more than once fallen into rebel hands; Guerrero — much raiding and capturing of small towns by surprise; Campeche — the Governor, Señor Castilla Brito, revolted, but has since taken refuge in the United States owing to the collapse of his movement; besides minor or sporadic disturbances in Jalisco, Vera Cruz, Puebla, State of Mexico, Oaxaca, and elsewhere.

In addition, the Huerta government has the chronic *zapatista* movement on its hands. The *zapatistas* have been described as brigands, pure and simple, and owing to their excesses, there is some ground for this designation; but there is more in the movement than mere brigandage; it is a protest against the malignant type of landlordism that

prevails in the State of Morelos, a semi-tropical State in which the large sugar plantations have constantly encroached on and absorbed the smaller holdings and the lands of the townships. The movement, then, is essentially agrarian and in certain of its features resembles the Jacquerie of France in the fourteenth century. It is a movement by itself and quite independent, at present, of other insurrectionary disturbances, although it began (March, 1911) in connection with the *maderista* revolution, when Emiliano Zapata, a small *ranchero* of Morelos, with a handful of followers at the start, rose in arms against the government of Diaz.

While the focus of the *zapatista* movement is the State of Morelos, it shifts, when hard pressed there, into portions of the States of Puebla, Oaxaca, Guerrero and Mexico. Only within the last few days *zapatista* bands have made successful incursions into the Federal District and have looted *haciendas* within a few miles of the Federal Capital.

The most drastic measures, including the Weylerian system of concentration, the razing of towns and villages, the deportation of the male inhabitants and their drafting into the army for service in the distant State of Sonora, have hitherto failed to put an end to the *zapatista* movement, and the problem will be a most arduous one for any government to solve.

Such, in its broad outlines, is the condition of affairs which General Huerta has to face with a depleted treasury.

The financial problem, indeed, is one of the most delicate features of the situation.

That one of the chief merits of the Diaz régime was the excellence of its financial administration, not even its enemies venture to deny. The finances of the country were handled with consummate skill by Diaz's Finance

Minister, Señor José Yves Limantour; and even when Diaz resigned, after six months of revolution, the credit of Mexico was almost unimpaired on the European bourses and there was still a surplus in the treasury of over 62,000,000 pesos.¹

But the edifice reared by the genius and probity of Limantour is now in ruins.

The budget of expenditure for the current fiscal year is 141,156,331 pesos, and it must be remembered that in the palmiest days of the Diaz régime, when foreign capital was coming hither in large quantities for investment, when new industries were constantly being established, when commerce, both foreign and domestic, was active and all the railway lines were in operation, Federal disbursements never amounted to 100,000,000 pesos. Prior to the revolution of 1910, the most considerable expenditure of the Federation in any one fiscal year was in 1909-1910, — 95,028,650 pesos. Federal receipts under the Diaz administration reached high-water mark in 1906-1907, — 114,286,122 pesos.

The increased disbursements at present are due, of course, to the exigencies of military operations against the rebels and the maintenance of a larger standing army — 80,000 men — than Mexico ever had before. The War Department absorbs thirty-one per cent of the current year's Budget.

But how is the necessary revenue to be raised, when the investment of foreign capital has been curtailed, when industrial development has shrunk, when imports and exports have dwindled, when perhaps fifty per cent of the country's total railway mileage of 12,859 miles is out of commission, when important revenue-producing districts are held by the rebels?

¹ A peso is approximately equivalent to fifty cents in American money. — THE EDITORS.

Additional taxation can be resorted to only within comparatively narrow limits, unless new and dangerous discontents are to be provoked. Obviously, then, Mexico's only expedient for the time being is to borrow.

She has, in effect, adjusted with Paris bankers a loan of £16,000,000. But of this sum only £6,000,000 was underwritten outright, the balance being subject to options, and it seems there is some doubt whether the syndicate will take up those options. Their hesitancy is due in part to the continuance of disturbed conditions in Mexico, in part to American non-recognition, in part to the stringency of the European money-markets, but chiefly, it seems, to the desire of the French government that no foreign issue shall stand in the way of the war-loan which France herself is about to launch.

Furthermore, only a small part of the £6,000,000 which Mexico received was available for the government's current needs. Liabilities of £4,000,000 to New York bankers had to be met and other floating indebtedness to be discharged.

Thus, the government of General Huerta, in its efforts to restore peace, is greatly hampered by absolute shortness of funds.

Such, in brief, is the lamentable situation to which this country, so prosperous and respected under the Diaz administration, has been reduced by three years of revolution.

The relations of the United States to this situation may be summed up under the heads of intervention and recognition.

Peaceful intervention or mediation is unacceptable, it seems, to both sides. And armed intervention is too huge an enterprise to be entered on lightly or indeed except in the last resort when every other means shall have been ex-

hausted and no other honorable course is left open. It is not a question how soon an American army of invasion, as in 1847, could reach the capital. If the United States intervene in Mexico, they will become responsible for her to the civilized world for an indefinite period. And Americans in Mexico, who know how heavy that responsibility would be, and how thankless the task, are the first to deprecate a policy of armed intervention on the part of their government, so long as, consistently with safety and honor, it can be avoided.

There is nothing for it, then, if the idea of intervention be discarded, but to give Mexico time to work out her vexed internal problems and fight out her internal quarrels. This, of course, entails inconvenience on the United States, and losses to American citizens having interests in Mexico. But for a large proportion of the latter ultimate compensation can be obtained, and the former must be borne as the less of two evils. I speak, of course, on the assumption that disorder in Mexico will not become chronic, and that she will not be so unwise as deliberately to give to the United States provocation such as no self-respecting nation could tolerate.

The question of recognition by the United States of the Huerta government is a more complex one. Every Anglo-Saxon must condemn the methods by which President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez were deposed, and to put the matter as gently as possible, must regret that the provisional government of General Huerta did not take greater precautions to safeguard the lives of the two prisoners. But, at the same time, it is manifestly unreasonable to apply Anglo-Saxon standards to conditions in Mexico. As well might one judge by the standards of modern England the deposition

and murder of Richard II by Henry of Bolingbroke or the assassination of Prince Edward by the Yorkist chiefs on the field of Tewkesbury. The United States, which, on becoming independent, inherited all the political conquests achieved by the English race through centuries of bloodshed and turmoil, is perhaps prone to judge rather unsympathetically these Latin-American republics, which, when they became independent, had had no experience in self-government and which inherited vicious and corrupt ideas of administration, as well as political, politico-religious, economic, ethnical and social problems of the most perplexing and intricate character.

In considering the question of recognition it is fair to remember that constitutional forms were at least observed in the transfer of power to the present executive. And the administration of General Huerta is all that at present stands between Mexico and anarchy. If it were overthrown, the condition of this country would become simply hopeless.

Presidential elections have been set for October 26 next, but it may well happen that the country will not have been sufficiently pacified, by that time, for valid elections to be held, and then the provisional term of General Huerta will have to be prolonged. Foreign residents, including Americans, know that elections held in the present disturbed conditions of the country would not only be an empty form, but also, far from allaying disorder, would fan it into a fiercer blaze of hatred and contention.

General Huerta's task in any case will be of the most arduous kind, and inasmuch as on its successful accomplishment the well-being of a neighboring nation, still in the formative period and laboring under many difficulties, is at stake, it would seem to

many unprejudiced observers in Mexico, a friendly act on the part of the United States to the Mexican people to give to the Huerta government, in the form of recognition, the moral support which it needs in the work before it.

Huerta is winning more and more every day the confidence of the business community and the masses of the people. With the latter, in particular, he is steadily growing in favor. He is a man of the people, accessible to the people; he understands the people and the people understand him. Moreover, he is demonstrating many of the qualities needed in the man who is to rule Mexico. The ease with which he has temporarily eliminated, one by one, the members of the *felicista* faction recalls the methods of Porfirio Diaz in his most masterful days. Felix Diaz has been sent on a special diplomatic mission to Japan. General Mondragón, the real leader of the *felicista* uprising, who for a time was Huerta's War Minister, was compelled to resign and was sent on a government commission to Europe. And so on, with some of

the minor lights of the group. Thus, what would in the opinion of many, in the present circumstances, be a disturbing factor, has been removed.

It is almost a truism to say that it is more important that the President of Mexico should have the qualifications necessary to enable him to govern the Mexicans than that, in other respects, he should measure up to Anglo-Saxon standards.

I am not defending either the military uprising of February last or the *coup d'état* by which it was brought to an end. On the contrary, in principle, I think that both are severely to be condemned. But I look at things as they are at present and from the standpoint of Mexican conditions, and it seems to me the situation is simply this: Huerta or anarchy.

Such being the case, it seems to follow that the United States should recognize the Huerta régime, not for the sake of Huerta but for the sake of Mexico and the Mexican people, who, as everyone knowing them must concede, are worthy of better destinies than have hitherto been theirs.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

STRAINING AT THE TETHER

ON a grass-grown hillside, wearing the softest green in all the world, I sit in a mood of absolute content, for it is a goodly moment. Soft, spicy odors are in my nostrils, of cedar and of wild sage that grows profusely all about; far and near, the blue-green waters ripple in unending loveliness, and the air touches forehead and finger-tips with a new gentleness. Here I sit and think,

for, though you cannot think hard in Bermuda, you cannot stop thinking. There is a bland inspiration in the air; your ideas are curiously mixed up with your sensations, and, as the latter constantly present new moments of charm, your mind, like your feet, keeps jogging on, not into new regions, but traveling in content old paths of thought; for the beaten tracks seem safe and sweet.

It is not a new idea that comes to

me as I idly watch the goats browsing here and there below me on the hill-side, but it comes with a new freshness, due, doubtless, to the air, and the fragrances, and the little imperceptible sounds that enhance the quiet. Surely it is very odd that every goat in sight is straining at its tether! For the grass is fresh and toothsome, and none is fastened near a bare spot; there are no bare spots. This slope to the sea is a very goat paradise; no Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, in his most idyllic mood, could have dreamed a fairer. At left and right, at rare intervals, one sees the little houses with snow-white roofs where dwell colored folk who apparently fashion their roofs to match their souls, not their skins. In each lives a kindly master of some fortunate goat; a soft-voiced woman, and gentle little brown-faced children who dance with the dancing kids. One can see in approaching these tethered animals that they are respectfully treated, as members of the family; they expect attention, and start a conversation as you approach; they seem to share the Bermudian sense of hospitality in wishing you to feel at home, and they give you a wholly pleasant feeling, not doctrinal but actual, of the brotherhood of men and goats.

Sitting in the warm sunshine, I watch them through half-closed eyes; that makes colors and outlines clearer, thoughts too, sometimes. Why should they do this thing? Every goat and goatlet in Bermuda is straining at its tether; with green and living grass close-by, — for the coffee-colored women in purple calico who come out to tie their respective goats have a genius for choosing the most fertile spots, — is straining after morsels just beyond reach, browner though they be. What, I wonder, is this instinct to escape, which drives us all on and on, over the long track, dominating alike the endless mi-

gration of the birds, the wandering of wild-beast herds, and the pioneering of human kind? Never, perhaps, have I been so free from it, and therefore so able to think about it, as I am at this moment, for I am minded to stay here forever, or as long as I can bear these spring-like bird notes mingled with the sound of plashing water on the delicate shore below. For heaven's sake, why can none of us 'stay put,' and rest content? Why, after choosing out of all the world a lot on which to build a little house in far New England, am I haunted and tormented thus by a vision of the lot just beyond? That has come to seem wholly desirable, with its eastern exposure, and its southerly slope for daffodils, while our own, which represented the sum total of desirability when we found it hard to get, is full now of imperfections that urge us on and away. The next lot, the next lot, — so it will go on until I reach that small and ultimate bit of real estate which leaves the location of the next lot too uncertain for covetousness.

Here I go, — a frequent occupation in Bermuda, — to unwind the nearest goat, which has so entangled and tied itself up in its eager and leaping aspiration, — one might suggest parallels, — that it is well-nigh choked; then I go back to my green spot. And in the sunlit air I see pictures of those driven by the immemorial impulsion of the race toward the new, — far-off, forgotten, Asiatic hordes, with their shaggy ponies and their shaggy sons and daughters, forever 'stepping westward' on a 'wilder destiny,' driven they knew not whither, by they knew not what.

I see, what I shall never forget: a great alkali plain beyond the prairies, a dusty prairie schooner drawn by discouraged-looking horses, a discouraged man and woman looking vaguely out and on; and I recall a fact some one had told me, that the ground along this

trail was sown thick with human bones.
So is it along the trail of all human ideals!

Forever and forever, come the immigrants to our great ports, father, mother, and children, with carpet-bags and embroidered jackets. All faces wear a look of stolid expectancy, as these close-packed masses move along on the everlasting trek.

None can say what it means, or foresee an end, for God, when he set before us the far horizon, constantly escaping, set also the longing for it within our hearts. It is only because of the innate impulse to escape one's present self that we are here at all; otherwise our forbears had waited quite content without us. Forever a-pace, never arriving, has been the timeless past, and shall be the endless future.

Ay, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

Yes, but in the light of the fact that a man's reach always does exceed his grasp, what is a heaven for? Oddly enough, all the sons of earth, in spite of their life-experience of the necessity of perpetual motion, at least of the spirit, have conceived it as something static, fixed, final. Dreaming now of the walls of paradise, I see only rows upon rows of heads, with wistful eyes straining, longing for even the thistle patch, the thorn patch, any patch beyond.

And I, who could not be more absolutely contented in sense and in inmost soul than I am at this minute, think I see (a malediction on all aspiration, anyway!) a greener spot just beyond, where the juniper-grown slope stands out against water of a softer blue, so again I rise and trudge, with an insidious plan forming itself somewhere down in my subconscious self, where I

cannot get at it to stifle it, to write something to-morrow which shall in some fashion voice this endless search of the spirit. It is only the goat impulse, at another stage of the game! No one else could express as well as Mr. Moody has done, the longing from which we may not escape:—

Careless where our face is set
Let us take the open way.
What we are no tongue has told us: Errand-
goers who forget?
Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people
gone astray?
We have heard a voice cry 'Wander!'
That was all we heard it say.

God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh no-
thing manifest,
But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of
endless quest.

'THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER'

(An old-fashioned poet takes leave of
his Pegasus)

WITH 'vers libre' and the like I have
no patience
(Old-fashioned bards to modern fads
are foes),
And, now I've realized my limitations,
I'll write in prose.

My Pegasus, farewell! I sadly leave
you
For some new master to bestride and
break;
But ere we part, my steed, this hint
I'll give you,
For old sake's sake.

Be up-to-date, and realize, instanter,
That modern poets dub smooth metres
'rot';
So make your gait, instead of one long
canter,
A turkey trot!

